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THE CRADLE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

At some time in the remote future there will be a modest historian of the remote past.

He will commence and conclude his account of the cradle of the human race by saying that he does not in the least know what it was, nor where it was situated, nor when the race quitted it. He will spend as little time upon the Meru of the Hindus as upon Mount Parnassus, the Ararat of Deucalion, or upon the centres of creation which are believed in by the Patagonians. He will not weary himself with superintending the migrations of all the peoples of Europe from a region in Central Asia where now no European peoples dwell, nor ever have dwelt since the dawn of history. He will begin his world-chronicle by admitting that the grand divisions of humankind have from time immemorial held substantially the same habitats which they hold at present, or at least held until the colonization of America.

Having thus humbly avowed his ignorance, he will immediately be rebuked for his presumption. Theologians, who suppose that a failure to affirm is equivalent to a negation, and who cannot understand how a species can have a moral unity and responsibility unless it is derived from one pair, will charge him with denying the federal headship of Adam and the right of the Creator to govern

his creatures. Philologists, who cannot see how an inquirer can accept their linguistic discoveries without drawing therefrom all their migratory inferences, will accuse him of ignoring the affinity of the Sanskrit with the German. Let us try to divine how he will maintain himself between two bodies of assailants, who cannot argue against each other without rendering him some assistance.

He will find advantage in the fact that while his position concedes little, it also asserts little. Confessing at the start his inability to prove or disprove that all the dark nations descended from a white man, or that all the white nations descended from a dark one, he will not attempt to convert those learned writers who dispute the physical unity of the human race, nor those other equally learned writers who affirm it. In view of the lack of monuments and documents illustrative of the primal ages, he will commence his first volume at a convenient distance this side of the creation. Remembering that the Adamite peoples were destroyed by the deluge, he will observe that the original seat of modern mankind must not be located in the Garden of Eden, even though that should be positively discovered on the Alpine plateau of Little Bokhara. Having noted that tradition places Mount Ararat in Armenia, five hundred miles north of

Shinar, and that, on the other hand, the scripture narrative makes the builders of Babel arrive in Shinar from the east, he will decline to establish a cradle of races on a mountain which is liable at any moment to change its residence. In short, he will prudently leave the starting-point of humanity in the immense, impenetrable, and sublime obscurity which necessarily covers it. Nor will he strive to show by what routes the pristine tribes quitted an unknown birthplace during an incomputable antiquity.

The first assured step of the modest historian will be to state where those tribes were when they began to leave memorials of their presence and to record their knowledge of each other. His first principle in accepting authorities will be that beyond the information derived from monuments, from places of sepulture, from buried weapons and implements and ornaments, from the remains of languages, and from the inscribed or written accounts of early nations concerning themselves and their neighbor nations, true ancient history cannot go. But before we can admit his premises, before we come to use only such materials as he will use, we must learn to question bravely a formidable array of olden credences and modern hypotheses.

Migrations from the East? A peopling of Europe from Asia? Successive descents of population from the Belurtagh, or the Hindu-Kush,¹ or some other Oriental race cradle? A stream of nations flowing through Scythia, Hellas, Italy, Germany, and Gaul into Spain, Britain, and Scandinavia? All these things are in our days so confidently talked about, and, one may almost say, so minutely and picturesquely described, that the popular mind has learned to look upon them as established facts. Yet the proofs are so slight, and the events themselves are meanwhile so striking to the imagination, that a satirical inquirer is tempted to compare them to the narratives of the conquests of Bacchus and Hercules which were received from the Orientals by the Greeks, or even to the

accounts of warring dwarfs and giants which passed current among our mediæval ancestors.

It would be overbold, certainly, to affirm outright that the West was not peopled from the East. But one may surely hold that such peopling could have occurred only at some prodigiously ancient period, and that the evidence of it is so purely composed of conjecture and inference as to be unworthy of the name of history. Just consider the force of the fact that the very oldest chronicles and traditions of Europe fail to speak of westward-flowing migrations. Remark, also, that from all recorded time the Occident has invaded and colonized the Orient far more persistently and successfully than the Orient has colonized the Occident. So much has this been the case that a writer would be pardonable who should set forth the hypothesis that Europe is the true cradle of humanity. He would of course find it impossible to demonstrate his theory; but he would have as much to say as would the advocate of any special conflicting assumption; he would hold his ground triumphantly against Africa and America, and would wage at least an equal battle with Asia.

Let us glance at some of the earliest facts known to us concerning the abiding places and movements of the European peoples. Where were the Pelasgians—the undeveloped ancestors of the Helleno-Italicans—under the light of the first flickering of history? Just where their descendants are now: in Hellas and its northern border of mountains, in the islands of the Grecian sea, in Crete, and Sicily, and Italy. What was passing between them and other men? It is impossible to say how far we may literally understand the old Achaian traditions of Egyptian and Punic influences. They may mean conquest; they may mean littoral colonization; they may mean the civilizing advent of commerce. What we know on the one hand is that the Greeks concede an Egyptian ruler in Argos, an Egyptian or Phœnician ruler in Thebes, and the advent of letters, if not of mining and ship-building, from Egypt or Phœnicia.

¹ Or Cush; commonly written Koosh, and so pronounced.

What we know on the other hand is that Hellas, both insular and continental, soon threw off whatever yoke it may have submitted to, and that its original stock was not displaced nor so much as seriously ingrafted upon by the alien races. It is like some rich gift to the imagination to be permitted to believe that this prosperous sweeping of Hamitic galleys into Pelasgian harbors dates back to the time of the Hyksos kings, who knew Abraham and welcomed Joseph, or at least to that of the great Thothmes dynasty, which succeeded them and poured Egyptian conquest as far as Nineveh.

But only a century or so later than the grand Memphian era, the relations of Mizraim and Hellas had become inverted. In the old age of Rameses II. (the Sesostris of the Greeks), while the Hebrews were building the treasure cities of Pithom and Rameses, and nearly two hundred years before Agamemnon sailed to the shores of Ilium,¹ Egypt began to be harassed by the fleets of the Pelasgian pirates. Under his son Meneptha (the Pharaoh of the Exodus) they conquered a large part of the country, took the strong cities of Heliopolis and Memphis, made their name memorable on indestructible monuments for ferocious ravages, and, although at last defeated in a great battle, effected a settlement in the western Delta. Not long afterward, during the period of the Hebrew judges, they landed on the coast of Syria and founded the principalities of the Philistines, the destroyers of Sidon and the subduers of the Israelites. Meanwhile, they were so closely united in adventure with a fair-skinned people in Libya, called by the Egyptians the Mashuash, that we may suspect these last to be of kindred blood, lately arrived from widespread Pelasgia. In short, the first that we know of the movements of the Helleno-Italicans, they were invading Africa and Asia. They were not journeying westward; they were colonizing southward and eastward.

It is difficult to lay too much stress

¹ Of course there is no established chronology of these times.

upon the circumstance that these are the earliest facts which we can establish concerning the residence and migrations of the oldest people known to European history. In Egyptian records as ancient as the period of the Exodus there is not the slightest hint that the Pelasgians were looked upon as an Asiatic race, or identified in any manner with the Orient. They are called the men of the north, the men of the mists, the Pelesta of the mid sea, Danaans, and even Achaians. They are depicted with high Caucasian features, often of a beautiful classic type; with light complexions, blue eyes, yellow and even reddish hair. If they had but lately come into Hellas and the isles, it must have been from a land further north, and not, at all events, from the sunburned portions of Asia.

Such is the Egyptian account of the Helleno-Italicans, or Pelasgo-Tyrrhenians, inscribed and colored three thousand five hundred years since; a people as European as any people could be, with no trace of late residence in warmer regions of the earth, and pushing, after the usual manner of Europe, toward the south and east.

Let us now turn to the Hellenes' own story of their early activities. "The starting-points of the Dorians," says Curtius, "were well known to the ancients; they pressed forward out of the Thessalian mountains, forcing a path from district to district." "Asiatic Ionia was regarded by common consent as a country composed of Attic colonies, which only gradually became Ionic after the Trojan war." "Such was the national pride of the Greeks that they regarded their land as central,—as the starting-point of the most important combinations of peoples." "The original kinship of the Hellenes and the Phrygians was expressed by representing the Phrygians as emigrants from Europe, and the Armenians, in their turn, as descendants of the Phrygians."

It is Herodotus who records the tradition of the Macedonians, that from their land, harassed by the savage Thracians, proceeded the Phrygians and Armenians. Other chroniclers, including Xan-

thus, the historian of Lydia, a writer who preceded the "father of history," mention a migration of Phrygians out of Thrace. From Herodotus, Theopompus, and Pliny we learn that the mingled Pamphylians were believed to be largely of Greek race, the offspring of heroes who fought under Archilochus and Calchas against Ilium. "The Lycians," declares Herodotus, "are certainly of Cretan origin." "The Caunians are in my opinion aborigines; nevertheless they assert that they came from Crete." "The Carians are a race who migrated to the main-land [of Asia] from the islands." He goes on to say that this is the Cretan account, and that the Carians deny the truth of it, calling themselves indigenous. But Strabo follows the Cretan version, both as to the insular origin of this ancient people and as to their expulsion from the archipelago by Dorians and Ionians. Thucydides relates that they once held the Cyclades, and that they were driven into Asia by Minos, the suppressor of the pirates. In corroboration of his account he states that when the Athenians purified Delos, during the Peloponnesian war, above one half of the bodies removed from the ancient sepulchres proved to be Carians, easily identified by their posture and their armor.

The Mysians, according to Strabo and other writers, were originally Thracians. Philology suggests that they may have descended from the Moesi of the Danube. If any authority or special meaning attaches to the tradition that Car, Mysus, and Lydus were brothers, and if it is conceded that the Carians and Mysians were emigrants from Europe, then the Lydians must be included among European peoples, in spite of Lenormant's effort to deduce them from the Semites. The Teucrians, the earliest known settlers of the Troad, were believed by the Greeks to have come across the Hellespont. Of Dardanus, who introduced the other element of the Trojan people, we have many traditions, the Italians bringing him from Pelasgic Tyrrhenia or Tuscany, and the Hellenes, with greater probability, making him

an adventurer from Crete or, more commonly, from Arcadia. The Bithynians, as Herodotus tells us, called themselves Thracians and emigrants from the banks of the river Strymon, the boundary between Thrace and Macedonia. They added that they were removed from their ancient seats by the Teucrians and Mysians; but this, we must understand, was after those two peoples had become Asiatics and invaders of Europe. Concerning the Thracians there is abundance of Hellenic evidence that they passed both the Hellespont and Bosphorus, and occupied a considerable region along the southern shore of the Black Sea, where they were well known as the Thracians of Asia. Whatever the story of the Argonauts may mean, whether commerce, or freebooting, or colonization, it records a Greek movement eastward. Whatever may be the historical accuracy of the Iliad as to causes and minor incidents, it certainly describes an invasion which poured Argives and Achaeans into Asia.

Be it noted that most of the migrations above mentioned are supposed or known to date before the Trojan war. After that event a clearer light opens upon Hellenic history, revealing to us the certitude that it included a widespread colonization eastward and southward, as well as into Sicily, Italy, and Gaul. The old Attic and other Pelasgian communities of Asia Minor, and the still older Carian or Lelegian states of Miletus, Ephesus, Smyrna, etc., were rapidly bordered, overlaid, or reinforced by swarms of Athenians, Argives, Thebans, Phocians, Lesbians, Epidamnians, bands of adventurers from every portion of European Greece, the founders or rebuilders of that many-cited Ionia which modern whim has represented as the parent of its own motherland. Spreading broader wings to the gale of prosperity, the Hellenes penetrated the stormy mystery of the Euxine, established towns or trading-posts along its shores as far as the Caucasus, and even mingled with the agricultural Scythians of Southern Russia, producing tribes which spoke a tongue half barbarian.

From Thera sailed Lacedæmonians and Minyans, to settle among the nations of Cyrene, — descendants, it may be, of vastly earlier Pelasgo-Tyrrhenian migrations. For a long period after the expedition of Agamemnon the Hellenes were the great colonizing race of the Levant. Meanwhile, the original stock remained in Greece and the isles, unconquered, unmixed, and indestructible.

Now, what is the result of this inquiry into elder and later Pelasgic history? The Hellenes knew of themselves simply as aborigines of Hellas or of the mountainous country immediately north of it. They firmly believed that the greater part of the nations of Asia Minor were colonists from that region, and that the unvarying course of migration in the earliest ages visible to them was from west to east. Of any contrary wayfarings of peoples, of great ethnic journeyings from Asia into Europe, of derivations from Armenia, or Bactria, or India, they had no report and no suspicion. The theory upheld by Curtius and so many other moderns — the theory that the Pelasgic and Thracian settlement of Asia Minor was but a reflux of some mighty anterior tide westward — was totally unknown to Herodotus and to the peoples whose traditions he recorded. From all that we can learn of the Greeks themselves, it would be more rational to bring them from the Alps than from the Belurtagh. If an inquirer will be content with the probable, and will for once throw Oriental tradition to the winds, he will bring them from no further than Thessaly. Will not this be the point where the historian of the future will commence his Grecian history?

Meanwhile, the historian of the present, clothed in a mixed armor of poetry and philology, bravely combats universal Hellenic tradition. "The Greeks," says Curtius, speaking for many others, "simply inverted their whole connection with the nations of Asia Minor."

Is not this, when one meditates upon it, a surprising assertion? One of the specially historical races, the very race which invented history, as civilized men

understand the word, is accused of systematically and instinctively falsifying its own credences as to its own origin. Is it not, to say the least and the mildest, an improbable hypothesis? But Curtius, you will reply, an eminent thinker and a profound scholar, undoubtedly has reasons for his belief. Yes, he has one: he has the theory of a "cradle of the Aryan race" somewhere in Middle Asia; he has that, and must make all Europe proceed from it, no matter what the ancient Europeans affirm to the contrary. It is a curious fact that, while he repeatedly speaks of the Hellenes as reaching Greece through Asia Minor, he nowhere offers an argument to show that they ever made such a journey. Yet, when he was tossing all Hellenic tradition out of the window, a few proofs that he had a right so to do would surely have been appropriate.

They left kindred peoples behind them in their march westward, he might say; the Afghans, Persians, Armenians, and Phrygians indicate the line of Aryan migration. Why not reverse a pilgrimage which is as easily conceived in one direction as the other? Why not believe the Greeks when they assert that the Phrygians went from Macedonia, and the Armenians from Phrygia? Carry out this tradition sufficiently, and you will account very nicely for the Persians, the Afghans, and the Hindus; for the whole chain of Indo-European races, stretching from the Hellespont to the Ganges. It is as good a hypothesis, in itself considered, as the contrary one. It agrees with the Hindu story of an advent across the Indus quite as well as does the theory of an Aryan race cradle in Turkestan.

By the way, why is it that all these cradles of races and centres of creation must be on Alpine plateaus or amid mountain ranges? It is not usual for Nature to plant and bring forth her choicest germs in such inhospitable regions. Why, then, does the historian of these days conduct his original colonists from Armenian, or Turkoman, or Thibetian altitudes? Is it solely because the story of the ark lingers in his mind?

At the centre of his fanciful hypothesis there is a kernel of historic truth. Mountaineers are hardy, needy, heroic, warlike, and aggressive. From mountains descend the subduers of fat plains and wealthy valleys and prosperous sea-coasts; from them have marched many nations which have changed the face of history. They are centres of invasion and of conquest. But that is all. As well call an eagle's nest or a robber baron's castle a centre of creation.

By the way, also, if the modern historian must always bring forth his races in highland districts, why should he not accept mountainous Hellas as the birth-place of the Greek people? With its delicious climate, its fertile soil, and its seas abounding in fish, it is certainly better adapted to producing men than are the barren steppes of Tartary or the snowy dells of the Belurtagh. It has, moreover, the claim of a central position: the Pelasgic groups were all around it, at the beginning of history; they went forth from it every way, except towards that bitter north which so rarely brooks colonization. Finally, the discoverer of race cradles and creative centres would for once agree with the traditions of the people whose origin he offers to explain.

Of the widely spread Greek settlements under Alexander and his successors, it is not worth while to speak further than to note them as another exhibition of the immemorial tendency of Europe to pour into Asia and Africa.

Let us turn to other Occidental races. We shall still see, so far at least as the light of history extends, that men have gone out from Europe rather than come into it. Who were the Kimmerians? If they were Kymry, as the majority of modern inquirers suppose, then we can understand how so many rivers in South-eastern Europe came by the Celtic prefix of *don* or *dan* (river); and we may, moreover, infer that they dwelt during many centuries in that region, for geographical names do not become fixed in a short period. But it does not matter to our present purpose whether the Kimmerians were Kymry or Kimbri, wheth-

er they were Gauls or Germans. It suffices to know, as we positively do know, that they were Europeans, and that their first chronicled act was an invasion of Asia. Inhabitants of the country immediately north of the Euxine, pressed upon by the wide, vague, savage power of the Scythians, they left their name to the Krimea and the Kimmerian Bosphorus, burst in successive billows over Asia Minor, and ravaged it as far southward as Cilicia. There were certainly two Kimmerian migrations: one reputed to be seven hundred and eighty-two years before our era, and one some one hundred and twenty years subsequent. Herodotus assumes, from various circumstances, that the invaders followed the eastern shore of the Euxine, along the base of the Caucasus, and so entered Asia Minor by the northeast. Strabo and other authors, speaking probably of the later overflow, describe it as passing the Bosphorus. However and whenever they came, the Kimmerians committed terrible and wide-spread devastations, laying waste Paphlagonia, Bithynia, Ionia, Phrygia, Lydia, and Cilicia, destroying armies, sacking cities, and burning temples. In their second irruption they entered Lydia during the reign of Ardys, and were not expelled until the time of his grandson, Alyattes, the father of the famous Cræsus.

The next great movement of northern peoples was that of the Scythians, the conquerors of the Kimmerians. I say northern, merely, because the term Scythic was applied by the Greeks to both Northeastern Europe and North-western Asia, and because it is not certain whether this horde came from the one or the other continent. Herodotus "inclines to believe" that they were Asiatics, and were forced westward by the Massagetæ, a nation undoubtedly Oriental. On the other hand; Aristæus, the epic poet of Proconnesus, a far older writer than Herodotus, who is reputed to have traveled widely in the regions north of the Euxine, states that they were driven upon the Kimmerians by the Issedones, who had been dislodged by the Arimaspians. In other

words, they were inhabitants of the region now called Russia, caught in one of those ethnic avalanches from north to south so characteristic of early Europe. Be it noted that if the Kimmerians, in their first movement, really fled through Colchis, the relation of Aristæus seems the most probable. A people dwelling between the Don and the Dnieper could not well retreat directly south, except before invaders who came upon them from the north, or northwest, or west.

Uncertainty concerning the origin of these Scythians still pursues us as we trace out their road into Asia. Losing track of the Kimmerians, as Herodotus surmises, they turned far away toward the Orient, followed the western shore of the Caspian, threaded (probably) the defiles of Kurdistan, and so entered the valley of the Tigris. It must be admitted that this was an immense circuit for a people who had come from at least as far as the banks of the Don. On the other hand, it would have been still more difficult to reach Assyria across Armenia, and perhaps the Kimmerians were not a comfortable race to follow through mountain passes.

However all this may be, the Scythians found Cyaxares, the Mede, attacking Nineveh, defeated him, and became the great Asiatic power of the time. In one of their expeditions they entered Palestine, purposing to conquer Egypt. Psammetichus, who was then probably engaged in his long siege of Ashdod, "met them with gifts and prayers, and diverted them from advancing further." On their return, however, they marched through Ascalon, and a straggling rear-guard pillaged the temple of the celestial Venus, "the most ancient of all the temples dedicated to this goddess." For twenty-eight years they were "the rulers of Asia." Then Cyaxares rallied strength enough to expel them therefrom, just about the time that Alyattes drove the Kimmerians out of Lydia. Did the Scythians retire altogether from Asia, or did they remain there to give birth to one of the many inexplicable races of that region, such as the Aryan Kurds

and the Turanian Parthians? Were the Slavonic hordes then sufficiently developed to send forth such a potent migration, or was this an offshoot of that Finnish or Ugrian population which in the traditional ages waged battle with the Slaves for the empire of Scythia? I will merely say that I incline to believe Aristæus when he tells us that the pursuers of the Kimmerians came from Europe.

Let us now consider the Kelts. The prevalent theory is that they arrived in their present dwelling-places from the Orient, and philologists trace their march westward by the Gallic names of rivers and regions, such as the Don, the Dnieper, the Danube, Bohemia, and Bavaria. But these fossilized Keltic words disappear the moment that you enter the proper East. Except, perhaps, in ancient Galatia, there is not a sign throughout all Asia that Gaelic or Kymric tribes ever dwelt there. Furthermore, what were these tribes doing when they first became known to the history-writing peoples? Migrating, after the immemorial fashion of olden Europeans, toward the rising or the midday sun. We have already glanced at the expeditions of the possibly Keltic Kimmerians. The same tendency southward or eastward is discoverable in the earliest chronicled movements of the clans of ancient Gallia. In the time of Tarquinius Priscus, if Livy is correctly informed, this mother of warriors sent forth two gigantic migrations: one, mainly composed of Boians, crossed the Rhine, occupied Bavaria, and eventually seized Bohemia, giving their name to both regions; the other, drawn from the superfluous youth of half a dozen nations, pushed southward, overwhelmed the Ligurian Salyans near Marseilles, traversed the Alps, defeated the Etruscans on the Ticinus, settled in Western Lombardy, and built Mediolanum, now Milan. From the fact that they found the country already known as Insubria, it appears probable that they were preceded by other Gauls, of whose history we have no record but this single word.

Following on this migration came suc-

cessively the Cenomanians, the Salluvians, the Boians, and Lingonians, dispossessing Ligurians, Etruscans, Umbrians, and filling all Northern Italy. Three hundred and ninety years before our era arrived the Senonians, famous for the victory of the Allia and the sack of Rome. A hundred years later the Tectosages and other tribes marched through Germany, devastated Macedonia and Thessaly, penetrated Greece as far as Delphi, traversed a large part of Asia Minor, and founded Galatia. About 100 B. C., the Helvetians and Tigurini took part in the Kimbrian movement: the former invading Italy and returning safely to their mountains, laden with plunder; the latter defeating and killing the consul, L. Cassius Longinus, near Lake Lemman. As the result of these great outpourings there were Gallic colonies throughout all Middle Europe. Northern Italy, Switzerland, Swabia, the Tyrol, Bavaria, Bohemia, a large part of Germanic Austria, scattered tracts far down the course of the Danube, and even, for a time, districts in Macedonia and Thrace, were held by the victorious hordes.

We have, be it observed, a series of movements toward the east, and none toward the west. The Kelts, so far as we can learn anything of them from history, had nothing to do with Asia, except as invaders and colonizers. Is it not fair to suppose that the Kimmerians, or whatever tribes named the Don, the Dnieper, the Dniester, and the Danube, may have come from ancient Galatia, as well as the Boians of Bohemia, the Senonians of Umbria, and the Tectosages of Galatia? Why imagine an immensely ancient movement *from* the Orient to account for geographical nomenclatures which are sufficiently accounted for by a well-known movement *toward* the Orient? The historian should always accept the simple and the obvious when they will explain his facts as well as the complex and the obscure.

Nor do we find in Spain that the Kelts, when first discovered, or for long previous, were journeying toward the Atlantic. They held the barren mount-

ains like a nation which is defending itself with difficulty; while the dark-skinned Iberians held the rich plains and valleys, like a victorious people. It is clear that the tide of conquest was rolling northward, gradually submerging the Gauls, driving them into fastnesses, or perhaps forcing them from the peninsula. We may fairly conclude that the Basque population in Aquitaine was not the *débris* of a settlement which had been left undisturbed by westward-marching Gauls, but the result of an Iberian overflow of the Pyrenees. Supposing this to be the case, we can perfectly understand the great Boian, Avernian, Senonian, and Galatian wayfarings. The Gauls had a potent and harassing foe behind them; the general set of Western Europe was then eastward.

But whence came the Iberians? Scholars have sought for their root-words in the Finnish and other Turanian languages. In view of the fact that when first discovered they were pushing northward, would it not be well to direct this inquiry toward the tongues of Barbary? Within the cognizance of history Spain has been twice conquered from Africa. It would be no very violent conceit to imagine that Hamilcar's Libyan spearmen or Numidian troopers may have found a kindred race in the Iberic peninsula.

Let us turn to the Germans. During the great period of Gallic activity and migration, — a cycle of conquests which perhaps extends from the advent of the Kimmerians to the settlement of Galatia, — during these five centuries and all the centuries which preceded them, and for nearly two centuries after them, the Germans remained unknown to the history-writing nations. It is not unusual to account for this obscurity of a people subsequently so famous by suggesting that they were in the mysterious deserts of Tartary or Siberia, making their way toward Europe from the Aryan race cradle in Central Asia. The supposition is utterly unsupported by facts; and is it not also unnecessary? We may fairly believe that the Teutonic tribes were in the earlier ages much less nu-

merous, less civilized, and worse armed than when they appeared, strangely mingled with Gallic hordes, before the Rome of Marius. Their rude dwellings may as well be imagined in Scandinavia, around the Southern Baltic, in Prussia, and in Hanover, as in Bactria or Scythia. There was plenty of room for them amid that chilly and boggy northern wilderness where the mightier Kelts, intent upon reaching the lands of the vine and the palm, did not care to wander.

The very earliest fact which we know of concerning the Germans is furnished by Julius Cæsar. When he speaks of an ancient time, during which the Gauls frequently invaded and colonized their eastern neighbors, he couples it with an allusion to the trans-Rhenan conquests of the Volcæ and Tectosages, the spoilers of Asia. It follows that the Germans were in Middle Germany three hundred years before our era. Nor is there any fact or inference to show that they had not been there for many centuries previous. And when the Celtic line of tribes from the Rhine to Thrace was at length broken, the assault was undoubtedly delivered by the Teutonic foresters lying to the north of it. The Hermunduri, as we know, recovered Swabia, and the Marcomanni Bohemia. The great Helvetian movement, which included Boians and Rauraci, was a flight of Kelts from Germany, seeking safety in the populousness of ancient Gallia.

Thus there is no cause for inventing a warlike migration out of Asia to account for the disappearance of Gauls and the subsequent presence of Teutons in Austria, Bohemia, and Bavaria. Both the need and the proof of an ethnic pilgrimage from the Belurtagh, or some other Oriental race cradle, vanish into air. In short, history finds the Germans already in Germany; and there the coming historian of them will begin his judicious narrative. At that point, and no earlier, opens the wondrous tale of Teutonic migration: Kimbrians, Teutones, Suevians, Goths, Franks, Burgundians, Lombards, Saxons, following

each other in stormy succession; in more modern times, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Frederic Barbarossa, Charles the Fifth, and the English invading Asia, Africa, and America; Germans forever bursting out of their native abode to colonize the four quarters of the globe. No race has done more to show that the mission of Europe has been to send forth rather than to receive populations.

Of the Slavonians, before the Greeks began to write of them, we know just this: that we do not know of their coming from the Orient. According to Herodotus, all the country which we now call Russia—all the country between the Don and the Dniester and far to the northward—was anciently filled with a multitude of nations, whom he styles Scythians, Sarmatians, Issedones, Arimaspians, etc. From the frozen sea to the Danube, these wild hordes were crowding upon each other, forever pushing southward, driving before them Kimmerians and Thracians, and perhaps flowing after them into Asia. The Sarmatians and Scythians spoke cognate languages, and we may infer that they were both of Slavonic race. There is no good reason why we should not hold that all these peoples were Slaves and Ugrians, the ancestors of Croat, Pole, Bohemian, Russian, Finn, and Lapp. There is solid reason to believe that the Finns anciently dwelt much farther south than at present, and that a considerable proportion of the present inhabitants of Middle Russia are of Finnish stock, their nationality and language having disappeared under Slavic conquest.

The Slaves have been slow to mature in civilization and slow to exceed their early boundaries. Not until migration had left Germany half deserted did they begin to drift westward. Not until the Byzantine empire was in its decadence did they, to our certain knowledge, cross the Danube. One tribe alone exhibited, during the dark ages, an enterprise equal to that of the Teutonic nations of conquerors. The Vandals, or Wends, marched through Germany, Gaul, and Spain, to found a power in Africa, and even renewed the naval grandeurs of

Carthage by sailing to the shores of Italy and plundering Rome. But the African Wends were destroyed by Belisarius; the Wends of Prussia were crushed by Henry the Fowler and by the Teutonic Ritters; the Bulgarians and Russians were foiled in their assaults on Constantinople by Basil II. and by John Zimisces. The Scythia of Herodotus has waited twenty-three centuries to see a Scythian empire take potent shape and resume the everlasting European task of overrunning Asia.

The Hungarians, or Magyars, were for long supposed to be an Oriental people. But we now know that their language is closely related to the Finnish, and that there is no historical reason for assuming them to be emigrants from the East. When first discovered they were just north of the Caucasus; then between the Don and the Dniester; then in Hungary. It seems reasonable to believe that they left an abode in North-eastern Europe, drifted southward along the western base of the Ural chain, and thence followed the Volga to their Caucasian seat. No honest historian will insist on bringing them out of Bactria any more than on deriving them from the Huns, or from Gog and Magog. It is true that there are Finnish or Ugrian peoples to the east of the Urals and the Volga. But which is the parent group, the Asiatic or the European? We cannot certainly decide; the one as likely, perhaps, as the other.

Neither the Roman conquests and settlements nor the gigantic deluges of the crusades produced any permanent impression upon the races of Asia. It is merely worth while to note them as additional proofs that, in the struggle between the two continents, it is the western one which generally plays the part of invader and colonizer.

Let us now consider the known migrations of the Orient into the Occident. In the elder times, as we have already seen, there was a constant advance and retreat of armed hordes across the Hellespont and Bosphorus. Kimmerians and Thracians passed over into Asia; Mysians and Teucrians (after they be-

came Asiatic) into Europe. But the majority of these inroads, especially those which established peoples, came from the northern shore. Indeed, it does not appear from Herodotus that a single tribe of Asia Minor founded a lasting colony in Thrace or Macedonia.

The mighty invasions of the Persians, whether directed against Greeks or Scythians, ended in disaster and withdrawal. For eight hundred and fifty years after the repulse of Xerxes not a single Oriental people, so far as record or tradition or monuments can inform us, penetrated the western continent. In 375 A. D. the Huns appeared in Sarmatia, rapidly built up an empire which extended from the Rhine to China, gathered half of barbaric Europe under their banners, recoiled at Chalons before Ætius and Theodoric, buried their great king Attila in 453, fell to pieces almost immediately, and vanished utterly. It was a conquest of some eighty years in duration; not a single Hunnic settlement remained as a consequence of it; no new element was added to the population of the West.

Of the Alani, who aided the Vandals to overrun Gaul in 406 A. D., I will merely remark that their origin is unknown, and that they are as likely to have been Slavic or Finnic as Asiatic. The Mongolian Avars entered Dacia in 555 A. D.; conquered Pannonia some thirteen years afterward; oppressed the Slaves, pillaged Germany and Italy, and founded settlements in Greece; were nearly exterminated by Charlemagne; and shortly disappeared as a people. If any remnants of them exist, they are mingled with the Bulgarians, their language long since extinct.

Eight centuries or more after the Huns, the Mongols played a similar part in European history. Advancing under Genghis Khan and his sons from the borders of China, they completed the conquest of Russia by the middle of the thirteenth century, and lost it by the middle of the fifteenth. We find, as results of their inroad, no Mongols this side of the Volga and the Urals. A population of Tartars, the subjects and

soldiers of Genghis, still clings about Kazan and in the Crimea and along the northern shore of the Black Sea. But it is a slender and impotent vein, more likely to vanish than to increase.

Of the intrusion of the Moors into Spain I need say little. They came, and they are gone. It is worth adding, perhaps, that this was mainly an African migration. The number of Saracens and other Asiatics who crossed the Strait of Gibraltar was insignificant as compared with the multitudes of Moors who accompanied and followed them.

The Turks. At last we find, west of the Euxine, a people whose origin appears to be Asiatic, although we have a right to note that their language is allied to the Magyar and Finnish, and that this fact justifies a suspicion—a mere suspicion—of ultimate Uralian descent. But no matter whether the three millions of European Ottomans are the offspring of a primal Oriental tribe or of an Occidental tribe temporarily lost in the Orient. An easier question, and one quite as germane to our general purpose, is, How long can they remain where they are? We seem already to discover signs that they will soon fall into subjection, and presently thereafter vanish, as a people, from their seat of conquest. Then, once more, Europe will be free of Asiatic colonists.

Well, we have gone over the whole recorded battle of races between the two continents. The result is that, so far as history can throw any light on the subject, no Oriental stock appears to have made any large or permanent impression on the population of the Occident. What, then, of the times of unchronicled antiquity? Is it not fair to suppose that, in the main, they were like in this matter to the times which we know? The men of cold regions are usually harder, more warlike, and more difficult to subdue than the men of warm ones. If civilized Europe has repelled civilized Asia, it is probable that barbaric Europe repelled barbaric Asia.

"But the old Turanians!" answers one of the wilder devotees of the Oriental centre of creation. "In the stone

age there were Turanians all over Europe; the Basques and Finns are probably remnants of them, and of course all Turanians are by origin Asiatic."

Ah, my enthusiastic friend, you have not yet proved your old Turanians. You do not in the least know to what race belonged the lake dwellers of Switzerland and the cave dwellers of France. You do not yet feel sure that the Basque is related to the Finnish, nor have you any certainty that the Turanians did not primarily proceed from Europe. At all events, let us stop talking confidently of the origin of these extinct troglodytes and lacustrians. It may even be that they were not very ancient. The stone age of Switzerland was coeval, perhaps, with the bronze age of Italy, the iron age of Greece, the splendor of Babylon, and the decrepitude of Egypt. The prehistoric Swiss are more likely to have been the ancestors of the Gauls who succeeded them than to have been the relatives of peoples whom history has never known in the neighborhood of their curious dwellings. A derivation near at hand has a stronger claim to belief than one brought from the antipodes.

"But the immensely ancient past?" queries the Belurtagh theorist. "The time when from the Tagus to the Urals there were not even any lake dwellers? The time when there was no one? A period must have been during which Europe was an uninhabited wilderness. How was it peopled?"

Well, I do not know, and neither does any one. That is the plain, gigantic, widely visible, and, I fear, indeluctable fact of the case. It covers and dominates all history and all tradition and all hypothesis. The very humbling and yet really valuable result of our inquiry is that we are brought to admit our complete ignorance.

Nevertheless, in reviewing the subject, certain inferences may seem permissible; and I shall venture, with many doubts of their correctness, to state them as follows:—

First, There is no proof, whether historical, or traditional, or archaeological, that the great races of Europe arrived

thither from Asia. Within the historic era colonization has been mainly the other way, flowing oftenest and most potently from west to east, though without permanent result in changing populations. Of ethnic movements during the prehistoric era we know nothing whatever, — neither as to the direction in which they tended, nor even as to whether there were any. In short, there is no solid basis for the popular theory that the European races came from Bactria, or Thibet, or the Hindoo-Kush, or some other Asiatic centre of creation.

Second, There is some historical or at least traditionary reason for believing that the so-called Aryan peoples of Asia proceeded from Europe. On the other hand, neither victorious invaders nor wayfarers who could choose their abodes at will in an uninhabited region would be likely to occupy the barren mountains where history discovers the Armenians, Persians, Kurds, and Afghans. Did the unremembered forefathers of these nations dispossess some Central Asiatic race, long since extinct and gone to forgetfulness? Were they themselves then encroached upon by the Semites, and driven out of the rich valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates into the rugged uplands where our earliest records place them? Or is this chain of Indo-European mountaineers, stretching of old from the Hellespont to the Indus, a proof that the Indo-European stock is aboriginal to the Orient? We have a certain measure of geographic probability pitted against other probabilities supported by Hellenic tradition. Shall we decide in favor of Mount Hæmus or of the Belurtagh? My belief is that the historian of the future will make no decision whatever, and will commence his history of the Armenians, for instance, by saying that they were first found in Armenia.

Third, So far as our knowledge extends, the great European races have never materially changed their habitats, not even in Europe. The ancient stock of the Goths has not disappeared from Scandinavia. The Teutons still hold as much of Germany as they held when

Cæsar revealed them to us. The "drums and trappings of many conquests" have not driven the races of the Helleno-Italians from their ancient seats. In spite of giant colonizations into America and Australia, there are more Anglo-Saxons in Great Britain, more Iberians and Keltiberians in Spain and Portugal, than when those movements commenced. It may be objected that the Kelts have lost both territory and power; that Saxons, Franks, and Burgundians have driven them from much of England and France; that their Brenns no longer lead them victorious from the Atlantic to the Bosphorus; that they are not found in Bavaria and Bohemia and along the Danube; and that even their languages have nearly fallen dumb. But the destruction caused by the Germanic incursions is popularly exaggerated; the northern French and the western British are still in the main either Gaelic or Kymric; the old blood beats, although the old tongue is silent. In the matter of diffusion, also, we must not forget the days of Napoleon. Under him Gallic warriors once more trampled half Europe and part of the Orient; under him the range of the old heroic race was even wider than when it strove against phalanx and manipule. We must not confound the temporary empire of a people with its permanent abode. The former expands and contracts; the latter seems unchangeable. Notwithstanding the narrowing of Keltic conquests, the race itself is more numerous than ever, and still holds, in the main, its primal lands.

Fourth, No migration which forces its way into a denser population of a vigorous race can long keep its own characteristics or maintain a separate existence. Look at the disappearance of the Saracens from Spain; of the Huns and Mongols and Alani from Middle Europe; of the Roman swarms which settled in Africa and the Levant and Germany; of the Greek communities which once flourished in Scythia, Asia Minor, and Bactria. A million crusaders took no root in Syria. The Vandals perished from Tunis, and the Visigoths from Ar-

agon. The Franks and the Lombards ceased long since to be distinguishable from the peoples whom they conquered. The Normans rapidly became French in France, Italians in Naples, and English in England. The descendants of the Danes who triumphed under Guthrum do not know themselves from the descendants of the Saxons who regained their sovereignty under Alfred. The German immigrants to the United States are surely assimilating, in appearance and language, to the Americans of English race. History is full of similar instances of the absorption of transplanted stocks of humanity. It seems to be certain that colonization is a difficult venture, prosperous only under very favorable conditions. To thrive easily, abundantly, and permanently, it needs fertile soil, a hospitable climate, and uninhabited or thinly peopled territories, such as were offered by the America of Columbus. A dense population can colonize successfully into a sparse one; but a sparse population cannot hold its ground amid a dense one. As a result of this rule the world will some day see the downfall of the British empire in India, and perhaps of the Russian empire in Northern Asia.

Fifth, No migration which quits its native latitude or climate can permanently flourish. There is reason to believe that, without the favoring of artificial and incessant culture, this law holds good of shells, of plants, and of the lower animals. Its application to humanity, at least, is proved by all history. In Tunis, Cyrene, Egypt, and Mesopotamia there are no communities which we can even suspect of being descended from the Greek and Roman colonies planted there from the time of Meneptha to the time of the Cæsars. All the southward Germanic migrations have vanished from sight, like rivers lost in meridional deserts. The Mongols have disappeared out of Hindostan, and the Turks fail to perpetuate their

race beside the Nile. Meantime, Teutons, Kelts, and Iberians colonize successfully their own latitudes in America and Southern Africa and Australia.

It would seem, at first sight, that there is an exception to this rule in the chain of Aryan peoples stretching diagonally across Asia from Smyrna to Calcutta. But it should be observed that most of these nations are mountaineers, and so possess a climate similar to that of their supposed original seat, whether this be Europe or on the table-land of Bokhara. It should also be admitted that their geographical position and continuing existence constitute one of the notable puzzles of history.

Well, here we are, at the end of our little line of knowledge, pieced out though it be with tradition and inference. What is the result? There is an infinite past, or what seems to our short-sighted view an infinite past, in the great adventure of humanity. We see the harbors at which it has arrived, but not the routes by which it voyaged, nor the points from which it started. We behold, perhaps, but the survivors of the mighty armada. There is a solemn possibility that many races of pristine men have gone all to wreck, their languages unrecorded like those of the extinct tribes of Hispaniola, or surviving only as enigmas like the Etruscan. Amid the chances and changes and obscure tragedies of the unchronicled past, how ridiculous for the searcher into origins to pretend that he treads securely! He cannot so tread; he does not know the itineraries of the primeval nations; he has not discovered their prehistoric seats, and much less their centres of creation. Of Europe, for instance, he is sure only that there came a period when it was found to be inhabited by races which yet abide there, and which in the main have kept their possession good against intruders from other continents. There, as I venture to predict, the historian of thirty years hence will begin European history.

THE PATENT OFFICE, AND HOW TO REPAIR ITS LOSSES.

It is very generally known that our patent system finds its origin in the English monopolies of Queen Elizabeth's days. Most of these privileges became justly odious, and were abolished by a statute of James I.; but an exception was pointedly made therein to grants of patents for the "sole working and making of any manner of new manufacture within the realm, to the true and first inventor or inventors of such manufacture, which others at the time of making such letters patent shall not use, so that they be not contrary to law nor mischievous to the state," etc. There is a close similarity between the plain, literal sense of this language and the actual state of American patent law to-day; but the interpretations of the English courts have brought about a very wide divergence.

In the interval between the separation of the colonies from the mother country and the adoption of the present constitution, the several States claimed and exercised the right of issuing patents for inventions. These grants seem to have been made in all cases by special legislative enactment. Thus, in 1788, we find John Fitch obtaining patents for his method of steam navigation from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. Soon afterward James Rumsey applied for similar concessions; when, to use a modern technical phrase, an "interference was declared" and argued, *pro* and *con*, before the assemblies of two of the above-mentioned States. In the course of this controversy one Barnes published a statement, still extant, to the effect that in the year 1787 Mr. Rumsey had a working steamboat on the Potomac. Fulton's patent bears date February 11, 1809.

But with the adoption of the new constitution this form of state rights disappeared. That instrument empowered Congress "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing, for limited times, to authors and invent-

ors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Pursuant to this authority, Congress in 1790 passed an act vesting the power of issuing patents for inventions in a board consisting of three heads of executive departments: namely, the secretary of state, the secretary of war, and the attorney-general.

The first United States patent ever issued was granted June 29, 1790, to William Pollard, for an improved machine for spinning and roving. Then, and for three years after, the board, constituted as above stated, examined the applications brought before it, and exercised discretionary power in rejecting for lack of novelty or usefulness. But this organization was obviously fitted only for the infancy of a nation. As inventions increased in number, it became evident that some less cumbrous method of dealing with them must be found. The country could not afford to have three of its cabinet officers periodically withdrawn from their high functions to perform the work of one subordinate.

At first, the secretary of state (with the attorney-general for legal adviser) was substituted for the former board, and his duties were lightened by abandoning the attempt to pass upon the merits of applications, and simply granting patents to those who requested them. It was an easy way out of the difficulty, but not altogether a satisfactory one.

The work still growing upon the hands of the government, the office of superintendent of patents was created. That functionary was in effect a clerk who attended to this particular branch of the secretary's business. As more and more applications poured in, his position grew in importance, until at length he was dubbed "commissioner," in imitation of the English. For a long time the patent-office remained under the control of the secretary of state, but has since been a branch of the department of the inte-

rior. William Thornton was the first head of the office.

Of course, under the patent act of 1793, many worthless patents were issued, to the encouragement of lawsuits and confusion of titles; but it was not until after forty years of inconvenience and the great fire of 1834 that an effort was made to return to the system of examinations. The law of 1836 is often spoken of as having created our present system; but in reality it merely revived and improved the first system ever employed by our government, adapting that system to the great demands soon to be made upon it. To Mr. Keller, then the clerk of the patent-office, and lately deceased, belongs the honor of perfecting and reintroducing the most masterly scheme of the kind which the world has thus far seen.

The great fire above mentioned obliterated for the time being everything that was destructible in the patent-office, and some of the gaps then made still serve to check inquiry and hamper business. The records, it is true, have been in great measure replaced by the contributions of inventors who still retained their patents; but many of these documents had been lost, and many more had been carried into remote corners of the world by men who never learned that their assistance was desired. Thus many blank leaves still help to fill out the old books.

The growth of business in the patent-office went on, nevertheless, with rapid acceleration. All the books of the period before the fire, taken together, do not make so imposing an array as those which contain the issues of any recent year. In 1848 six hundred and sixty patents were granted; in 1869 very nearly fourteen thousand; in 1876 more than seventeen thousand. Yet the rate of increase has been far from constant. The requirements of the war and the period of artificial stimulus which followed caused a temporary flood of inventions which was the astonishment of the world; and on the other hand the revulsion of 1873 and the immediately succeeding years was accompanied by a corresponding ebb in the tide of invention, so that

1869 long continued to present the high-water mark.

If the system of simply registering and granting patents without inquiry had continued, a considerable increase in the force of the office would undoubtedly have been required; but the introduction of the element of examination made necessary a much greater development. Thenceforward the examining corps became the life and heart of the office, and that corps grew with the growth of its work.

Mr. Keller was naturally the first examiner or examining clerk. In 1840 there were two clerks. Two assistants were then added. In 1848, the work having more than trebled, the force was doubled. In 1853 the grade of second assistant was created, and six clerks were detailed to perform its duties. So the ball rolled, until there are now more than eighty persons engaged in examining. This force is distributed into divisions, each having exclusive charge of certain classes of cases, and consisting ordinarily of a principal examiner, a first, second, and third assistant respectively, and a lady clerk. Two of the third assistants are ladies also.

The examiners have *quasi* judicial functions, though a considerable part of their work is almost purely clerical. It is their duty to criticise specifications, so as to detect formal errors, and require their correction; and also to investigate the questions of novelty, utility, and abandonment, rejecting all applications found wanting therein. A thing is new if it has never been patented or published anywhere, nor known nor used in this country. It is useful if it will work without public injury. It may be abandoned either expressly or by implication resulting from two years' allowance of public use in this country. For the determination of this last question examiners have, however, but few facilities.

After rejection an application may be amended until the applicant, or his attorney, and the examiner are in accord or at issue. In the former case, the application is allowed, and, on payment of the final fee, ordinarily goes to issue.

In the latter case an appeal usually lies to a board of examiners in chief, thence to the commissioner, and thence to the supreme court of the District of Columbia. Questions purely of form are appealable directly to the commissioner.

The average cost of each examination to the government since 1840 has been not far from thirty-seven dollars. During that and the succeeding year the maximum was reached; but the figures fell off nearly one half between 1844 and 1848. In 1853 and 1854 the maximum was almost reattained, but the average then sank again, with slight fluctuations, till it touched bottom at twenty-four dollars in 1866. It has never quite repeated that last feat, though in 1869 it came a little within twenty-five dollars.

There have been in all but five years when the expenses of the office exceeded its receipts,—1853, 1854, 1856, 1857, and 1861,—so that it may fairly claim to have been a profitable institution from the very beginning.

The period between 1840 and 1869 was not marked by any notable changes, but in the few years succeeding the latter date they have come thick and fast. The rule of Commissioner Fisher (from 1869 to 1872) was remarkable in this respect. He first employed women in the work of the office; he introduced the system of competitive examinations in filling vacancies in the examining corps; he settled finally, by one decision, the practice of the office with regard to functional claims; he formulated in another the still accepted criterion as to duplicity in generic inventions; and he gave to the whole theory of the patent law, as applicable in the patent-office, a definiteness and precision which it had never before attained.

His immediate successor, Mr. Leggett, founded the Official Gazette, procured the abolition of the old patent-office reports and the introduction of women into the examining corps, created the positions of law clerk and chemical expert, settled the practice relative to design patents, and carried the verbal criticism of claims to a dubious extreme.

His successor, Mr. Thacher, following

the decisions of the courts, partly abolished the citation of rejected applications to defeat subsequent ones, substituting a system of *ex parte* testimony which proved a total failure. Mr. Spear, next in order (as acting commissioner), made the above abolition absolute. He also affirmed the right of a rejected applicant to make a second application for a patent on the same invention. Other changes have occurred from time to time, but they cannot well be noticed here.

Since Mr. Fisher's time the examiners (including assistants) have been generally appointed after competitive examinations and in accordance with the results thereof. The only considerable exception was during the last presidential campaign, when the exigency of the case brought about in high quarters a brisk impatience of anything except politics.

The examinations to fill vacancies have been very properly of a technical nature, with especial reference to the duties of the office; and the general verdict of competent judges is that the result has been satisfactory. The number of incompetent members of the examining corps is now very small and continually decreasing, and there are scarcely any mere drones; while the new blood of office is nearly all good.

The heaviest part of the examiner's work is in the determination of the question of novelty. A perfect examination on this point would involve a search through all patents from America to New Zealand, the formidable army of magazines, encyclopædias, scientific treatises, books of travel, and printed publications of all sorts. The Scriptures have been used as references several times,—once, I think, to show some article of dress worn by the Queen of Sheba, and again as an evidence of the fiery chariot which Ezekiel saw in his vision. In response to this last the applicant wrote, "Since the examiner is so apt in scriptural quotations, I trust he will inspect" a certain indicated text. This was found to read: "Let his days be few; and let another take his office."

Sometimes carelessness on the part of

the examiner has given rise to strange results; as when a certain inventor, after long delay, was rejected on his own model, which the rejecter had been using upon his desk until he had forgotten whence it came. A still more discreditable error was that of the examiner who gravely requested an applicant to correct his "*authography*." Such things would be scarcely possible now.

One source of trouble, confusion, and inaccuracy has always been found in the classification of the subjects of invention. Absolute lines of demarkation, not existing in nature, can hardly be discovered in art. There will be overlapping cases, and it is often necessary to choose between convenience and logic. Still, the ordinary human intellect is apt to experience a sense of the unfathomable on first learning that car brakes are distributed through three divisions, and that centrifugal clothes-wringers come under the head of sugar. An effort has recently been made to reform the classification, but all anomalies cannot possibly be discarded.

After the complete destruction of the old patent-office, it was generally supposed that the records would be intrusted for the future only to a fire-proof depository; and it does seem that the lessons of that appalling catastrophe were not wholly thrown away. The first two wings of the new interior department building were indeed made to stand, as their resistance to the recent fire proved. But as time went on, carelessness seems to have gained ground, and the remaining wings, though more expensive, had only an external resemblance to the earlier ones.

Thus, on the 24th day of September, 1877, the interior department building consisted of a casemate-like quadrangle, one half of which was well shielded by brick arches, while the other half had nothing but pine wood between its upper story and the tinder-box loft above.

Now that the patent-office has been so largely devastated by fire, the questions naturally arising are, What has it cost us? and, How is the loss to be repaired?

The former requires a brief examination of the nature and use of models in their relation to the convenience of the public and the rights of inventors under existing law. In the first place, then, very nearly one half of our finest national exhibition is at least temporarily ruined. Until the lost models are replaced, there is not and cannot be any adequate presentation to the public of the immense advance of American genius in many of the most important arts.

Again, until replaced, these models are unavailable as a means of ascertaining the novelty (or lack of novelty) of any invention. This was a great convenience to all persons having business before the office. Nor can the latter now adopt any course with reference thereto which will wholly avoid serious inconvenience. To allow promiscuous access to its drawings—though, perhaps, on the whole, the best course—would be in a measure to invite confusion and to clog its own work. On the other hand, to afford no facilities whatever for preliminary examinations would impose unnecessary expense upon meritorious inventors, and compel the examiners themselves to waste, sooner or later, a great deal of labor.

But a model is something more than an exhibition or a specimen. It is potentially, though not actually, a part of a patent. When the inventor makes his model, he has made his safeguard. Let his attorney be ever so negligent in the preparation of his papers and his drawings, his model is a reserve fund of invention upon which he can surely draw at will. It is good for all that it shows, and may at any time during the life of the patent form a basis for a reissue, including the omitted features. This is one of the very wisest provisions of the patent law, since it secures the ignorant or trustful client from wrong through the malpractice or dishonesty of his agent.

In this view of the case it becomes evident that the model is often of more importance than all the other records of a case which the office contains; and that, unfortunately, what is most valuable in it is also most utterly destructible. In

spite of the nicest means that can be devised for remedying the evil, the loss to worthy men by reason of this fire must reach many millions of dollars. And who will gain thereby? Unhappily, the men who are trespassing upon the property of others, and using without compensation the fruits of their minds. But this iniquitous transfer will certainly be greatly augmented if the scheme be adopted which seems just now to meet with most favor.

In truth, there are but four courses possible. The first is to leave the models unsupplied, allowing the drawings to be the sole memorials of the inventions embodied therein. This cannot be seriously contemplated. The people want the models and will have them. Moreover, in the agreement whereby the models were delivered there was an implied covenant that good care should be taken of them. Otherwise the requirement would be an oppression and a wrong as well as a folly. The government cannot shirk its responsibility for any part of the records committed to its care. A model is as truly a document as a specification or an assignment.

Still less can the government compel the inventor to reproduce his model. The law makes certain requirements, compliance with which is a condition precedent to a grant of a patent. When he has complied therewith, the inventor's right is certainly indefeasible by the negligence of the other party. It would seem unnecessary to state so plain a proposition but for the fact that one or more examiners assumed for a time to make this irrational requirement with regard to pending cases.

Nor can the government safely allow the inventors, where willing, to reproduce their models. In the case of applications awaiting payment of the final fee this plan has been adopted. Circulars were sent out soon after the fire inviting such contributions, but distinctly stating that nothing new could be introduced. As such cases are still subject to the revision of the examiners, the general objection can there have little force; but with regard to patented mod-

els such a course would open the door to all kinds of fraud. In very many cases the additions of unscrupulous assignees would far outweigh the importance of the original invention, and a plentiful crop of reissues would soon spring up, which would lay every manufacturer at the mercy of a horde of impostors.

The plan now most in favor seems to be to reproduce the models from the drawings. But this is proceeding in the opposite direction to an equally unjust and unwise extreme. It is in effect to make the government an accomplice of the fire, and to supplement negligence by willful wrong. Nothing can be reproduced from the drawings except what is already in them; and the chief value of the models (as already explained) lay in what is *not* in the drawings. Thus, such a limitation to reproduction is only another name for the destruction of legal, equitable, and moral rights; and that, too, by the very party chiefly intrusted with their protection.

There is yet another plan which can be and should be adopted. It is supported by analogy in the constitution and practice of the office, as well as by the plain dictates of common sense. The cardinal defect in the two schemes last mentioned is that each involves an utter surrender of the case to one of the two parties pecuniarily interested in every question of reissue, — the men who may have to pay tribute, and the men who may receive it. The obvious remedy lies in the creation of an impartial tribunal, with power to hear both sides and determine precisely the right of the case. It is after all only the common expedient of all civilized society for adjusting disputed rights and wrongs. Such proceedings have long been the rule in the patent-office in extensions and interferences. There is no reason in the world why applications for reissue should be considered wholly *ex parte*. There are many and sound reasons why they should not.

This remedy may be applied in more ways than one. For instance, the models may be at first simply reproduced from the drawings, and such a change

made in the law as would unquestionably allow the introduction by testimony (on application for reissue) of features not shown in the drawings or specification, but embodied in the destroyed model. Of course this testimony, in conjunction with the adverse testimony, would properly be taken after due notice and before a designated official. On a favorable decision, the model could be made to conform to its original construction as thus established.

Or, before the reproduction of any model, notice could be sent to the patentee and his assignees (if any) of the intention of the department to accept, subject to his protest, the drawings and specification as its guides, and giving him a

certain space of time wherein to file said protest. On its filing, a future day could be set and advertised for the taking of testimony pro and con, and on the decision arrived at thereby the future construction of the model would depend.

Of course it would be advisable to operate only under congressional authority. Slight delay awaiting legislative action would be far better than taking the wrong road.

The only objection that can be possibly urged against this plan is that it would be costly. But it is often costly to retrieve (even partly) a lost opportunity or to redress a wrong; and we have no more right to shirk this duty than to commit any other act of repudiation.

W. H. Babcock.

JAMAICA.

I KNOW an island which the sun
Stays in his course to shine upon,
As if it were for this green isle
Alone he kept his fondest smile!
Long his beams delaying flood
Its remotest solitude,
Mountain, dell, and palmy wood,
And the coral sands around
That hear the blue sea's chiming sound.

It is a watered island, one
The tropic rains pour down upon.
Oft the westward-floating cloud
To some purple crest is bowed,
While the tangled vapors seek
To escape from peak and peak,
Yield themselves, and break, — or glide
Through deep forests undescried,
Moaning their lost pathway wide.

In this land of woods and streams
Ceaseless Summer paints her dreams:
White, bewildered torrents fall,
Dazzled by her morning beams,
With an outery musical
From the ridges, plainward all;
Mists of pearl, arising there,

Mark their courses in the air,
Sunlit, magically fair.

Here the pilgrim may behold
How the bended cocoa waves
When at eve and morn a breeze
Blows to and from the Carib seas,
How the lush banana leaves
From their braided trunk unfold;
How the mango wears its gold,
And the sceptred aloe's bloom
Glorifies it for the tomb.

When the day has ended quite,
Splendor fills the drooping skies;
All is beauty, naught is night.
Then the Crosses twain arise,
Southward far, above the deep,
And the moon their light outvies.
Hark! the wakened lute and song
That to this fond clime belong, —
All is music, naught is sleep

Isle of plenty, isle of love!
In the low, encircling plain
Laboring Afric, loaded wain,
Bearing sweets and spices, move;
On the happy heights above
Love his seat has chosen well,
Dreamful ease and silence dwell,
Life is all entranced, and time
Passes like a tinkling rhyme.

Ah, on those cool heights to dwell
Yielded to the island's spell!
There from some low-whispering mouth
To learn the secret of the South,
Or to watch dark eyes that close
When their sleep the noondays bring,
(List, the palm leaves murmuring!)
And the wind that comes and goes
Smells of every flower that blows.

Or from ocean to descry
Green plantations sloping nigh,
Starry peaks, of sapphire hewn,
Whose strong footholds hidden lie
Furlong deep beneath the sea!
Long the mariners wistfully
Landward gaze, and say aright,
"Under sun or under moon
Earth has no more beauteous sight!"

Edmund C. Stedman.

TRIALS AND ERRORS OF JOSEPH PRIMROSE.

I.

1774. In the evening of life, when all the ambitious projects of youth have been happily fulfilled, or, peradventure, laid aside with the lowly prayer of resignation, "Thy will, not mine, O Lord, be done!" one can well afford to look back along the vista of vanished years and smile at the recollection of many disappointments which, at the time of occurrence, seem limned in the most glaring colors upon the desponding imagination, but which, like the pictures of certain unskilled painters, — at first coarse and gaudy in tone, — become mellowed down to a very bearable degree of softness under the kindly touch of Time. From a vintage gathered in sorrow and privation in the season of youth hath flowed a golden peace for my declining years, and as I recall the hard but valuable lessons I have learned from the stern teacher, Adversity, I own I can scarce regret that sad and humiliating epoch in my otherwise uneventful life. Blessed with a more than common share of comfort, even luxury, in the post of chaplain to a serene and pious household, with a commodious and costly chapel in course of erection for my sole use and behoof, I hope I may be pardoned a perhaps too ready compliance with the request of my generous patrons that I should set down in writing for their amusement, and as *they* are pleased to say instruction, the account of my voyage to America in the year 1742; my aspirations, disappointments, and failures; and, finally, my deliverance from the depths of despair, when almost ready to pray for death itself to release me. I do not choose, in the following narrative, to pass over any of the circumstances connected with or leading to my journey across the seas; my honored mistress hath long known the secret of a young man's folly and presumption, and will smile indulgently, I trust, when an old man tells the

woful tale anew. As for her deceased father, the mention I shall venture to make concerning him in these pages can give to none, I am sure, the least disquiet, nor diminish by one jot the deep respect and veneration due to his memory.

It was not without much self-communing, long wrestling with the rebellious flesh, and prayerful seeking for guidance where 't is never denied, that I wrought my courage to the serious task of imparting to my cousin and patron, my Lord Fairthorn, my fixed resolve to enroll me an avowed though most unworthy disciple of the New Light under the instructions of the pious and learned Mr. George Whitefield, whose clear expoundings and fervent exhortations had at last awakened my slothful conscience and pricked it into life and action. I was the more reluctant to take this important step as I was under deep obligations to my kinsman, who had been at the charges of my education from the dame school to the university (I having been left an orphan and friendless at a tender age); and I had dwelt at free quarters within his gates both before and since my ordination as a minister of the church, receiving many sweet proofs of condescension from my Lady Fairthorn and her daughter the Lady Catharine, now the beloved consort of the excellent Lord Hare. Beside all this, I had the promise of a certain lucrative charge in my lord's gift, which was expected to fall in at no very distant date, and for which I was meanwhile qualifying myself whilst holding the responsible post of chaplain in my patron's household. When I venture to call cousins with my Lord Fairthorn, I do not desire to mislead: I am well aware that the kinship is in so remote a degree as to be matter for very small consideration in a family of so exalted a rank; but on the other hand, to wit, from my point of view, the connec-

tion was and is of no little importance. Thus 't will be understood that 't was not without a sore struggle I had brought my courage to the signing the death-warrant, as it were, of my temporal advancement. But here was I, at that time a young man of thirty, or thereabouts, abounding in health, strength, and zeal, fitted by nature to bear the burdens of those less favored, and by faith to point out the sure way to the short-sighted, — here, I say, was I eating and drinking to repletion of the best, lying softly by night and preaching dull sermons by day to my lord and lady, who not infrequently dozed comfortably through their delivery, to my very great chagrin and indignation, whilst even my Lady Kitty, though she kept her lovely eyes bent upon me in duteous attention, could not forbear toying furtively with the silken ears of her lap spaniel, yawning abstractedly the while under my very nose. Here was an easy, comfortable life to lead, everything arranged for my pleasure and profit, now and in the future, and I do not pretend to deny that the allurements of such a state are almost sufficiently powerful at any time of life to pervert the most honest intentions and to stifle the voice of conscience. But what, after all is said and done, is this vile body that we comfort and pamper into sleekness, and before which we continually lay offerings of meat, drink, and fine raiment, — what is it in comparison with the immortal soul, which goes starving and naked through life, and yet survives triumphantly when the object of all our sweet cares is become but a moldering mass of dust, fit only to be hurried away under-ground as a thing too unsightly and unsavory to meet the fastidious eye of man? This seasonable reflection proved a strong prop to me in my hour of trial, and I had sore need of some such support, for my lord in his displeasure not only set before me in forcible terms my most odious sin of ingratitude to his family for favors past and to come, but cunningly portrayed in lively colors the certain loss of pretty preferment, world's goods, fair repute, and so forth; nor did he fail to

remind me that the aforementioned living should never suffer disgrace at the hands of a common bawler in the public fields. This unhandsome epithet he was pleased to bestow upon me on my making allusion to my intention to expound the Scriptures in the open air, like Whitefield and others before me; and truly the picture that he was enabled to call up before my mind's eye (from a great fluency he had in speaking) was so little enticing that my fainting soul had like to have fallen vanquished on the very threshold of regeneration. However, by a mighty effort of inward prayer I cast Satan behind me, and lifted my voice in testimony against the world, the flesh, and the devil, to such good purpose that my patron, in a very ecstasy of ungodly wrath, bade me get out of his sight and hearing until I should so order my conduct as to render me a fitting inmate of his family. In some distress of mind, but with a sweet peace settling down upon my hitherto uneasy conscience, I clapped my hat upon my head and went forth into the streets, betaking myself to a small house of entertainment nigh at hand, where I sat me down, and, when the flurry of my spirits was somewhat abated, indited a respectful epistle to my patron, begging of his cousinly love that he would dispatch to me, per bearer, my small stock of theological works, as that I should have great need of them in the new life about to commence for me. I did not mention a word concerning my other belongings, not choosing to be further beholden to my kinsman than absolute necessity called for; the books, tracts, and so forth were mine own, but the clothes I wore were gifts of my lord, even to the very shoes upon my feet, and I had no mind to increase my obligations in that direction. However, with the books arrived a goodly packet of linen and other essentials, accompanied by a vituperative letter inclosing a ten-pound note and a recommendation to betake myself to the master whom I served (to wit, the devil) by whatsoever route best pleased myself, all paths being sure to bring me up in the same place in the end. My blood was

so roused by the tone of this injurious epistle and its contemptuous inclosure (as like casting a bone to a beaten cur) that I lost no time in returning the obnoxious money to the donor, wrapped about with two of the most powerful of Mr. Whitefield's sermons (those on Regeneration and Intercession), which proceeding so enraged my noble patron that, as I am credibly informed, he instructed his lackeys to cudgel the bones of the bearer of any future message from the same quarter without even the ceremony of an inquiry into the nature of his business. I, however, had no desire further to disturb the peace of my kinsman's household, and now proceeded to take serious counsel with myself regarding my future maintenance. No time must be lost in idleness, for, on casting forth the contents of my purse upon the table before me, I found to my great chagrin that the whole amount barely summed up a couple of guineas and a few odd shillings and pence, the poor remnant of a handsome fee paid me by an opulent flesher who served my lord's larder, for the composition of a Latin pastoral, introducing cattle, sheep, swine, and so forth in the approved rustical manner, which ode the man intended to recite at the annual feast of his guild, without comprehending a word of the Latin tongue. As I sat lost in reflection on the smallness of my means, a great noise of ribald singing broke out in the adjoining room, whence, indeed, much loud talking and laughter had already issued, and I started to my feet as blasphemous words, fit to make a decent man's hair rise upon his head, reached my offended ears. Resolving in my quality as a minister of the gospel to set my face as a flint against all such devilish diversion, I hastily gathered up my money, and going to the door of the other apartment banged upon it without ceremony. Receiving no reply, I made bold to walk in uninvited, and presently found myself in the midst of a choice company indeed: half a dozen men seated about a table, each with a jug of spirits at his elbow; the air of the room a cloud of abomination from pipes of tobacco; and presid-

ing proudly over the festivities a seafaring man of a goodly presence, but with a face flaming red, doubtless from the quantity of liquor he had imbibed. I had no sooner set eyes upon him than I remembered him perfectly well as a late frequenter of Mr. Whitefield's open-air expoundings, where indeed he had always assumed an air of great edification. Now, to see him in such misbehaving company was a sad commentary on the infirmity of human nature, and I longed to pluck him as a brand from the burning. He arose as I came forward, and civilly invited me to be seated, explaining that he was entertaining a few of his friends, as was his custom, prior to setting out on his yearly voyage to the port of Philadelphia,—his vessel only awaiting the completion of her cargo to weigh anchor. At the mention of America a new thought came into my mind with the quickness of lightning, but postponing it to a more favorable season I set about relieving my conscience of the business I had come upon. So, declining the man's offer as civilly as it had been made, I took my stand firmly, demanding that the utterer of the blasphemous song I had interrupted should be pointed out to me, to the end that a fitting rebuke might be then and there administered and the offender be perhaps turned from his scandalous courses. Upon this there arose such a disturbance, the company all jumping from their seats with loud outcries, that I might possibly have sustained bodily injury had not the ship's captain called them to order, even offering, in his heat, to lend a whack on the ear of the first man who should lay so much as the tip of his finger on my coat. All sitting once more, the ship's captain pulled me into a chair beside him, confessing handsomely that none other than himself was the culprit, adding that he was "plaguey glad to be able to lay his sin to the bottle, an ancient enemy of his, and continually playing him some scurvy trick or other."

He confessed, in fine, that gin-drinking was the only carnal indulgence he had not as yet been enabled to sacrifice

to his sound religious convictions, adding, however, that he meant to take this evil habit well in hand as soon as he should be once more afloat, desiring my prayers and good wishes for his success in the forthcoming struggle. The man was so earnest in his self-upbraiding, and had taken my interference with such a perfect understanding of the intention, that I was vastly struck by his good sense and humility; so, rising from my seat, to the certain relief of the company, I took my leave without further parley, but not before I had appointed a meeting with the captain for the ensuing morning.

II.

I got but small measure of sleep in my unaccustomed bed that night, and spent the long hours in turning over a certain project which was newly come into my mind, and upon the accomplishment of which I was fully bent: no less, in fact, than a journey across the seas to America, — a soil that Whitefield had lately turned up and sown with gospel seed, and that now lay ready for the blessed harvest of souls. London was become so distasteful to me, since the loss of all that had hitherto made it so precious, that I longed to shake its dust from my feet and hide myself in a far country from the unfeeling gaze and pointed finger of the scorner. I arose betimes in the morning, and waited impatiently until Captain Hewlett made his appearance, which he did in an hour or so, apparently not a whit the worse for his potations over night, although he professed to be mightily ashamed of himself. I found him to be a man of some parts and of a very particular soundness on doctrinal points. Indeed, he protested with most awful oaths that he was a religious man, and although at first his conversation, from its shocking profanity, caused my ears to burn outrageously, I was presently astonished to find myself becoming accustomed to his sea-faring manner of speech. I took care, however, not to allow a single trespass of this sort to pass without a fitting rebuke, so that

my share in the conversation was occupied almost wholly in this manner, whilst he cursed and swore away his precious soul with the utmost unconcern. He had much that was cheering to tell me of the progress of the New Light in America, particularly in the town of Philadelphia, where Whitefield had preached to thousands, converting many and moving all by the wondrous power of his eloquence. There was yet, he said, a great work to be done in the New World, where the people were the more inclined to religion from the dearth of any excitement or amusement with which to relax their minds and bodies outside of working hours.

I was roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm by the man's account that I opened my mind to him then and there, and was met with all the sympathy and encouragement that I could possibly desire. I frankly disclosed the dismal condition of my means, but he chose to make nothing of it, protesting that he should esteem it a favor, honor, and blessing to have me aboard his ship free of price, and that he looked to getting much profit from such decent companionship during the long evenings of this perilous voyage, the which he had hitherto wiled away with the aid of strong liquors and foolish books, to his very great detriment. Without much loss of time I now sallied forth to the lodging-house of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, designing to take counsel with him concerning my new project and to ask of him letters to certain of his good friends in the town of Philadelphia. I learned, however, to my deep chagrin, that the reverend gentleman was in Scotland, purposing a stay of some weeks. To venture into an unknown country without the power to give a creditable account of my belongings was a sore trial, but to delay until Mr. Whitefield could communicate with me was to lose the free passage in Captain Hewlett's ship, a matter not to be thought on under the circumstances. Returning to the inn in great perplexity, I was met by one of the servants, who whispered me that a young gentlewoman had just arrived with her maid in the chair then standing

in the hall-way, and was awaiting my return in a private room above-stairs. My beating heart told me who this must be, and rushing up, two steps at a time, I found myself in the presence of my Lady Kitty, who sat by the window with a flushed face, her eyes full of tears. She came running to me (she was just eighteen, and distressingly lovely), giving me her two white hands, the which I kissed reverently, and "Oh, cousin," says she, "thou wilt surely think me very bold, and indeed methinks I have done a forward thing in venturing here; but I did so fear that I might be forbidden to see thee or to speak to thee again, and I am bent upon telling thee that I do not think thee so wicked at all, for I too went once to Moorfields to hear the preaching of that good Mr. Whitefield whom you love, and I did so cry when I heard tell of my sins. But thou must not tell of me, dost hear, cousin?"

Now, was not this a sweet soul? Here she was, a tender young creature, her blue eyes looking so innocently into mine, her soft hands given so freely to my clasp; how did it happen that such joy and happiness were granted me? What had I done to deserve such condescension? My heart so overflowed with pride and gratitude that I would fain have laid down my poor life then and there for this noble and gracious young lady, who had risked so much to give to her poor kinsman the sweet assurance of her sympathy. "Nobody knows that I am come, cousin," said she, as I led her to a seat, "and I dare not stay long, for there is company bidden to dinner; but pray tell me what I shall do to serve thee. Alas! my honored father is bitterly angered against thee; he vows that he will never see thee more. Cousin, dost thou want for money? I can lend thee some. See here! I have a whole guinea. My mother gave it me in a birthday gift, and I have never changed it. Dost remember my last birthday feast, and the big plum-cake that made thee so dreadfully ill next day?"

"Honored lady," said I, in great distress, "put away thy guinea and let me, in Heaven's name, lead thee to thy coach

again; this place is not fit for one of thy condition."

"Why, cousin," said she, smiling through her tears, "it seems that the place is good enough for thee, and I am not proud, as thou shouldst know. I find myself very well here indeed, but I protest thou art strangely anxious to have me gone. I had thought to give thee a pleasure, but have only brought thee pain;" and she began to pout, the tears flowing afresh. I was truly beside myself with perplexity, for, as may be surmised, I was and had been for more than a year past in a perfect agony of love for this young creature, but had sooner plucked my tongue out by the roots than allow her the least suspicion of it. Ungrateful and contumacious I might be in a matter concerning my spiritual welfare, but *never* the base hound to turn upon and rend the master who had showered so many benefits upon me. At the sight of my young lady's distress I was smitten with such a pang of love and longing as went nigh to betray my desperate condition and to ruin me forever. Cold shudders ran through and through me as she peeped at me over her kerchief, and my heart thumped loudly, such was the awful conflict betwixt man's love and honor. Presently she broke into a girlish fit of laughter, as I verily believe at the spectacle of my disordered countenance, but as suddenly checked it, and, thrusting her kerchief into her side pocket, jumped from her seat and ran to the chimney glass to adjust her hood, and also, doubtless, the better to conceal the smiles that were dimpling her rosy cheeks.

Will it be believed? I found myself affronted at her innocent mirth, and bitterly mortified to be the occasion of it. Here was I, a minute ago, pained and affrighted at the sight of her tears, and now behold me wroth to perceive her comforted! Such a wretch was I become, and all through the elevating passion of love. Truly is the heart of man a most mysterious structure. At this moment came a smart rap upon the door, and, on my opening it, Captain Hewlett appeared with the news that all

hands aboard the Polly were making ready to weigh anchor, and that she was expected to drop down stream in the course of the afternoon, should the present favorable wind hold out. "Give me your bundle," said he, good-naturedly, on seeing that I was engaged with company, "and you can follow at your leisure, — that is, providing that you are still in the mind to go;" and he winked and grinned over my shoulder into the room.

"What is this?" says my young lady, coming forward. "Where art thou going, cousin? What is it?" And she looked from me to the captain, who, on his part, was so ravished with the sight of her high-born beauty that he only stared with all his eyes, and never offered to open his mouth.

Suddenly a great uproar came from below, and the voice of the landlady clamored shrilly up the staircase: "I tell you there is ne'er a gentlewoman in the whole house. Nobody is here but me and the reverend gentleman who lodges above, and no bullies shall go clattering in upon him, I promise you, until I get speech of him first; so you had as well content yourself below till I find whether he chooses to have you up."

"I tell you, woman, that I saw my daughter's hood at the window, and I cannot be mistaken. Stand aside!" 'T was my lord's voice, and at the sound Lady Kitty gave a faint cry and ran to the further end of the room, pale as death.

"Your daughter's hood, forsooth!" cries the foolish woman. "And pray is there ne'er a damson hood in the whole town but the one atop your daughter's head?"

"Who talked of damson hoods, hussey?" cries my lord, in a voice of thunder. "Stand out of my way! Zounds, woman! move aside, I say, or I'll pull your house about your ears!" Before I could collect my senses my lord was on the stairs. I ran to the door to bar the way, but he was aforehand with me. "How now, dog!" says he, drawing his sword with a clash and glitter that made

my blood run cold, "where is my child? Tell me, before I thrust your coward soul out of your body! Make way there!" and he rushed past me into the room.

Never shall I forget the look of rage and chagrin that shot from his eyes as he beheld his daughter, half dead with fright, in the arms of her woman, who on her part set up a great outcry at the sight of her master's drawn sword. "Oh, Catharine," cries my lord, "can I believe my senses? What hast thou done, cruel, cruel girl?" and he sank into a chair, covering his eyes with his hand.

"Oh, my dear, dear papa," cried she, running to him and pulling down his hand, "forgive your own Kitty for coming away without leave! Think, our poor cousin hath scarce a friend in the world but me; thou art so angered against him that my mother dared not mention his name, and I did so want to comfort him a little. I meant to give him my guinea, only he won't have it. Indeed, papa, I cannot forget that poor cousin taught me all I know, — my prayers and all; and some day, when I am married to a rich lord, — as I mean to be, — I shall give him a whole bag full of gold, so I will!" and she kissed her father's hand again and again, in the prettiest way, never dreaming that her childish prattle was stabbing to the quick the poor heart already bursting with its load of love and pain.

"A bag full of gold?" said my lord, drawing a great, deep breath, and lifting her on his knee with a loving smile. "God bless thee, pretty wench; it must needs be a heart of stone that can resist thy coaxing," and he folded her tenderly in his arms, scowling at me over her shoulder the while. "And now, child, get thee home. And here, hark ye, hussey, leave off your noise, and take your mistress to her chair; d'ye hear?"

"But, papa, thou wilt not be hard with cousin Joseph, promise me now; and pray let me bid him farewell. Be sure I'll never forget thee, cousin." With a smile she gave me her hand, which I held for a moment in mine without a word; a minute more and she was

gone, leaving me in a depth of misery of which the recollection, even at this late day, causes my heart to stir and swell with a familiar feeling of the old pain. I cannot quite call to mind what followed; I think that there was further talk of money, and passion got quite the better of me. Well, 't is best forgotten. The good captain led me away quite bewildered with wretchedness, and when I came out of my stupor it was midnight; we were tossing wildly on the waters, and all the horrors of a death-like nausea were added to the burden of my woes.

III.

In those days—it is of the year 1742 I write—the American voyage was a much more serious undertaking than at the present time, when a swift-sailing packet crosses every six weeks or so. It will scarce be credited that we were well-nigh three months the plaything of wind and wave: now tossing about wildly, and, as it seemed to me, in defiance of chart and compass; anon lying becalmed for days, languishing vainly for a brisk breeze to send us forward cheerily, and to clear away the intolerable odor of bilge that pervaded our clothing and bed-furniture, and tainted every morsel we ate or drank. I was so long in recovering from my sea nausea that Captain Hewlett was sadly put about on my account, and brought, as I verily believe, all the remedies in his medicine chest to bear upon my case, weighing out great doses from the printed directions he kept by him,—I looking on languidly from the berth where I lay,—and going nigh to murder me outright by the mistakes into which his affectionate zeal occasionally led him. More than four weeks passed by before I was able to leave my bed; but a couple of Dover's powders, which at first brought me to the very verge of dissolution, were the means by which I was finally restored to health, and in the fifth week of our voyage I was walking about the deck of the vessel, a thing of skin and bones, surveying the "wonders of the mighty

deep." I now took the sensible resolution to put from me, in the future, all thoughts concerning the passion of love, doubting not that with the powerful aid of prayer and by dint of persistent meditation on religious subjects I should soon be enabled to get the better of this sweet foe to my peace. But alas! notwithstanding all my praiseworthy intentions, it seemed that hanker I must, and for months there was scarce an hour in the day but the enchanting figure of my sweet mistress floated before my mind's eye, tantalizing me with visions of impossible happiness, and making of me a creature for self-scorn and reprobation. As soon as I was able to hold forth, prayers and worship were set afoot, and I hope, at this late day, that 't will not be accounted as boastful if I set down here the statement that my labors aboard the *Polly* were not allowed to go unrewarded. More than half the godless, unregenerate crew were brought to a full sense of their perilous condition,—tottering, as it were, on the brink of the awful pit, their mouths full of blasphemy, and their hearts hard as the nether millstone. It was a heavenly sight to see those strong, weather-worn men kneeling round about me on the bare deck of the vessel, and ejaculating with choking sobs and sighs, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" It was a season of great refreshment, and I was so encouraged by this first triumph of my ministry that I felt myself secretly puffed up and exalted, projecting still greater conquests when I should be in the way to exhort multitudes, thus losing sight of the work in vainglorious anticipations for the worker. Truly did a great pride go before a most grievous fall. There were aboard the *Polly* several of the crew who viewed our religious exercises askance. These men had been foremost in a general indignant uprising that had ensued upon the stoppage of their daily allowance of rum, which step had been taken on my earnest recommendation. For this injurious drink we had substituted a harmless and refreshing beverage concocted of molasses, vinegar, and water, from a choice recipe I had come

upon in a medical book aboard the vessel. The sailors, to a man, refused to touch it, egged on by these contumacious fellows, and more especially by one Springer, a daring villain, who reviled me with bitter execrations. In fine, the captain was obliged, for our own safety, to restore the cherished dram, and I had the mortification to find myself, from that time forth, an object of dislike and suspicion to these men, who were kept within decent bounds only by their respect for their master. I became convinced, on reflection, that I had gone the wrong way about this unfortunate piece of business, having, in fact, made a very serious error in the beginning, gentle argument and good example being more apt to bring about the desired end than compulsory measures, these dulling the understanding by rousing the temper, especially among persons of the meaner sort.

All my efforts—and they were not few—to place myself upon a friendly footing with these men were of no avail; they had conceived the notion that I was their enemy, and met all my advances with obstinate coldness. As Captain Hewlett exacted the daily attendance at prayers of every soul on board, these knaves were compelled to be on hand with their fellows, but they rarely failed to conduct themselves with such indecent levity as made me rue their presence, playing covertly at cat's-cradle, jack-straws, and what not, besides grinning familiarly in my face whenever they could contrive to catch my eye. This unseemly behavior, which I thought a very great trial at the time, sank into nothing, however, when compared with the serious injury they were enabled to do me afterwards; and to this day I doubt not that their plans for my overthrow were being laid at the very time I was striving to implant in their stubborn hearts some seeds of repentance, and watching vainly for the first faint signs of sprouting grace.

It was about the break of a beautiful day in the month of June that the Polly entered the Delaware River, and coming up to Philadelphia before a stiff breeze

anchored at High Street wharf an hour or two before sunset. Leaving the vessel in charge of his mate, Captain Hewlett led the way to a decent dwelling on Second Street, where dwelt one Mistress Prinkett, a wholesome widow of the middle age, who was used to board and lodge the captain in his visits to Philadelphia. She readily agreed to take me under her roof at a moderate charge, and I soon found myself bestowed in a neat chamber smelling most enticingly of clean sun-aided linen and dried lavender. On the following morning I waited upon one Mr. Benjamin Franklin, a printer of some weight and importance in the town, and of whose controversial dispositions I had frequently heard Mr. Whitefield speak with sorrow. He had, however, been a good friend to the reverend gentleman during his stay in Philadelphia, and I thought I might best serve my cause by introducing myself to his notice without delay.

I was most cordially received by that remarkable man, with whom, indeed, I have ever since maintained a friendly commerce, although I was never able to get the better of his persistent spiritual blindness, he being always ready to serve me in any way save the admitting the truth of my arguments in favor of predestination,—a dogma that I have seen again and again exemplified, even as concerns the affairs of this life. We had much pleasant talk together, and he agreed to insert in his paper, the *Gazette*, a notice to the effect that “the Reverend Joseph Primrose, newly arrived out of England, purposed the delivery of a discourse on the Comparative Nothingness of Works to such as might choose to repair to Society Hill on the following Friday evening at six o'clock.” This was Tuesday, and much of the time that intervened betwixt that day and Friday was spent by me wrestling in prayer and striving to divert my mind from the dwelling too much on earthly success, for I was yet full of the old vainglory and carnal longings for renown.

When the eventful day was come round, Captain Hewlett was suddenly

called away to New Castle on urgent business touching the disposition of a part of his cargo. This was a sore disappointment to us all, but there was no remedy for it, the matter pressing. Mistress Prinkett and myself walked over to the Hill at the appointed hour, I engaging privately in prayer by the way, so that I was more than once in the mire, my companion not venturing to call my abstracted attention to the dry places. A goodly assemblage awaited me, and as I came forth on the balcony of the house whence I was to discourse, and beheld the multitude sitting and standing round about me, I could not forbear secretly thinking of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, whereby such an exaltation of soul possessed me, such a fullness of mingled pride and joy distended my heart, that I gushed forth in prayer like a stream that bursts its bounds and carries all before it. During the exhortation that followed the people listened with becoming attention, but toward the close began to be distracted by the movements of some unmannerly fellows who had just arrived with a great clatter and were elbowing their way to the front with a vast deal of dexterity. The moment I clapped eyes upon them I knew them for the sailors who had so persecuted me aboard the *Polly*, and my heart sank at the bare sight of them. The discourse being ended, these knaves now joined in the beautiful hymn that followed, singing, or rather bawling, ribald words of their own to the sacred tune, scandalizing the older portion of the assembly and bringing some of the young people in their vicinity to great disgrace, they being led into unseemly mirth against their wishes. In fine, the villains conducted themselves with such flagrant indecency that a gentleman near by sternly bade them hold their peace or be taken into custody on the spot. This rebuke only served to make matters worse, for one of the party, the miscreant Springer, whipped a cutlass from his belt, and offered to cut at the gentleman, swearing such awful oaths that I well-nigh lost my presence of mind, especially at the sight of a na-

ked weapon, so unsuited to the gravity of the occasion. With a mighty effort I roused my courage, and declared firmly that the exercises should proceed no further until these fellows were driven from the ground. A dozen hands were ready to execute the sentence, when Springer cried aloud, with devilish malice, "Down with the Jesuit! Drag the wolf out of his sheep-skin and duck him in the creek! Don't you know a Papist when you see him?" On this arose the most horrible clamor to be conceived this side of Bedlam. "A Jesuit! A Jesuit!" resounded on all sides. Females screamed, children were trampled, and men vociferated, shaking their fists at me and cursing me for an impostor. The better class of people made haste to escape from the throng, but the evil-disposed remained, greeting me with a shower of mud, sticks, and stones when I attempted to make myself heard above the din. At length I was compelled to retire for very bodily safety, and joined Mistress Prinkett below-stairs, she having taken refuge in the house at the beginning of the outbreak. The windows were smashed before the shutters could be put up, and having sated their rage the rabble set off in the direction of the town, but it was night ere the coast was cleared and we could venture forth,—I with the sorest heart, sure, that ever beat in man's bosom, and Mistress Prinkett in vain striving to rouse my flagging spirit, beaten down to the dust in the very moment of success. Could the malice of fiends imagine a more diabolical revenge? No blessed sleep came to my relief that night: I could not close my eyes but horrid yells of "Drag down the Jesuit!" rang in my ears; bright lights danced fitfully before me in the pitchy darkness; my heart beat with leaden thumps; my hands and feet seemed made of ice; whilst the awful wauling of a homeless cat beneath the windows froze my very blood with horror. With what a sick yearning my disordered thoughts flew to that elegant and secure household whence I had been driven forth to wander, like Cain, upon the face of the earth! How I longed for the refined

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sympathy and companionship of the gracious ladies my kinswomen! And the torturing reflection that I was now probably cut off forever from all hope of re-joining that elevated circle in which I had once basked with such carnal security filled my soul with unspeakable anguish. Hope died within my breast, and — will it be credited? — religion was no longer a compensation to my wounded spirit. With the dawning of a beautiful day came relief from the horror that oppressed me; as the first streaks of early morning stole into the chamber I crept from my bed, and, after pouring forth my sorrows in prayer for an hour or so, rose from my knees wondrously lightened in mind and body. In the course of the forenoon Mr. Franklin waited upon me, and, expressing his deep regret at the affront that had been put upon me, strongly urged me to abandon all further intention of preaching for some time to come, — the prejudice against Roman Catholics being so universal at that time in Philadelphia that the towns-people were ready to bolt doors, bar windows, and gather their children about their knees at the mention of the name of Jesuit, be it never so undeservedly bestowed. Though loth to be convinced of the soundness of this counsel, I could not but admit that my entire lack of letters, credentials, and the like might render it an extremely difficult matter for me to disprove the charge of papistry if brought in due form, and so reluctantly agreed to postpone my appointed task for the present, Mr. Franklin offering to give me a little work from his office to enable me to preserve a becoming independence till the times should mend. After the good man had taken his leave, I found myself greatly disordered in body, having taken a painful crick in the back of my neck, probably from standing too long in the wet shoes I had gotten the preceding day on my way to the Hill. Peggy, the maid, was had up with a hot sad-iron to heat the affected part, but Mistress Prinkett did so confound the poor wench with manifold directions that, the cloth shifting, she clapped the thing upon my bare skin, burning me a place twice the big-

ness of a penny piece, and causing me excruciating pain. The neighbors were roused by the noise that ensued, for Peggy, on the strength of it, thought proper to fall into a hysterick fit, like her betters, probably to be rid of a chiding. People flocked to the door, all agog to learn what sort of doings were on hand at the house where the Jesuit lodged, and Mistress Prinkett had much ado to prevent their entering the premises, so eager were they for startling and horrid revelations. The accident being fully explained from the window, the crowd dispersed with evident discontent, whilst Mistress Prinkett, entirely overcome, seated herself and, putting up her apron, broke into a fit of bitter weeping. My distress was now become almost insupportable, for I doubted not that the poor woman was lamenting the folly she had committed in giving the shelter of her roof to such a Jonah as I had proved to be, and, although scarce able to turn my head from the pain I was suffering, I very properly made offer to remove myself to some other place, as I had no mind to bring discredit upon a decent household. The good matron, however, protested that she would not hear to such a step, and, bravely drying her tears, went away to the kitchen to prepare a healing poultice to soothe the anguish of my hurt.

IV.

On the following day a "Hue and Cry" was printed and the town officer instructed to ferret out and take into custody the authors of the late outrage; but although the houses about the water-side, where 't was thought they would go into hiding, were well searched, nothing was heard of them, and Captain Hewlett, who had meanwhile returned, held the opinion that they had left the town without loss of time, shipping possibly aboard a West Indian vessel that had cleared the following morning.

About the beginning of September, the Polly, having taken on her cargo, set out on the return voyage to England, bearing away from my straining gaze

one of the best friends, sure, man ever had on earth. I sent no letter or message to my old home, for what had I to tell that could give the least satisfaction to any that loved me, and why gratify my enemies by the dismal tale of failure? However, I begged of Captain Hewlett that he would send to me, by the earliest opportunity, what tidings he should be able to glean concerning my kinsman's family, the which he readily promised to do. I contrived, during the ensuing four months, to defray the charges for my board and lodging, Mr. Franklin continuing to send me such odd jobs of work as he could spare; but that gentleman setting out on a journey to Boston in the month of January, his foreman took it upon himself to deprive me entirely of employment, alleging that there was now no more work coming in than sufficed to keep the journeyman and two apprenticed lads in the proper occupation of their time. 'T was a piece of petty spite, the man having taken affront at a friendly remonstrance on my part touching the profanity of his language, a matter wherein he habitually offended; doubtless he hath since seen reason to regret his hasty action. At this juncture Mistress Prinkett had a good opportunity to rent out the room I occupied in her house to a newly married pair, who were willing to pay nearly twice the sum for it that I could afford; and, though loth to disoblige me, the good woman could not forbear mentioning the matter in my hearing, saying at the same time that she had a small room in the roof, containing a cot-bed and chair or two, where a person not overly nice might be comfortable at a trifling charge. I seized upon the hint at once, and betook me to this apartment, — if such it might be called, — deeming myself mighty fortunate to have it at the small price, although I sorely missed the little fire by which I was used to read and meditate in the evenings in my old chamber, there being no chimney-place in that I had removed to; the wind, too, whistled shrilly through chink and cranny, even lifting the boards of the flooring on hard nights, till I was more than

once half frozen as I lay in my bed. About this time, my worsted stockings being nigh given out, despite the several skeins of wool I had been at the pains to darn into the soles, I laid by all the cash I had in hand as the nucleus of a sufficient sum with which to purchase new pairs, seeing that my feet must otherwise be on the bare leather before many weeks should elapse. The disastrous stoppage of my sole source of maintenance put me at my wits' end, and I actually had it in serious consideration to offer my services as a sort of porter to one of the great warehouses about the wharves, when a circumstance occurred that diverted my mind from personal anxieties for a season. One morning a message was fetched me, to the effect that a person then languishing of a desperate complaint at the Sailor's Rest, a small tavern at the water-side, greatly desired to have speech with me, — the matter pressing. I followed the messenger to that place, and was greatly shocked to find myself brought into the presence of my old enemy Springer, who turned his dull eyes upon me from the squalid bed whereon he lay, and entreated my forgiveness in an humble and broken voice. I was so disordered at the sight of this man and at the recollection of the horrid mischief he had wrought me that my heart grew hard as a flint; but, thanks be to God, 't was only for a moment, for I was presently enabled to get the better of Satan, and falling contritely upon my knees prayed no less fervently for myself than for mine adversary. I found, upon inquiry, that he had been desperately cut in a brawl with his comrades on the night following the outrage at the Hill, and those miscreants, fleeing the town before morning, had left him in the tavern, where he had lain in hiding ever since, his wound refusing to close. He was in sore need of proper nourishment and medicines, and feeling that he was drawing nigh the end of his career had sent for me, in order to be forgiven ere it should be too late. Here was a work that exactly jumped with my humor; full of love and compassion, I yearned over the poor,

forsaken creature, and set about bettering his condition at once, lest he should slip from my hands ere he was come to a full sense of the awful peril in which he stood, and be totally lost for want of a little time for repentance. As may be surmised, I thought no more of new stockings, but laid out my hoarded money in the purchase of suitable food and drink to support the poor sinner in his groping quest for his Lord and Master. At first he was much more concerned about the disposition of his body after death than the ultimate fate of his soul; but I soon fetched him to another way of thinking, and in a week or so he made such an edifying end as gives me a vast satisfaction to reflect upon, even after the lapse of thirty years. This circumstance was a great refreshment to me in such a season of perplexity and privation, and I have no doubt that 't was brought about for that especial end, for a merciful Providence never leaves us to utter despair, as I have had occasion to observe time and again in the course of my experience.

It was a sad business, though, concerning my stockings; the darns began to intrude above the backs of my shoes, and I could not always remember to stand face front to the enemy; 't is too paltry a part for a man of brains to play, and although I can smile now when I think on the unmanly straits to which I was then reduced, I can certify that I did not feel merry at the time. The wonderful death-bed conversion of Springer had drawn a great number of people of the common sort about the tavern where he died, and I had delivered an awakening sort of discourse over his remains to a vast assemblage, making, as I judged, no small impression upon the consciences of those benighted beings. This put me upon thinking whether a great work might not be performed in this humble direction, and I was in deep consideration of the matter when an English ship coming into port brought me a letter from Captain Hewlett, containing news of sorrowful yet joyful import: no less, in fact, than the marriage of my Lady Kitty Fairthorn to that friend and pa-

tron of the Wesleys, the pious young Lord Hare, one of the most considerable noblemen in the kingdom. I have the letter before me now, and can well recall the strange medley of contending feelings with which I read its contents. "You will wonder," wrote the captain, "that my lord would give his daughter to so lax a churchman as my Lord Hare, but allow me to tell you that a man with ten thousand pounds a year purchases the right to think as he pleases. He first saw my lady at Moorfields, where she was gone on the sly with her mother to hear Mr. Whitefield expound, and 't is said he made up his mind to be after her on the spot."

I could not but reflect long and bitterly on the open inconsistency that consigned one man to perdition for venturing to follow the teachings of his own conscience, whilst rewarding another of precisely similar opinions with the choicest gift of fortune. Envy and jealousy, indeed, found no place in my heart, for was she not the bride of the man of her choice? and what more could be wished for her, even by those who loved her fondest? But 't was a long time ere I could dwell with even decent composure upon that enticing picture of newly wedded happiness. Must there always be hungry, shivering wretches, who wander in the cold and darkness outside the house of happiness, snatching now and then only a hasty glimpse of the feasting and merry-making going on within? In those days, I gnawed my dry crust with, I humbly hope, a not unthankful heart, but dare I assert that its savor was sweet in my mouth? I had gotten a hurt that took away, for a season, all relish for wholesome food,—a hurt of which but a slight scar now remains, and which throbs occasionally with a not all-unpleasant memory of pain, as I sit a hale and happy old man basking before my evening fire.

V.

I now entered into consultation with the landlord of the Sailor's Rest concerning the delivery of a series of dis-

courses from the balcony over the tavern door. He seemed a civil and obliging person, and met my proposition with astounding heartiness; but observe the sequel. I was greatly in the mind to take up my lodging in his house, Mistress Prinkett's neighbors eying my poverty-stricken appearance somewhat askance of late, and I was loth to cause that excellent person the least inconvenience; but she opposed the notion so obligingly that I forbore to make further mention of it. Would that I had carried out my intention, for, being on the spot, I should the sooner have perceived the mischief of which I was about to become the occasion. I cannot here forbear casting a retrospective glance at the singular appearance I must have made in the streets of Philadelphia at this time. Pale and lean (I had shrunken strangely in flesh of late), wrapped about with an ancient brown roquelaure, its color in nowise improved by copious drenchings of salt water gotten aboard ship, my stockings curiously needle-worked about the ankles, my shoes (loose and shapeless from long wear) clattering abominably as I walked, it is small wonder that I rarely took the air without a delighted rabble at my heels. But my mind was so intent upon the business I now had in hand that personal vanity was quite laid asleep; observe, I do not say *dead*, for of all human weaknesses that, I think, survives longest, else why, at this late day, do I strut proudly forth in silk and linen, when better men content themselves with woolen and not a few must needs go bare?

'T was now about the middle of February, and the weather being extremely inclement, I got but a meagre attendance during the first week or two of my expoundings; but as the season advanced the assemblage increased, and in the course of a month or so I had the satisfaction to exhort upwards of three hundred persons daily, — all, however, of the meaner sort. This, of course, gave me no disquiet, it being a pleasing work to scatter seed in such ground, and one for which I concluded I must surely be fitted, as I had had no sort of success in

any other quarter. I was, however, sorely troubled by my extreme straitness of means at this time, numerous cases for charity coming under my notice that I was utterly powerless to relieve, and many a bitter pang did I suffer in being unable to provide for the pressing wants of my poor people. Although I now procured a little work from a scrivener, through the unailing kindness of Mr. Franklin, the proceeds no more than sufficed to pay the charges for my board and lodging, and I was never able to command more than a penny or two to disburse to the most necessitous; however, my ministry in this direction soon came to untimely end. A West Indian vessel coming into port about the middle of April, and a horde of roystering sailors gathering in the common room of the Sailor's Rest to drink spirits and throw dice, I announced a discourse on the subject of gin-guzzling, choosing one that I had delivered aboard the Polly, and which seemed to fit the occasion to a nicety. No sooner had the landlord seen the notice to this effect that I had attached to his door-cheek than he sends for me to repair to the tavern without loss of time, and on my appearing in great haste comes blustering up to me in a most offensive manner, demanding if I purposed the ruin of his trade by the putting forth of such a mischievous paper; adding, with astounding audacity, that he should certainly lose all the custom I had been the means of fetching to his house did I persist in my intent. Mark the cunning of the knave: he had encouraged my labors for none other purpose than the bringing of fresh grist to his mill, and here was I blindly leading precious souls to destruction, the poor dupe of a specious villain, — a wretch without bowels. My agony of mind on being thus suddenly enlightened was of such a desperate sort that, gnashing my teeth, I leaped upon the miscreant, and, bearing him to the ground with an awful crash, beat him about the head and shoulders with the stout cane I carried, and with such good will that I presently found myself lying in the town jail, covered with the blood of my enemy, and

every bone in my body aching from the unaccustomed exercise. I was in such a frenzy that I doubt I had the proper use of my wits for a while; but when I at length realized all the horror of my situation, the bitter humiliation and disgrace I felt had like to have made an end of me then and there. All was now over for me in America. I could never hope to regain the ground I had lost in being haled away by the hair of the head to durance vile, like a common malefactor. Truly was I as forlorn and friendless a creature as any the world ever saw. My clothing had been rent beyond repair in the shameful struggle, and, yet worse, one of my shoes was gone, how and where I knew not; and although I promised the jailer's little lad a penny in the event of his finding it, nothing was ever heard of it from that day to this. One thought alone cheered me in the dark abyss into which I was fallen: I had administered wholesome and righteous correction in proper season; hip and thigh had I hewed my enemy, and to reflect upon that was as a healing balm to my sore bones. During the afternoon Mistress Prinkett arrived, quite disheveled, and drowned in tears of compassion. That good creature had already been at the trouble to wait upon Mr. Franklin, who had promised to see the mayor of the town as soon as might be, to bespeak his kindly interest in my sad case, feeling pretty confident of my speedy enlargement when that official should come to hear the true statement of the matter. I was so heartened by the certainty that good friends were stirring in my behalf that I had most refreshing sleep that night, notwithstanding the comfortless nature of the bed I lay upon. Next morning, the jailer, a man of kindly dispositions, lent me the *Journal* (a new weekly paper, printed by one Bradford), and behold! the first thing my eye lit upon was a ribald account of the sad transaction of the preceding day, portraying it as a "drunken brawl," in which a certain notorious Jesuit had figured in company with the keeper of a tavern of bad repute on the wharves, giving such a false version of

the affair that my reputation — had I any left at that time, which is something doubtful — was ruined forever as far as concerned the town of Philadelphia. After poring over this shameless account with feelings I care not to dwell on, I threw myself recklessly across my bed, and sank into a sort of dull lethargy, not even thinking to seek comfort where I had never yet failed to find it, a prey to a sullen despair, from which the certainty of immediate dissolution would have been absolute relief. I scarce know how long I lay thus, but the day was far advanced when Mr. Franklin appeared, and with him Mr. Till, the good mayor, who had made the proper inquiries concerning the matter in hand, and who, being satisfied of the iniquitous part the landlord of the Sailor's Rest had played in the business, was pleased to grant me immediate release, the villain declining to come into court to testify against me, well knowing that the day could not fail to go against him. We sallied forth from the jail, and indeed 't was time, for affairs were come to such a desperate pass with me that I really think my wits were on the eve of departure. Howbeit, I was soon bestowed snugly in Mistress Prinkett's best feather bed, a comfortable dish of tea at my elbow, and the faithful woman herself nigh at hand to minister to my wants. "And now," says she, "now, reverend sir, I think I may venture to give you certain news that I dared not mention sooner. This morning I had a letter from Captain Hewlett inclosing another for yourself; but before you break the seal I think it my duty to prepare you in some degree for the contents, which are not wholly unknown to me. In the first place, you must know that the captain hath been with my Lady Hare; she spied him from her coach windows, and knowing him on the instant condescended to invite him within that she might learn news of you. The captain could not forbear, when once she got her eye upon him, giving her a full account of matters as far as he knew, and he writes that the sweet young lady wept most prettily on it. Then, my Lord Fairthorn is dead of a

fit these two months, and my lady is lodging with her daughter." Thus saying, Mistress Prinkett put the letter she had drawn from her side pocket upon the bed, and stepped softly out of the chamber, leaving me well-nigh stunned with the suddenness and nature of the news she had communicated. 'T was more than a few minutes ere I was sufficiently calmed to break the seal of the letter, which was in my dear young mistress's hand, and inclosed a goodly sum of money, — praying also my return to England without delay, her loving lord having granted her leave to tender me

the post of chaplain in his own household, there to partake of the sweets of family affection, and to expound the gospel according to the blessed tenets of the *New Light*. A flood of sunshine burst into my darkened soul and lit up every nook and corner there, and slipping out of my bed I fell upon my knees, crying aloud, "O God, thy wondrous goodness droppeth upon me as a mantle, hiding all mine infirmities from the eyes of mine enemies; in my extremity, when I sought thee not, thou didst not forsake me, and I will continue to praise thy name forevermore!"

Mrs. C. M. Town.

RECORDING.

A SUMMER gloaming lit by one pale star,
When cricket songs the night's weird echoes woke,
And katydid sent their sharp notes afar
From out the coolness of a spreading oak,
Now fills my soul with memories most sweet.
The light-house gleamed, a flame-crowned sentinel,
And where the lines of earth and ocean meet
The long, low rollers softly rose and fell.

Then, from the mist that hung above the sea,
Like a gold cresset full of amber light,
The broad moon came. Above a bending tree
A floating cirrus showed its snowy white,
And coming with the moon, and growing strong,
The cool night wind ran o'er the heated ground,
Making the low waves murmur into song,
Through broadening circles of melodious sound.

Who counts his life in fleeting hours and days
Makes sad mistake; but by sweet scenes like this
We should keep record of its devious ways,
And use for stops a hand-clasp or a kiss.
Ah, what are all the years to that short hour —
When only one pale star in heaven outshone,
And sent its thin light wavering o'er the flower,
Dew-gemmed and sweet, — that sealed you mine alone!

Thomas S. Collier.

EDMOND AND JULES GONCOURT.

In a few weeks after its publication, *La Fille Elisa*, the latest romance from the pen of the brothers Goncourt, had already reached its twelfth edition, — had made a sensation in France, and even some noise in such American circles as keep themselves *au courant* with foreign literature. It is therefore a suitable time to study the character and the physiognomy of these two authors, whose reputation is increasing every day, and who are assuming in French literature a place which constantly becomes more important.

The writings of the brothers Goncourt are too numerous and varied to be reviewed in detail, one after another. But the volume which precedes *La Fille Elisa* may be said to represent them all; we mean *Les Idées et Sensations*, — a work well suited to a general analysis, since it is composed of independent fragments, thrown together as if by chance, and treating of a multitude of subjects. It consists of the impressions of an artist intermingled with the conclusions of a thinker. It is a conglomeration of apothegms, a *pot-pourri* of reflections, some serious, others fantastic, when indeed they are not serious and fantastic at the same time. There is almost everything in this book; for the writers have thrown themselves entirely into it, and, almost unconsciously, have thereby given to the world a complete epitome of their intellectual and moral development. We will quote a few of the shortest among these fragments:—

"The quickest way to succeed is to jump up behind on the cab of Success. Here one is sure to get bespattered, and even risks a few cuts of the whip, but finally arrives safely, with the footmen, at the antechamber."

"Great events are often intrusted to small men, as diamonds are sent by Paris jewelers in the hands of their shop boys."

"The worst prudery is that of corrup-

tion. It seems to me that modern society is as tawdry in regard to morals as are rogues in regard to the point of honor."

"Slander is, after all, the strongest bond in social intercourse."

"The world only pardons those superiorities by which it is not humiliated."

"A book is never a masterpiece; it becomes one. Genius is the talent of a dead man."

But there is no subject upon which a Frenchman discourses more willingly than upon women; nor are the Goncourts silent. It must be premised, however, that the brothers, — thoroughly French, Parisian among the Parisians, — when they think they are speaking of woman, generally have in view only the Parisian woman, who in reality is not the only type of her sex:—

"Between men and women, perhaps all that is sincere is what is not expressed in words."

"Virtuous women often speak of the faults of other women as if these faults had been stolen from themselves."

"There are conventionalities whose absence is more shocking in a woman than a lack of virtue. Women are more amenable to the tribunal of society than to that of morality."

"A man sometimes looks for truth in a book, a woman always for illusions."

"Too much *is* sometimes enough for a woman."

"The beauty of woman is Love looking at her."

The Goncourts, as we understand them, were born poets, and endowed with a fair amount of imagination. Since imagination consists mainly of sensibility, the majority of poets — certainly those who are nothing else — contemplate rather than observe, color rather than design, and feel rather than think. When they have clothed their impressions in a clear and elegant form, they

believe that they have formulated ideas and judgments. Most men in whom imagination is the predominating faculty absorb themselves in the spectacle of their sensations, well satisfied when they have reproduced externally these interior phenomena in a more or less fantastic garb. Nothing is perhaps more charming so long as the writer is young and sensitive; but this habit becomes a serious misfortune to those who, arrived at the age of reflection, persist in living by sensation, a faculty which constantly tends to become blunted and worn out. This was the misfortune of poor Alfred de Musset, with whom the Goncourts have a certain affinity. They might have repeated the tragic termination of his career, if they had not early adopted a system of methodical work, of which Musset was incapable. Our young authors first appeared in the literary world under the *nom de plume* of Cornelius Holff. The first productions signed Goncourt were a *Revue du Salon*, in 1852, and a few light pages, *La Lorette*, *Les Actrices*, *Les Mystères du Théâtre*, *La Voiture de Masques*, — pages where-in fantasy entirely predominated over the observation which, at a later period, became so closely intertwined with it.

From criticism, from the history of literature and of art to history itself, is but a step. The Goncourts entered this new domain by the path of anecdotes. Everybody likes anecdotes, but only artists know how to appreciate them: artists only can tell how often by its brevity an anecdote is rendered more expressive than a long recital; how it is able, in a single trait, to concentrate an entire character, an entire life, and even, sometimes, an entire epoch. Anecdotes may be compared to pen- and -ink sketches, or to the outlines which are drawn by the painter in order to fix the ideas of his picture. For the connoisseur, such a charcoal outline, dashed off in a few minutes, is often worth more than the great picture of which it is the forerunner. The Goncourts were artists in history. They wrote books composed mainly of anecdotes, collected to justify whatever theories were advanced. They made

a specialty of the second half of the eighteenth century, and studied minutely its art, its literature, and above all its manners and customs. They collected pamphlets, drawings, autographs, engravings, newspapers, neglected nothing, however trifling or obscure, which might revive the life of the time. It was their ambition to paint France exactly as it had existed, — in its customs, its characters, its national physiognomy, its true color, its life. It was a great ambition. We dare not say that it has been realized.

In the Revolution there had been a vitality so intense that the fragments of whatever had lived and moved during its great epoch began to breathe and palpitate afresh as they were rescued from the dust. Passion still exhales from the remnant of this passionate period; it is almost impossible not to take sides for or against the actors in the drama. Notwithstanding their impersonal programme, the Goncourts entered into political personalities, as all their predecessors had done. Enrolling themselves among the anti-revolutionists, they wrote a book containing a few fine effects of rhetoric, but no impartiality. Their so-called Social History is only a conglomeration of tittle-tattle, fibs, and gossiping stories, whose veracity is unchallenged if their wit passes muster and if they "produce a good effect in the scenery." This superficiality is not very surprising in young writers who were mingling dissertations upon the terrible duel between the Old World and the New with studies, not less serious, on the mysteries of the theatre and on the life of the lorette. But the real reason for this superficiality lies below the surface. The habit of trifling seems to confer the right to be unjust, to omit saying all that one knows, to evoke or to silence one's conscience. With this habit, also, it is much easier to be amusing, and wit is hard to impress into the service of equity and of laborious exactitude. The Goncourts did not lack erudition, but were entirely deficient in the philosophical capacity, the breadth of view, the warm breath of humanity, which make the true historian. They

wished to prove something with their book, and the thesis which they maintained, and which is still popular in fashionable circles at Paris, is the assertion that 1793 was an invasion of barbarians, an ebullition of bad passions, a paroxysm of fury and of stupidity. Intrenched behind their hedge of quotations, Edmond discharged his popgun of peas and Jules fired off his mortar of pins upon Robespierre, Danton, Saint Just, and Marat, and riddled the grand corpses with their petty projectiles. The Castor and Pollux of *bric-à-brac* set out to war upon the dead giants as if they were going to hunt mosquitoes, and after each well-aimed blow exclaimed with lively satisfaction, "Ah, well done! That monster will not raise his head again!"

We can hardly refrain from smiling when we listen to the pathos of their accusations:—

"*It has been sold*, — the furniture of Versailles, the magnificent furniture of embroidered blue silk, ornamented with flowers and peacock feathers, and with black ribbons fringed with silk. *It has been sold*, — the magnificent summer furniture, embroidered with flowers and columns on a background of white, with detached bouquets and garlands forming a mosaic, held up by wreaths of gold-leaf-work inwrought in the stuff! *It has been sold*, — this furniture in mosaic, with garlands of gold, and bordered with braids and gold-lace-work, and fringes in silk and gold."

From Dunkerque to Perpignan, from Bayonne to Givet, the authors have collected exact statistics concerning all the acts of vandalism. "Not a tree remains in a forest of a hundred arpents belonging to the marshal of Castiers. . . . Go to the north, the south, the east, the west, — everywhere are traces of the Revolution. . . . Equally lamentable and monotonous would be the list of religious edifices suppressed, ruined, regretted, and mourned over." The Goncourts draw up a list of "churches dishonored" by having been turned into granaries, workshops, schools, lyceums; and after each name they set an exclamation mark, which represents for the

innocent reader a cry of horror, or at the very least a tear.

These are the "excesses" of the Revolution which principally excite the indignation of our authors, and which, in their opinion, justify all the baseness and the villainies of the period of reaction. They justify the scandals of the Directory avowedly because they had been satiated by the idyls of the fêtes of flowers, of harvest, and vintage, and because the fêtes of the goddess Reason had bored them to death. But having justified the Directory as being only a reaction against the Revolution which had preceded it, the historians make a sudden volt face, and show us the Directory in the darkest colors, in order to justify the advent of the empire by which it was to be overthrown. "Nothing remained in France but debased intellects, selfish hearts, enslaved thoughts, degraded instincts, impure principles, tottering truths, — in a word, the complete materialization of man." "All these abominations were necessary, it would appear, for the development of the new empire; they were foreseen by 'divine providence,' until France, exhausted as at the termination of an orgy, should kneel in submission to Cæsar."

The history of French society during the Revolution corresponds well to its date and to the character of its epoch. February, 1848, the massacres of June, the *coup d'état* of December, had been the mitigated repetition of the taking of the Bastille, the Thermidorian reaction, and the crime of Brumaire. When the book of the Goncourts appeared, all "respectable people" were regarding Napoleon III. as a revival of Napoleon I., as the saviour of society, as the predestined hero who should reassure the good and make the wicked tremble. Such enthusiasm was pardonable in dupes or in rogues, but inexplicable in the brothers Goncourt, assuredly neither the one nor the other, and who nevertheless consented to enlist on the side of the adventurer. Having completed their invective against the Revolution, the Goncourts proceeded naturally to a pleading in favor of its enemy, and wrote a sec-

ond bad book,—the History of Marie Antoinette. Their heroine is represented as constantly a victim,—victim of the court, victim of the diplomatic policy, victim of the bigots, victim of slander and calumny, victim of the *bourgeoisie*, victim of the people, victim of feminine jealousies, victim of human perversity. By an inexplicable fatality the entire world was leagued against her, and of a saint made a martyr. Our authors admire this royal saint without reserve,—admire her when she gets up and when she sits down; when she dances; when she walks; when she acts as a queen and when she poses as a milk-maid; when she rises and when she goes to bed. This admiration is not history; it is esoteric enthusiasm. Thanks to Messrs. Edmond and Jules, Marie Antoinette became at once the ideal of the fashionable Bonapartist world, and the royal patroness of Breda Street and of the Jockey Club. The Empress Eugénie moistened with a tear the recital of her Passion, paid for masses for the repose of her soul, and led the Princess of Metternich and the Queen of Holland on a pilgrimage to the expiatory chapel. The ladies who danced the famous “germans” at Compiègne adored the Virgin Mary on Sunday and Marie Antoinette on week days. It became the fashion to consider Marie Antoinette as the last flower of the antique aristocracy, as the incarnation of all that may possess elegance and distinction. Through hatred of the democracy the gentlemen of the coup d’état became all chevaliers of Marie Antoinette. Bonapartism exhibited itself amorous of legitimacy, sighed for the old monarchy, coquetted with the ancient church. With a few *bons mots* it was deemed possible to travesty history, and to prove that the Revolution, by whose results all were profiting, was nevertheless but a tissue of crimes, while the old *régime* possessed nothing but virtues. Because the queen had been a sufficiently headstrong coquette, the assertion that the taxes, the imposts, the farms, the customs, and the salt dues had crushed the poor people was an infamous falsehood. The tears of Marie Antoinette at the Conciergerie

relegated to nothingness the iniquities of the Bastille. That Marie Antoinette’s head was cut off was sufficient proof that she had never lied, had never persuaded her husband to perjure himself, and had never betrayed France to its armed enemies.

It is precisely such mixed natures as those of the Goncourts, such intellects, at once refined and somewhat sickly, which become impassioned for ambiguous beings, for elegant murderesses, for beautiful criminals, such as Beatrice Cenci, Brinvilliers, Marie Stuart, Marie Antoinette, Marie Lafarge. These they admire because of their beauty, because of their rank, and above all, because of their guilt!

But the brothers Goncourt have turned their studies on the eighteenth century to better account than in their histories of Marie Antoinette and of French society during the Revolution. At the time they began to write, it was fashionable in France to speak with extreme disdain of the literature and art of the last century, for contempt is always facile to ignorance. But in rapid succession the brothers Goncourt published their *Portraits Intimes of the Eighteenth Century*, a biography of Sophie Arnaud, and studies on Watteau, the painter of their predilection. A reaction of public opinion set in; a taste revived for the subtle and delicate qualities of these eighteenth century artists, and to the Goncourts in great measure belongs the honor of the revival. It is with a secret satisfaction of *amour propre* that we find them saying: “It needs more than taste, it needs character, properly to appreciate a work of art. Independence of ideas is necessary to independence of admiration.”

This bold campaign secured for the authors a merited reputation, and their intellectual horizon enlarged with their renown. They succeeded in so impregnating themselves with the art which they studied, in so saturating themselves with the literature, that their own sense of the beautiful developed, and with it the brilliant logic, the agreeable good sense, the light and delicate handling, characteristic of the eighteenth century.

These conscientious studies, moreover, enabled the brothers better to understand the century in which they themselves were living. They learned to observe the *salons* and workshops of the world around them with the rigid exactitude of which they had acquired the habit in the retrospective observation of a former world. The success obtained by this method made them enthusiastic for it.

"The power of observation," say they, "is one most characteristic of our century; it is the great talent of modern art. The art of learning how to see demands the longest apprenticeship of all the arts." It is in the patient and intelligent study of certain sides of contemporary social existence that the Goncourts have disclosed their real originality, and have developed into artists of intrinsic value. Hitherto they had written history which was nothing but romance; now they wrote romances which were in reality history. Hitherto they had modeled in clay, but henceforth they were destined to cast in bronze.

We do but mention their dramatic effort, *Henriette Maréchal*, which was drawn out with spirit, we are told, but which could not even get a hearing. The piece had been given to the public under the official patronage of the Princess Mathilde, whose *protégés* the Goncourts were known to be; and the Parisian students resented that intrusion of politics into art. Likewise fell *Caïtana*, of their friend About, another *familiar* of the notorious lady. Likewise fell *Tannhäuser*, of Wagner, which the empress had forced upon the opera. Too clever by half, the Goncourts had contrived to enjoy the profits of opposition and the comforts of power; therefore Henriette, their daughter, was ignominiously pelted with rotten eggs.

But *Renée Mauperin* was a great success. The world was taken by surprise, all the more because the authors were not unknown. But in them had not been suspected the new talents which were now exhibited, — the penetration of character, the living psychology, which determined at once the success of the

book. This success was confirmed by the romances which followed: *Manette Salomon*, *Madame Gervaisais*, *Germaine Lacerteux*, *Charles Demailly*, *Quelques Créatures de ce Temps*, and, finally, *La Fille Elisa*, which at present is attracting almost as much attention as *L'Assommoir*, of M. Zola. We may pardon the *Marie Antoinette*, in consideration of *La Fille Elisa*. The truth, cold and severe, the healthy emotion, the advocacy of a justice superior to legality, which appear in their last work, may serve to redeem the tinsel, the gilding, the false elegancies, the vicious perfumes, of the pretended history of which the maids of honor at the Tuileries had such a high opinion. The authors have themselves said in the *Ideas and Sensations*: "Everything is turning towards the people and from the kings. Even romances no longer enlist our sympathies for royal misfortunes, but for private griefs, descending from Priam to *César Birotteau*," — and we might add, in view of the writers' subsequent experience, from *Marie Antoinette* to *La Fille Elisa*.

The Goncourts have been reproached for their frankness and for the minuteness with which they depict things which are coarse, unwholesome, or painful, not hesitating to use the plain name for the plain thing. For our part, we approve of the physiology which the Doctors Robin and Ouilms have taught them; we approve even of this crudity of detail, for, in books destined to become monuments of contemporary history, accuracy is of far more importance than elegant prudery. The moral value of a book is measured by the amount of truth which it contains; its artistic value depends on the distinctness of the lines and on the clearness of the impression: for the artist the nude, for the *bourgeois* the draping; for the naturalist and man of science the fact, — the fact pure and simple; while disguises and circumlocutions are the delight of those who reproach nature for being ugly and common, of those who, not daring to look realities in the face, admire appearances and enjoy illusions. Yet it seems to us

that there is an increasing number of people who dare to speak out frankly, and of those who are pleased to be spoken to without disguise.

The Goncourts are at the same time delicate and realistic; they know themselves to be refined, and declare with satisfaction, "The epithet *rare* is the true mark of a writer." They are sculptors who carve conscientiously after their model, and dissect their "subject" as expert anatomists. Under the same glass they exhibit preparations made for the Musée Dupuytren and delicate statuettes in white marble or Florentine bronze.

From progress to progress the Goncourts, once fantastics and elegant skeptics, have reached the point of pleading the cause of certain social reforms. But they are not on this account democrats, and never will be. They are capable of pity; they know how to awaken compassion on behalf of the unfortunate, because they themselves have been moved; they have ceased, in a word, to disdain justice, and we are glad of it, but we must ask from them nothing farther. Belonging to the upper classes of the bourgeoisie, and to that minority which "sets the fashion" for all Paris, aristocratic in fact if not in name, they have, like others of their class, calumniated the Revolution by which their class had been emancipated. This does not prevent them from being pitilessly severe upon the horde of enriched *parvenus*, — "this class, daughter of the republic, and ill-mannered daughter who denies the republic in order to conceal her origin." Our artists condemn this bourgeoisie as foolish and spiteful, as envious, vain, and timid. They despise, and justly, *le peuple gras*, — to use the expression which the French have borrowed from the Florentines in the Middle Ages, when the state was torn by the factions, *il popolo grasso* and *il popolo magro*. As to *il popolo magro*, whose black multitudes stir in unquiet and discontented agitation, and who advance confusedly, pushing insurrections and revolutions before them, they seem also to inspire these writers with contempt, but a con-

tempt extremely complex, mixed with a compassion which impels to devotion, and a terror which leans toward hatred. The masses seem to them *canaille*, but as such more *distingué* than the bourgeoisie, which is vulgar. They are capable of frightful stupidities, of ignoble crimes, and sometimes of sublime virtues; they are personified by the authors in the features of Germaine Lacerteux. More far-sighted than many of their fellows, the Goncourts see that the flood of democracy is rising, but they see it with keen regret. They seem to be convinced that with the progress of time the wild boars of the democracy cannot fail to transform themselves into the obese swine of the bourgeoisie. They are convinced that modern republics — they have in view especially Switzerland and the United States — are destitute of art and forever incapable of possessing any. This is sufficient to render these countries detestable to artists who have no hope that the miracle of the Athenian republic will ever be repeated. There is, they say, a necessary opposition between the interests of art and the interests of the populace. The authors declare that "the beautiful is precisely what appears abominable to uneducated eyes. The beautiful is what your mistress and your servant consider, instinctively, to be frightful."

And they quote D'Alembert as enunciating "one of the most ridiculous assertions possible when he declared, 'Woe to those productions of art whose beauty is only appreciable by artists!'" "The mass of the people love neither the true nor the simple; they love *fanfaronnade* and charlatanism." Must we conclude, therefore, that the people require a better education? Not at all!

"The peril, the great peril, of modern society is education. Every mother in the working classes wishes to give her children instruction that she has not had, and an orthography that she does not know, though she should drain her heart's blood for it. From this general folly, from this mania, wide-spread in the depths of society, to throw the children over the parents' heads, and to raise

them above their own level, as if at an exhibition of fire-works, is growing up a France of clerks, employees, and penny-a-liners, — a France where the laborer no longer engenders the laborer, nor the peasant the peasant; and where, before long, there will not be enough arms to carry on the rough work of the nation."

The grand preoccupation of the Goncourts is, lest the European proletariat, by means of popular education, should become transformed into something resembling the American democracy, — a democracy rich, powerful, ambitious, but destitute of all feeling for art. "Alas for the day," exclaim these new Jeremiahs, "when our people succeed in Americanizing themselves!"

Far apart from this vulgar crowd, the Goncourts believe they have withdrawn themselves into a select circle of congenial spirits, such as collected every Friday around the dinner-table of Sainte-Beuve, like Taine, Berthelot, Gavarni, Renan, Scherer, Flaubert, — Flaubert, to whom is dedicated this very volume, *Idees et Sensations*. "There are in France a few score of us, artists, *savants*, men of the world, who understand the end and the groundwork of things. Enlightened epicureans, we enjoy all that the world has to offer of most rare, delicate, and agreeable. Outside of our circle surges incessantly the vile multitude."

Thus might have spoken Byron. Chateaubriand, or, later, Alfred de Musset. But the pleasures afforded by vanity leave in the mouth a disagreeable taste. Those who have cried, *Odi profanum, vulgus et arceo*, who have withdrawn themselves to the heights of their proud solitude, must learn to live in an isolation of heart, and this is painful for those who have the faculty of loving and of being beloved. From the summit of his tower of ivory, a thousand times did Alfred de Musset complain bitterly of his fate, and repeat, in his fashion, "It is not good for man to be alone." It is the same with the Goncourts. Notwithstanding all that life can offer them of exquisite pleasures, they are melancholy, and like so many others seem to

misunderstand the cause of their sadness. They attribute it to the faculty of observation which they had cultivated with so much care.

"All observers are sad, and must be so. They are spectators of life. They are not actors, but witnesses; they take part neither in what may deceive nor in what will intoxicate. Their normal condition is that of melancholy serenity."

The extreme sensibility which they had hoped to blunt by their social studies was only increased.

"I perceive regretfully that literature and observation, instead of blunting my sensibility, have extended, refined, exposed it to the quick. A thousand resources, a thousand latent capacities for suffering, become revealed in us. Through prolonged self-analysis the soul is laid bare, and, losing its protective envelope, becomes abnormally sensitive, defenseless, bleeding at the slightest touch."

It is perhaps pretentious to claim to know an author better than he does himself, and yet we dare assert that this melancholy comes less from knowing humanity too well than from believing themselves freed from the obligation to love it. In reality the authors dissect their subject with too lively curiosity to permit them to compassionate the sufferings which may have been borne before it was stretched on the marble table. And it is to this very curiosity, to this intense mental activity, that they owe the preservation of their mental health. For it must be admitted, the subjects to which our two writers devote themselves are not enlivening. A thousand times must their eyes be saddened at the contemplation of so many wounds, of so many ulcers, of the ignominies and perfidies, — the stratagems and the treasons, which abound in society, in business, in politics, in industry. Humanity is stupid and perverse, and they have not failed to perceive it. They accuse nature of cruelty, and we dare not affirm that they are altogether wrong.

"The telescopic and microscopic researches of the present day, the exploration of the infinitely great or of the

infinitely little, the science of the star or of the microphyton, lead to the same infinite depth of sadness. They lead the human thought to something far sadder for man than death, — to a conviction of the nothingness which is his lot even while alive."

"Nature is for me an enemy; the country seems to me funereal. This green earth suggests a cemetery awaiting its dead. That grass feeds on man. Those trees grow upon and blossom from what has died. This sun which shines so brightly, imperturbable and peaceful, is but the great force which putrefies. Trees, sky, water, all appear to me merely as a life grant of land, where the gardener sets out a few new flowers every spring, around a small basin of gold-fish."

"Are you not aware of the value of man and of life? No man is to be found who would live his own life over again. Hardly is there a woman who would revive her eighteenth year. This shows the value of life."

"If it were known how much the pleasures of life cost, no one would buy them."

"As we advance in life, our love for society increases with our contempt for men."

Here in a few lines is condensed a masterpiece of the philosophy of history: "I was inquiring how justice had been born into the world. I walked along a quay, where some boys were amusing themselves. The biggest of them exclaimed, 'We must have a tribunal; I am the tribunal.'"

The works of the Goncourts (for although Jules has died, the surviving brother retains the collective signature) will gain in value as they grow older, differing in this from many contemporary productions. They have solid qualities which deserve permanent fame, an artistic sincerity, a truthfulness, a manner of representation, which will render them precious in the eyes of future moralists and historians. Their agreeable water colors, their charming sketches, wherein they have caught the essence of contemporary French intellect and the

features of Parisian physiognomy, will be one day studied by antiquaries with the same curious care which they have themselves expended upon the pictures of Fragonard or the pastels of Latour. Their exceptional merit consists in the happy alliance of a lively imagination with patient and conscientious work; of a witty and mercurial poetic faculty with an observation as delicate and precise as that of the physician and statistician; of exact drawing, brilliant color, elegant style, and a form often exquisite, united to a perfect command of technicalities. Passing with singular facility from graceful fancies to painful realities, they find on their rich palette colors at once for the diaphanous wings of the butterfly, and also for malignant pustules and cancers in suppuration. They transport themselves readily from the infirmary to the workshop of the painter or of the sculptor; they pass from the salon of the Princess Mathilde to the bedside of the outcast.

Doubtless there exists an obverse to these multifarious talents. A severe critic will notice that these authors describe too much for the sake of the description; that they too often paint objects which have no other merit than to have been looked at by the artists; that they encroach deliberately upon the domain of painting, and exact from their pen what the brush alone is able to give; that they are sometimes over-refined, and perhaps affected; that occasionally they seem to be the dupes of their own paradoxes, and insist upon an apparent opposition of ideas which in reality is only a juggle of words; that the artistic effect becomes of too much importance to them, and the moral significance too little. Nevertheless, while we might often wish them to be other than they are, we must acknowledge that the Goncourts as Goncourts are a decided success. And in view of the steady progress manifested in the succession of their books, they deserve to be judged, above all, by their latest productions.

Finally, should we attempt to trace the intellectual paternity of the Goncourts, we should say that they proceed

chiefly from Théophile Gautier, who was at once a realist and a man of fantasy. They are also assimilated in method to Watteau as a painter, and to Flaubert as an observer; they are impregnated with the doctrines of Taine, but most of all are they disciples of Gavarni. What Gavarni concentrates in an outline drawing, they develop in one or more pages, or they extend it even to a book. They explain Gavarni to us, and Gavarni explains them. Having traversed several schools, and having learned something of each, they in their turn have become masters, and have acquired a style peculiar to themselves. It is a style of a secondary sort. In order to rank among the first, they require more strongly accentuated qualities and defects than they possess. Such as it is their art is delicate rather than powerful, and perhaps the reader must be himself an artist to be able fully to appre-

ciate it. And we seem to be able to trace in the productions of this art the various influences which have contributed to its development, as distinctly as we perceive in a smooth and polished agate the different silicious strata by which it has been successively constituted. These rose-tinted lines we have already seen in Boucher and in Watteau; these gray bands are from Flaubert; this lace-work in opaque red reveals Gautier; these amber-hued crystals are of Musset; and from Gavarni, this opal veined with sombre violet. All these concretions are united in a fine and hard cement, which has assumed the most brilliant polish. To such a curious union of lines curved and broken, of angular designs, of variegated colors in whimsical yet harmonious juxtaposition, — to this agate, this gem of subtle, unconscious workmanship, would we compare the brothers Goncourt.

Elie Reclus.

METEORS.

How strangely through the immense unclouded gleam
Of shadowy skies, to starry calmness given,
Flash out these hurrying golden lights that seem
The wild aerial accidents of heaven!

Silent, as blossoms that in odorous Mays
Fall at the tremulous breeze's mild caress,
Down dim serenities of night's awful ways
They float mysteriously to nothingness!

But while in volatile beauty speeding so,
They touch the infinite with scarce deeper trace
Than if some languorous hand should vaguely throw
A glimmering lily through the dusk of space!

Along its measureless purple, densely-starred,
No answering tremor wakes, or faintest noise;
Eternally by these weird mishaps unwarred
Reigns the cold radiance of its equipoise!

Even thus, one after one, the friends we prize
 Drop from life's mazes if the moment dooms,
 Closing at last their dulled, indifferent eyes,
 And journeying forth amid unfathomed glooms!

Yet where they have passed, at fate's commandant signs,
 Too often, against the darkness death may weave,
 Their memory's brightness perishably shines,
 Like those pale furrows that the meteors leave!

Edgar Fawcett.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART III.

V.

HIS MOOD.

No plan further than the bent of his own fancy guided Detmold to Verona. His taste as formed by his latest study inclined him strongly towards the rich Lombard architecture. After installing in the place of honor and dethroning one after another of the Classic, Renaissance, Oriental, and Gothic styles in turn, he had come to transfer his affections almost wholly to this. It seemed to him to combine the perfections of all. The territory in which it flourishes has been the battle-ground and dwelling-place of the most diverse peoples, and their influence is strongly impressed upon it. The studied dignity of Greece and Rome, the wild imagination of the barbarians who were conquered by Classic civilization in the very act of destroying it, the mysterious elegance and feeling for color of Saracens and Byzantines, are all discernible. There are monuments showing in mass the Classic purity of line and proportion, in their frame-work and sculptures the Gothic ingenuity and wealth of fancy, and in their minor details of ornament—the rich marbles, mosaics, frescoes, and quaint intertwisted patterns—the sub-

tle Oriental taste brought back by crusaders or by Venetian merchant princes. In others the same elements are seen side by side, as the successive tides of conquest or fashion have left their impress upon structures as durable as the everlasting hills, juxtaposed but not commingled.

The mood of Detmold at Verona resembled some of the darkest of his former life. He had not, except at some rare moments of extreme self-delusion, looked for complete success in his mission, perhaps not even an *immediate* conditional success, but he had trusted that from the interview, whatever its character, some fragment of hope might be brought away. As it was, nothing remained to the future. He had been not simply rejected but, as it seemed to him, repulsed with cruelty and scorn. His reflections, too, brought him again a vivid realization of the situation which his journey and his ardent passion had for a while obscured. What had he, in fact, to offer Alice in exchange for the comfortable surroundings of her life? He could hardly expect to be able to maintain even a moderate establishment from the earnings of his profession for several years. His small capital was rapidly wasting, and it was to be feared from the tenor of his home advices, which

showed his father struggling in serious difficulties, that it might never be replenished with an inheritance of any sort. And then his secret. Obscure it as he might, there would have to come a time when it must be disclosed, when she would be called upon to rest under the shadow with him and would know all of his disingenuousness. Had he, then, any deserts which merited a better result?

Still, love rarely makes a beginning upon the basis of reason alone, and it is rarely to be put an end to simply by reasoning processes. As Detmold had secretly despaired in the midst of his hope, so he secretly hoped a little when there were the best of reasons for despair. It is a beneficent dispensation that human nature derives its sustenance from the circumstances about it, as vegetation from the sun and air and soil, and is not inexorably coerced by some original bias implanted in the germ. Breathing a new atmosphere, surrounded by novel sights and sounds, nourished upon strange viands, speaking and spoken to in an unaccustomed tongue, Detmold was actively conscious of change in himself. There were times when the unhappy past did not seem to attach to his present identity, but to one shuffled off and far distant.

Besides, is it not out of the obstacles in the way of passion that its greatest intensity and sweetness have been evolved? The stream ripples musically only when it surmounts impediments. It is rarely in the unhampered, business-like joining of equal ranks and fortunes that are developed those instances of devotion and supreme tenderness in the contemplation of which a sympathetic public takes delight. It is the Cinderellas, King Cophetua and the beggar-maid, the romance of the poor young man, the condescension of the noble lady to the page of low degree, to which we extend our most friendly interest.

The unpropitious and apparently impossible inclose the germ of a felicity, vivid and ideal, beyond the conception of ordinary experience.

It is true that the obstacles in Det-

mold's way were largely of his own contriving, yet they were not the less formidable. For the reader may as well be told that Alice knew nothing about his fortune, for one thing, and cared less. She was not in the least of a mercenary turn. She was capable, if her affections were enlisted, of generosity, of giving herself without reserve. She would have trusted that the future would be all that honest effort and a devotion implicitly relied upon could make it, and would have asked no more.

In matters of the heart Detmold was little experienced; he too had developed slowly. It is doubtful whether women appreciate too much idealizing. A less distant and romantic policy might have been attended with better results. Nothing had yet transpired to indicate that Alice would have wished her decision to have been different. But it is a phenomenon not entirely unheard of that a lover has been plunged into the deepest gloom when the case really was that the object by whose fancied coldness his misery was caused had scarcely an inkling of the reverence with which she was regarded, or perhaps was no more than gently coy, not to wear the appearance of being too easily won. Detmold combated mainly with himself. It amounts to the same thing, of course, but character is difficult to read, not so much on account of its essential depth and mystery as of the imperfection of the lenses we bring to bear upon it.

Detmold, wavering in his hopes and fears from day to day, and by no means more composed after the arrival of Alice, had set himself to transfer the masterpieces of the beautiful architecture of his sketch-books. The image of Alice was ever present. It dawned upon him in the morning like a more precious sunrise, and rode in his dreams like the moon of midsummer nights.

His apartment was in what had once been a wing of the Grazzini palace, but had long been sequestered to different uses. The window of a closet attached to his principal chamber looked down into the court-yard. The view showed a quadrangle of buildings, two tall sto-

ries and an attic in height. One of the wings which still remained devoted to palatial uses was supported upon an irregular arcade of columns. There was a wide frieze at the top of the stuccoed walls, of frescoed medallions, Cupids, and flowers, all much streaked and faded. Upon the red-tiled roof were small dormers far apart. An old pomegranate-tree and some lemon and oleander shrubs in boxes grew by the walls. Underneath one of the windows was a saint upon a bracket. On its head a good-natured housekeeper occasionally hung towels to dry. There was a well-curb with a tackle so adjusted that it could be swung from above, and buckets of water hoisted to some of the upper rooms. A goat, keeping his head-quarters somewhere under the arcade, patrolled the court with an air of proprietorship; a family cat moved stealthily about, and sometimes clambered into the pomegranate-tree with a tiger-like clutch.

Hyson came quite often to this apartment of Detmold, and so did his neighbor Antonio. It had a balcony in front, where the three sat in the evenings and ranged pleasantly over the subjects young men talk about. Mr. Starfield also came there once and smoked with them, and brought back such an account of the artistic manner in which it was fitted up that Mrs. Starfield, upon Detmold's next visit, exclaimed that she must be allowed to see it too.

Castelbarco turned the conversation often to the subject of Alice, and descended upon her beauty and grace. Sometimes at the cafés he raised his glass and drank to the health of *la bella Americana*.

"Do you suppose he is going to fall in love with her?" said Detmold to Hyson, after one of these manifestations, in considerable annoyance.

"Oh, nothing to signify," said the other. "These Italians are all susceptible; they fall in love—as much as they can—with every pretty woman. I do not know but I should make a very tolerable Italian myself. But supposing he should, would you consider him a formidable rival?"

"He is a very handsome fellow," said Detmold, "and wealthy, and claims to be a kind of royal duke, or marquis, or something of that kind."

"I should not be at all alarmed if I were you. I think you stand well, as I have told you before. Miss Alice would never marry out of her own country or her own language unless there were extraordinary inducements. Antonio is handsome enough, but that amounts to very little, and he takes himself seriously, which is a good point,—but so do you, for that matter, except in a much better way. Women like to be imposed upon with an appearance of importance. They will carry on and have a good time with a fellow like me, for instance, but they don't wish really to tie up to a person who thinks almost everything a farce, and himself as much of a one as the rest. That is the reason I have such confounded poor luck with them when I really mean business."

"Why, your luck is the admiration of all your acquaintances."

"Oh, well, it looks pretty fair, but there are particular cases that they know nothing at all about."

Hyson was getting on tolerably well with his irrigation, studying the language to be able to read works on the subject in the original,—for there are scarcely any to be had in translations,—and making frequent excursions into the country. Still he was annoyed by his linguistic deficiencies. In his journeys he could rarely ask the questions or receive the answers he desired with any degree of satisfaction. He wished he might have the advantage of examining some extensive properties treated by irrigation, with the friendly explanations of some one of authority with whom he was perfectly at ease.

"I can put you in the way of what you want," said Antonio, upon hearing him express this desire. "Why did I not know of it before? You must go to Signor Niccolo."

"By all means; but who is Signor Niccolo?"

"He is a rich farmer on the canal of Este, near Vicenza. He has all kinds

of crops, — Indian corn, wheat, millet, *colza*, *panico*, and vegetables; marcite meadows; fruits, — figs, apples, peaches, melons, everything; rice-swamps, too; but above all his white mulberry-trees, from which he raises the fine silk of which we buy considerable quantities at our factory. I used to go there often in my boyhood to enjoy rural pleasures, and still I go sometimes for a day to taste the Signor Niccolo's good wine. He has a pretty daughter, too, who is very quick in languages. She will interpret for you, or, for that matter, I will go with you myself."

"The sooner the better," said Hyson. "It is precisely the opportunity I have been seeking."

"He is often in town, and I will arrange it," said Castelbarco.

Not long afterwards he brought the farmer he had spoken of to Detmold's apartment to see if perhaps Hyson were there, where he indeed found him. The Signor Niccolo was a short, round, very vivacious old gentleman, with a pleasant face, and white hair upon which he wore, under his hat, a skull cap. When his talk was obscure, Castelbarco explained it.

The evening was sultry, and at the suggestion of Hyson the party adjourned to a café. "It will delight me beyond measure," said Signor Niccolo, "to show you my poor estate. Do you know you could not have done better? I have the temerity to say I am no common farmer. I have made it a study. I have made it a science. I have traveled in the south of France where there are irrigated farms; in the Netherlands also, — it was there I got the idea of my windmill for cleaning the rice. As to water I can tell you everything. Ask me what you will. More than forty millions of tons of water are spread over the surface of Lombardy every day. Does it produce a damp and humid atmosphere? Not in the least. The hygrometer rarely rises above zero of its scale; it shows excessive dryness. You may imagine what we would be without irrigation. You shall have a detailed account of the canal of Este, — plans, sec-

tions, everything will be shown you. It is now twenty years that I have been the general deputy of our *consorzio*, and sit as such in the council by which the whole canal is controlled."

"I do not understand *consorzio*," said Hyson.

"Do you not? You shall hear. The country irrigated by each main canal is divided into a number of districts. In each district a body of six or nine persons is chosen. It is called a *consorzio*. We make repairs and improvements, arrange what tax it is right for each proprietor who uses water to pay, and manage the water affairs in general. The chairmen of the *consorzios* form a superior body which supervises the canal as a whole."

"You cultivate rice also. Is it not very unhealthy for the laborers?"

"It is bad for those who come from the high country, and so are the winter meadows. In the fall there is considerable malaria. Still in that we are fortunate, too. My rice-swamps are located on the borders only of the estate, remote from our buildings, and I work them generally with hands who are acclimated, so that there is very little trouble. You shall see how I clean my rice with my windmill. That is my own idea. My neighbors use mills run by water diverted from the canal. But suppose there comes a drought. A head of water for such a purpose costs something then, I can tell you, — even if you are fortunate enough to get it at all. Besides, another thing. Here is my principal channel."

The demonstrative old gentleman suddenly stopped, laid down his stick upon the pavement, and made explanatory gestures over it, while passers-by were obliged to turn out to the right and left.

"Good! Here are the secondary channels — so," drawing imaginary lines at right angles to the stick with the toe of his boot. "But now, here is a knoll far distant, which is near to my barns and my road, and is much the most convenient place for me to prepare my rice for the market. The water from the streams does not rise high enough to turn a mill

here. Well, what do I do? Go down to the low ground with my mills, where it is very inconvenient? No, I simply recall what I have seen. I remember the Netherland mills. Signor Castelbarco can tell you. It costs nothing to run; but when the wind does not blow, then I have my water-mills elsewhere, like the rest." Signor Niccolo took up his stick and placed it again under his arm, with the air of having elucidated a very knotty problem.

"And how is pretty Emilia, Signor Niccolo?" inquired Castelbarco.

"She is well, but she is not with me now, though I expect her soon. You have not then heard that she is again at Milan to study her music. I have given her the best master in the city."

"Bravo!" said Castelbarco. "She will be a famous cantatrice."

"I know not what she will be, but she is a very good child," said the old man.

Upon taking leave, he cordially extended an invitation to the three to pay him a visit. They should have his best wine and his new horses, and Hyson should examine the irrigation to his heart's content.

"If you will let me choose a time," said he, "let me pray you to come when the early wheat is ripe. You shall see some fine stalks, I promise you."

Before they parted, a date not far distant was fixed upon for the excursion.

VI.

THE TORRE D'ORO.

The weather was at times excessively warm, and the hotel Torre d'Oro al gran Parigi was not in all respects as grand and airy as its title. Still, the streets were often freshened; the fountain splashed in the Piazza Erbe; our friends partook copiously of the half-frozen ices (*granita*) and of *aqua marena*, which is ice-water mingled with syrups, and were upon the whole sufficiently comfortable. Alice brought down to the breakfast table the morning after

their arrival, and preserved afterwards as a memento of the Torre d'Oro, a copy of a cautionary notice affixed to the door of her chamber. It was a monument of ambitious but misguided etymology and spelling, apparently aggravated by reckless type-setting. It was the production of the secretary of the hotel, who acknowledged its authorship with pardonable pride.

"In order to avoid whod," said this interesting notice, "any trouble which might arise, Mr. Mr. Canti et Gambogi beg to inform those Gentlemen who patronise their hôtel that they will not behold themselves responsible for valuable propriety unless deposed with them and a receipt taken."

"'Valuable propriety' is good," said Hyson, "and Messrs. Canti and Gambogi do quite right not to be responsible for anything of the sort."

The phrase became a merry by-word. When anybody rattled on too fast in the flow of animated talk, or trenched upon a subject to which there were objections, it was common to hear "valuable propriety" interjected at him by some of the others.

Mrs. Starfield cared little for sight-seeing. She suffered herself to be driven about occasionally, took a nap in the afternoons, walked with the girls in the cool part of the day to see the shops, or sat in her room reading or knitting. The young ladies, who had seen most of the great show places, were pleased with the quaintness of Verona, but looked upon their stay there as a sort of respite. They were rather glad that the sights were not too numerous and engrossing. Alice had obtained permission to copy at the Museo Civico. She had chosen a subject, and went quite regularly to work at it. Miss Lonsdale sometimes accompanied her, or sat with Mrs. Starfield, or wrote in a voluminous journal, or went out with a lady cicerone who explained things to her in French at a *lira* an hour.

Mr. Starfield was much absent in his researches among the *filande* and *filatorie*, the factories for winding and spinning silk. He went to Mantua and Brescia and back to Milan, and again

to Roveredo, on the road to Trent. With the elder Castelbarco he spent several days at Iso on Lake Guarda, where the latter had considerable interests. The country between Verona and Mantua produces the best twist and sewing silk, to which Mr. Starfield was giving especial attention.

On the trip to Mantua he was accompanied by the entire party, who, however, spent the day among the antiquities while he pursued his affairs.

Owing to the prolonged absences of Mr. Starfield, the young men organized and conducted much of the sight-seeing that was done. Detmold, by Hyson's advice, had taken early advantage of the invitation extended to him by Alice, and they were again upon a friendly footing. In spite of what had passed there was soon even greater ease between them than ever before. Detmold noted this, and ascribed it to the hopeless indifference of Alice, unembarrassed by a trace of constraint. He had decided within himself that no further advances could be made towards the all-important subject unless in the wild contingency of some direct encouragement from her. It was perhaps an instinctive apprehension of this, on her side, and a trust in Detmold's delicacy, upon which the renewed intimacy was based. There was a tacit agreement that they were to be friends and nothing more. To natures more impatient and more completely penetrated with a sense of their own merits than Detmold's, such a footing might have seemed irksome and humiliating, but he found it happiness to be with her on any terms.

Among other changes Alice was now less scrupulous in her adherence to foreign conventionalisms. She excepted Castelbarco, who would have been likely to misconstrue any other manners than those to which he was accustomed, but did not refuse to take such short jaunts alone with Detmold or Hyson as might have been permitted in accordance with American usage. The presence of her family gave her a greater sense of security, and the possibly unfavorable comments of persons among whom she was

to make so brief a stay were less an object of deference.

In the evenings there was a sort of familiar levee in the apartment of Mrs. Starfield. Our friends compared the experiences of the day, played cards, made caricatures, examined the additions to Alice's collection of photographs, and discussed the personal intelligence in the American Register.

Other pleasant travelers stopped at the hotel, and an acquaintance was sometimes formed at *table d'hôte*. They met the Blumenthals and Lilienthals, wealthy German families of Lakeport, who were revisiting the fatherland after having made fortunes in America. They had not known them before, but now agreed that they were very interesting, and regretted that the diverse elements were not more fully mingled in the society of Lakeport.

There was the Honorable Hard-Pan Battledore, a member of Congress, who had come over the Brenner pass with his family. When asked by Alice if he did not find these old cities delightful, he gave the extreme opposite view of the subject.

"Frankly," replied he, "I do not. They are not comfortable. They are not active in a commercial way. There is nothing to be learned from them about the present, in which our important interests are vested. Why should we delight in what is old and decrepit in towns more than in men? We sympathize with it in the latter, but after a certain stage of having outlived their usefulness, they become painful. Our fancy turns rather to what is young and blooming. I would rather look at you than at a quarter section of noseless statues" —

"Thank you," said Alice.

"I find no fault with people who like such things, but to me it seems a species of shiftlessness. I do not live near it myself, but I like to hear the rattle of the axe in the backwoods — progress — continually pushing on. When I want amusement I go to Lake Superior and fish. I am taking my family home as quickly as I can induce them to go."

A young Mr. Gilderoy, an artist and

an acquaintance of Hyson's, came up to Verona to spend a day or two, and was introduced. He was preparing to paint a picture of *The Ships of Tarshish*, and was studying effects of color, and the models of antique galleys in the marine arsenal at Venice. He was enthusiastic in his talk, and Mrs. Starfield predicted a great future for him. But Hyson said he was an aesthetic loafer, without fixity of purpose, even if he had the disposition to accomplish anything. He merely made a pretext of his art to sponge upon his wealthy relatives.

At another time there arrived a mild-eyed young man in glasses, an ex-divinity student, Mr. Acolyte Dean, also of Lakeport. He had been an inmate of an Episcopal seminary, had become infected with extreme ritualistic notions, — an idea of the substantial unity of all branches of the ancient church, — and like Miss Lonsdale had become a Catholic. He was then on his way to visit Rome. He inquired of the young ladies with much particularity concerning their experiences there. Alice mentioned to him that they had had two audiences with the Pope, and that she as well as Miss Lonsdale had taken his hand and kissed it.

"Oh, have you indeed?" cried the young divinity student, with an enthusiasm that was entirely artless and unreflecting. "Do you know, I could kiss *your* hand with the greatest honor because it has touched his."

"Ho!" scoffed Hyson, who was sitting by, practicing a new method of stacking cards, "I lay no claim to reverence, but I will offer to do that much myself, out of pure good-nature."

But Alice folded her pretty hands demurely out of sight, and projecting her head, with the chin a little in advance, said, "None of you shall do anything of the kind," while Detmold thought of getting up in a Berserker rage and slaughtering everybody.

Castelbarco was present at these informal receptions nearly as often as the rest. He spoke both English and French, and had therefore no difficulty in holding his part in the conversations. Det-

mold remembered him well as a school-boy at Wardham. He was then a dark and unhappy little foreigner, in nankeen pantaloons, with his shoe-strings always untied, his fingers and thumb stained with ink, and his tasks in a state of backwardness. He had been noted for a quaint and amusing dialect which it had been the study of his companions to draw out. He said upon his first arrival that he spoke English "a leeter one." If he knocked at a door and one asked, "Who is there?" he answered, "It is this."

Once, when he had performed some feat that brought him into momentary prominence, the by-standers said in surprise, "Is that you, Antonio?" He replied, "Yes, I am."

He had grown up to be a tall and handsome young man. His card bore the imposing superscription, Antonio Castelbarco di Gualterio, which meant simply that he was Anthony Castelbarco, the son of Walter, and indicated that there were others of the name.

He had, out of his own language at least, no sense of humor. At the flip-pant sallies of Hyson, at which the rest laughed, he remained grave, somewhat puzzled, and even at times frowned. He spoke of his own concerns with *naïve* confidence. His conversation consisted largely of disquisitions upon political, literary, or historical subjects. He made critical remarks upon Manzoni, — the Italian Walter Scott, — the modern poet, Giusti, and others, and was also forward to show his acquaintance with English and American writers. He made severe strictures upon ecclesiastics, which displeased Miss Lonsdale.

One evening they read among the arrivals at Paris the name Wyman, of Lakeport. "It is Monroe Wyman and Florence, on their wedding trip," said Mrs. Starfield. "I hope we shall meet them."

"They have been engaged so long that it almost seems as if they were married a good while ago," said Alice.

"Their engagement was nearly broken last winter; they came near not being married at all," said Mrs. Starfield.

"How, mamma?"

"It was about oval windows, — Mr. Detmold, as an architect, will appreciate this. You see, they were building a house, to have everything in readiness after their marriage. Florence was very partial to oval windows, — to light the hall, and so on, you know; Monroe did not like them. They compromised by agreeing to have two on one side and one on the other, but on the side on which there were two, Monroe was to be allowed shrubbery partly to conceal one of them. He was called away for a week, and upon his return he passed by the house on his way to see Florence. By some blunder of the builders all three oval windows had been put upon the same side. He jumped to the conclusion that it was Florence's doing, and was so hurt by this unkindness and evidence of self-will on her part that, without assigning any reason, he did not go to see her for a long time. It was very serious, I assure you, and it was only by accident that things were explained."

"Lovers are so absurd," was the extraordinary comment of Alice, considering the presence of Detmold.

"That is a pretty sentiment, at the head-quarters of Romeo and Juliet!" said Hyson. "It is rank impiety."

"I do not think you have chosen much of an example," said Alice. "I have been reading over the play to-day, after a visit to the shabby garden where they pretend to show you Juliet's tomb. They were absurd, if no other lovers ever were. The idea of persons falling in love without knowing the first thing about each other, — without having exchanged a word! And the extravagant way in which they began to talk! Imagine anybody you know doing so at an evening party in these days."

"But it was not in these days," said Hyson.

"That is the point," said Detmold. "The better class then made an exclusive business of fighting and falling in love; they had nothing else to occupy themselves with. Exaggeration of speech was another of their habits. I imagine their talk matched their trunk hose and

satin doublets and ostrich plumes. Modern speech tends towards plain black and white, like its dress. Besides, here in Italy the custom of complimenting women within an inch of their lives has not disappeared yet. You yourself have probably heard some of the impertinences the gentlemen utter to unknown ladies on the streets."

"Still, with all allowances," persisted Alice, "for us, at any rate, the story is silly. I do not mean all of it, — only the first part, where they fall in love without any reason. There is neither dignity nor sense in it."

"It is pretty hard to tell what makes people fall in love," said Detmold, with a sense of treading on very delicate ground, while Hyson regarded him with curiosity, to see how he was coming out. "This play is not merely a story; it is a poem. The falling in love is a fatality, in spite of logic, which is perhaps not entirely unknown in modern times. The friar, in summing up the tragedy at the close, recognizes it in a very sublime sentence: '*A greater power than we can contradict hath thwarted our intents.*'"

"Mr. Detmold's opinion agrees with my own," said the good Mrs. Starfield. "There is a fatality. In these matters I always say, 'Whatever is to be, will be.' I have seen so much of it. You cannot hurry anything or force it."

This doctrine found in Detmold a ready disciple.

"These matters have to take their course," continued the motherly lady. "I know it from my own experience. The first engagement of Mr. Starfield with myself was broken off. We sent back each other's letters and gifts. He went East, and was gone several years. I heard that he was married, and he thought I was married. We met again, and the result was doubtless what it was always intended to be."

"I have seen my papa's letters, too," continued Alice, with an audacious railery; "they were like all the rest, — so sentimental, so — oh!" A musical rising inflection could alone express the character of these letters.

"Why, you atrocious girl," said the

horrified mamma, "you shall not talk so."

"Valuable propriety, my dear!" said Miss Lonsdale.

Detmold decided indubitably that this ridicule of passion meant more than mere flippancy. Was it not aimed especially at him? He could not but construe it as another of those indications—of which he had observed so many—of the absence of any depth of sentiment on her part, or of any comprehension of the seriousness of his.

Yet he did not construe it rightly. Whatever might have caused the levity of Alice on this and other occasions, she had reflected about Detmold very much since his proposal, and had decided that she liked him. To what extent,—or indeed anything definite further than this,—it would be difficult to say. Perhaps a second attempt on his part to draw from her some favorable expression would not have succeeded better than the first. She would have been glad, in truth, to postpone the subject of marriage indefinitely. Her life was very pleasant as it was. In such a great change there was—how could one tell what! There was room for grave apprehensions. If there could be a husband who was a kind of brother, and her papa and mamma and all the people she knew were to remain about her just the same, why, then it might not be so formidable, and might be thought of. She had as yet no comprehension of the devotion that is stronger than all else and makes the woman say to him she loves, "Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Still, in these days together at Verona Alice saw more of him than in years before, and the intimacy was not without its effects. She found herself contemplating him critically, and not any longer as an indifferent portion of the furniture of society. The scrutiny did him no harm. She could admire in him elevation of sentiment and an honorable ambition for distinction. There were minor traits; he was charitable, good-tempered, dignified without pretense, and when entirely at ease could be humorous and

vivacious. She asked herself in a speculative way, "How would it be to have him always around?"

Physically, Detmold was not disagreeable. He was tall, square-shouldered, and muscular, without heaviness. He had an honest expression, a clear skin, good teeth, and warm blood. It was not unpleasant to be touched by such a person. His hand when it met hers was dry and firm. Hers was soft, and shrank a little from a grasp which she must say was at times unwarrantably close. His dress was less scrupulously fashionable than Hyson's, but well fitting and in good taste.

His devotion to her was complete: he was ready to fetch and carry, to shift her chair into a better light, to find her the proper shop in the Corso for canvas and tubes of colors, to explain the money and the language, to find her little curiosities, and to send her flowers from the Piazza Erbe.

Perhaps there are natures that leap to an intuitive appreciation of each other in the sudden ignition of an intense flame of passion; but for humanity in general, fear and strangeness are laid aside, an adequate comprehension of character is obtained, and a happy future prepared, by such gradually advancing intimacies as this.

VII.

THE CASTELBARCOS.

The Castelbarcos were the owners and operators of one of the principal silk-spinning establishments at Verona, and were pecuniarily interested in others at a distance. The senior Castelbarco was a business man somewhat after the American style. He was an excellent calculator, skilled to feel the delicate pulses of the market and quick to seize its most favorable moment. He had purchased the venture in which he was engaged at a low ebb of its fortunes, and had built it up by his good management into a flourishing concern. He was enterprising and public spirited as a citizen. He talked much of the advan-

tages of Verona as a commercial point and as a place of residence. He even wrote communications for the journals, which had the ring of articles in the press of some of the thriving towns of our own West.

"We have a population of seventy thousand souls," he would say; "why is it not one hundred thousand? We must have eventually thrice that number. Everything points to the future of Verona as a great metropolitan point: the railroads centring in our midst, the limitless water-power of the Adige, the valuable mines and inexhaustible marble quarries in the neighborhood, our silk of unsurpassed quality, and the attractiveness of our well-governed and healthful city, in which the taxes are low and no trace of malaria can be detected. A united effort must be made to disseminate a knowledge of these advantages. A partial impulse has been given of late to some of our industries by enterprising individuals, — notably to the silk manufacture; but this is not enough. Many of those whose interests are most nearly concerned manifest no conception of the need of activity. United and persistent effort is called for. All must put their shoulders to the wheel. Let the contest be henceforth, not who shall hold back the longest, but who shall most energetically take the lead."

Signor Castelbarco had spent some years of his youth in the United States. He had been thrown mainly upon his own resources, and it was to this fact that he considered himself indebted for his industrious and accurate business habits. It was as a clerk in a silk-importing house at New York that he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Starfield, who was a nephew of one of the members of the firm, and a fellow employee. With some means acquired in various enterprises there and afterwards in Montevideo, where there is a body of Italians who keep up a close connection with the mother country, he made upon his return the investment which had now advanced him so well upon the high road to fortune.

He had continued his relations with

America for some time after leaving it, and had made occasional visits thither. Upon one of these he brought with him his eldest son, a boy of twelve, and left him during two years at an American school, in the hope that he would acquire something of the energetic spirit and dexterous methods which had proved invaluable in his own case. He wrote to Mr. Starfield, who was long since established as a prosperous manufacturer at Lakeport, and asked him to take a general cognizance of the boy. He did so, and, having a daughter at an institution near by, paid young Castelbarco occasional visits. Sometimes he took him with him on his visits to Alice, on half-holidays. The walk in the spacious grounds, which had once been those of the country-seat of an opulent Knickerbocker family; the parlors full of bright and modest young girls chatting with their friends, whom they were allowed to receive on these days; but above all the pretty face and manners of Alice, were extraordinary events in the monotonous life of the school-boy, and they made a profound impression upon him. He believed himself in love with Alice. He planned to run away to sea, discover a sunken treasure, and return and marry her.

The boy proved different in many respects from what his father would have desired. He brought back none of the commercial briskness or business tact which the senior Castelbarco looked for. His spirit was even injured instead of improved by his American schooling. The effect with him was precisely the reverse of that which had operated in Detmold's case. Detmold had been received upon terms of equality, and found a relief from persecutions at home. Castelbarco was a foreigner and an eccentricity among a troop of thoughtless boys. He learned timidity and self-distrust instead of the ease and confidence natural in more normal surroundings. He became reserved, sometimes to the point of moroseness, while under the surface lay a sensitiveness keenly played upon by every passing circumstance. The annoyances to which he was subjected

caused him to abstain from the rougher sports of the school. This, together with some instances when in extreme anger or disappointment he had been known to burst into tears, was looked upon as a feminine trait, and gained him the nickname of the *Signorina*. Once, in a paroxysm of rage, he pursued a boy with a pocket-knife, after which care was taken to stop short of the point of driving the *Signorina* to desperation. Detmold was pained at such scenes from the recollection of his own early sufferings, and he used what small influence he had to abate them. Castelbarco was duly grateful, and a kind of friendship sprang up between them.

Antonio pursued his schooling further at home, and spent some time in the sculptured courts of the University of Padua, after which he was appointed his father's lieutenant in the factory. Whether from incompetency or disinclination for the duties of the place, he fell presently to a subordinate position. His lack of aptitude for commercial success excited the disgust of his driving parent, and was the occasion at times of stormy reproaches. His mother, meanwhile, a stately old lady, devoted to ideas of ancestry and family dignity, wished that he need have nothing to do with the factory. She continually solicited her husband to put back less of his profits into trade, and to use them to restore something of the state and consideration which their family had once enjoyed. She would have liked to have her son more bold and dashing, displaying in his manner a patrician haughtiness. She wished him to make an aristocratic marriage, and urged him much into society with that end in view.

The young man read with interest the biographies of his ancestors. All had been dignified, and some eminent. The Castelbarcos had no title, though they claimed connection — through descent from some far remote younger brother — with the counts of that name, the quaint sarcophagus of one of whom is bracketed out over the gate-way close to St. Anastasia. On the maternal side the descent was as good, and more clear-

ly established. A Grazzini in the thirteenth century had been the chamberlain of the Duke of Modena, and had married a daughter of the counts of Novellara. Another, at a later date, had served with distinction under the great captain Gonsalvo de Cordova, and had married into a Spanish family at Naples. There were portraits of this couple in the collection that still remained at the Grazzini palace. Few of these ancestors had been remarkable in any civilian capacity. Their specialty was fighting. They had fought against the Turks, against the Paduans, against the Bergamasks, and against the Venetians and for the Venetians by turns, participating in the mediæval taste for hard knocks to the full. Under the long Austrian domination the fortunes of the Grazzini had declined. From a noble castle in the mountains they were reduced to a *palazzino*, and then to a small *casino*, while their city property disappeared altogether. The history of the Castelbarco side of the house was not very different. While the blood of these two fine families flowed as pure as ever, it happened that the grandparents of Antonio on both sides had barely sufficient means to maintain their families in a style of moderate respectability. It was poverty, in fact, and nothing less, that drove the elder Castelbarco upon the wanderings in the New World which had resulted so prosperously. He returned with democratic notions and little respect for finical traditions which could not give a man a coat to his back or a roof over his head, though he were a cousin of all the Cæsars. The Signora Carmosina, his wife, retained, however, enough for both. It was at her instance that he repurchased, at a favorable moment, the main portion of the Grazzini palace. It was much dilapidated, had been out of the family for long generations, and had even passed under another name.

There were in the Antonio of the present few traces of the slouchy little school-boy of years past. In an atmosphere of respect and consideration he had returned to a juster appreciation of himself. He was one of the fashionable

young men of the day, elegant in manners, at home in the cafés and at his *cercle* or club. He was open-handed with his money, scattering it in cases of apparent distress to deserving and unworthy alike.

Notwithstanding the changes and improvements noted by our friends upon the renewal of the acquaintance, Castelbarco was still far from being a harmonious and well-balanced character. In the presence of his father he was morose, and at other times imperious and willful. His irregular process of education had resulted in nothing like discipline. He was not lacking in generous traits, but all was disorderly. He was spoiled and passionate. The good and evil in him were not comminuted and mingled, but seemed to rest side by side, in chaotic portions. Either was likely to have the upper hand of the other on any given occasion. At the time of the arrival of the Starfields he was drifting with events, displeased with himself, without knowing how to be different, and wishing vaguely — he knew not what.

The sight of Alice affected him with a new and lively emotion. It brought back the memory of his unhappy school-days. He compared the actual events of his life with the imaginings of that remote period. There was but one bright spot, one tender reminiscence in it, and it was Alice herself. She was not more beautiful now than he had thought her then. He recalled his romantic plans, in which she had been so conspicuous a figure. What if they might yet be realized? Things as strange had happened.

He saw her almost daily, and her kindness charmed him. Suddenly he said to himself, "I love her still." He persuaded himself that it was the same old passion that had only slept, and was now again awake. As if it had been really cherished all these years it seemed to take at once the strength and fixity of long duration. Here was at last an object and a purpose. He shared the not uncommon belief of ardent suitors, that could he but win the companionship of her he loved he should be filled with irrepressible ambition; everything

would be open to him. He began to send her gifts — flowers, photographs, pretty scarfs and trinkets — in such profusion that Alice was obliged to go to the verge of rudeness to check his unwelcome liberality.

Somewhat more than a fortnight after the arrival of the Starfields, Detmold, one afternoon, crossing the Piazza Erbe, paused a moment to glance at the ancient Madonna Verona, presiding in the sunshine over her fountain and the now comparatively idle market-place. He was accosted by Castelbarco, who drew him into the arcade of the Casa dei Mercanti. It is the chamber of commerce of Verona, a picturesque brick building of the fourteenth century, resting upon an arcade of red marble columns. It is one of the few that retains its bright external frescoing. It has a long balcony, a battlemented cornice, and at one corner, in a niche, a statue of the Virgin.

Castelbarco was there with some of his brother merchants on 'Change. But it was matter far different from quotations of corn and oil that he poured into the unwilling ear of Detmold.

"I am moved by an impulse of the moment, my dear friend," said he, "to seek your counsel; I think you will not refuse it to me. I am moved to it by a sudden impulse of the moment."

"I am not much of a counselor," said Detmold, "but I will do my best."

"I would learn of your social customs in respect to marriage," began Castelbarco. "I was too young, and saw nothing of them, when present in your country. Do you know what I intend? I will not delay to say to you. I will marry the Signorina Starfield."

"Marry Alice? Marry Miss Starfield?" exclaimed Detmold, in consternation.

"It astonishes you, does it not? But see, now; my regard for this beautiful girl is not a new thing. It does not now commence. It is of years, — of the date when I was your companion of school in a distant land. Since she comes here it is only renewed — not for the first

time commenced — you understand. It is strong now with the strength of a man. She has possessed me so fully that I think of nothing else. Her eyes set my heart on fire, and her lips speak sweeter accents than music."

"Have you proposed to her?" said Detmold.

"It is in that respect that I would consult your friendly advice. I have not. I do not know whether she divines of my purpose, though I have tried that it should be so. She does manifest to me unvarying kindness. Do you not think she would be content to remain in our Italy, which she thinks so beautiful?"

"I do not know, I am sure."

"It is only last night, at our parting, that she did express her sorrow to leave it. As for me, it never was beautiful till now. You cannot know how fine is everything that was before nothing, since I love her, and will make her my bride."

Ah, only too well did Detmold know this, — how the sun shines with a more genial light, how the heaven is bluer, how all nature is joyous, when the golden wine of a noble passion pulses in the veins!

"You do not reply anything," said Castelbarco.

"Why, man" — began Detmold, with an irritated impulse. He checked it, and said in a tone that he endeavored to make argumentative, "You must see that you are asking things to which any answer from me would be perfectly useless."

He found in the announcement made to him a cause for new alarm and despondency. Here was a love as ardent as his own. If love constitutes a claim upon its object, here was a claim as valid as his own. In what respect was he more favored than the young Italian? In how many respects was he not far less favored? Castelbarco was handsome, well-born, wealthy, and capable of generous devotion. His father, too, was her father's friend. This old acquaintance

would abridge the interval between their so widely separated nationalities.

"That is right. Of course," said the Italian, "it was not that, but of the American custom to make the marriage proposal, that I wished to converse. I can ask you only without embarrassment. Is it, as with us, conveyed by means of the families of both, or must the signorina herself be supplicated, or are there other methods?"

"It is most usual to obtain the consent of the young lady; then her parents are consulted."

"Do not think me foolish, if you can avoid it. You have a thousand times obliged me. I will throw myself at her feet. She shall not refuse me. Say that you do not think she will, my dear friend."

"I have not the slightest idea," said Detmold, coldly. "There may be others — elsewhere — that love Miss Starfield, also. Her affections may be already engaged."

Castelbarco darted at him a glance of sharp resentment. Then he said, passionately, "I know not what you mean. There can be no others, — there shall be no others. I have not loved before. Now I will not fail."

He conferred no more with Detmold. He began to suspect a rivalry, which had he not been so blinded by his own impetuosity he could have plainly seen. But if he had it is probable that he would not have considered Detmold formidable — as compared with the dashing Hyson, for instance. He knew something of his pecuniary circumstances, and felt that they would not commend him to the much-indulged Alice, or at any rate to her family. Furthermore, the architect was a heavy fellow, and not at all lover-like.

But as to Hyson, if there were no other rival in the field, he might easily rest secure. What devotion that studious young gentleman had to spare from his pursuit of irrigation was distributed in impartial shares to every pretty face he met.

W. H. Bishop.

VENICE AND ST. MARK'S.

No city in the world appeals more strongly to the poetic imagination than Venice. Her site, her people, her history, her institutions, her art, are all alike unique. Appearing first as a little group of fishermen's huts on a sand bank in the midst of a waste of waters, her solitude and her humility afforded protection to successive bands of exiles flying from ancient cities of the main-land to escape from the scourge of the Northern barbarians, who thronged through the passes of the Eastern Alps to share in the spoils of the ruined empire of Rome. Secure within her broad moat of waves, her foundations were firmly set. Rising in the dawn of modern Europe, she linked the tradition of the old civilization to the fresh conditions of the new. She was independent from the first; her people framed their own institutions, and administered them for themselves. The destiny that ruled her beginnings seemed, as she grew, to have had no element of chance, but to have been determined by foresight and wise counsel. Her position was unrivaled. She lay fronting the East, but tributary rivers on either hand brought the trade of the Western main-land to her gates, while the Adriatic opened before her a broad pathway for commerce and for conquest.

In the character of her people intelligence and energy were combined with fancy and sentiment as in no other Western race. Not only were her statesmen the ablest, her merchants the most adventurous and the most successful, her sailors the best trained, her craftsmen the most skillful of their time, but her artists were the earliest to give fine expression to the new moods of the Middle Ages, her gentlemen were the first in Europe, and the first modern ladies were Venetian. She lacked, however, a poet. Her life and feeling found utterance in other modes of art. She was her own poem.

The affection in which she was held by her people had the depth and intensity of a passion. The large spirit of national patriotism was hardly felt in Italy during the Middle Ages. Its place was occupied by a narrow local sentiment which the natural and political divisions of the land stimulated often to a degree fatal to peace, to prosperity, even to honor. But in Venice this local spirit was justified by the peculiar conditions of her existence. She was nation as well as city to her people. "First Venetians and then Christians" was a saying which stood her in good stead. First Venetians and then Italians was the abiding sense of her citizens. Cut off by the sea from the main-land, she held herself aloof, and through all her better days it was her steady policy to keep herself free from entangling alliance with any of the Italian states.

Her interests lay upon the sea, and she sought to extend her dominion over the islands and coasts of the Adriatic and the *Ægean*, over Crete and Cyprus, and to obtain settlement and power still farther east, rather than to increase her Italian territory. Her close relations with the East affected the character and temper of her people. The commerce with distant and strange lands developed in the Venetians not only foresight and gravity of counsel, strength of purpose, steadiness of will, firmness in peril, and calmness in success, but also the love of adventure, the taste for splendor, the sense of color, and a capacity for romantic emotion. The charm and mystery of the East pervaded the atmosphere of Venice. Mere trade became poetic while dealing with the spices of Arabia, the silks of Damascus, the woven stuffs of Persia, the pearls of Ceylon, or the rarer products of the wonderful regions whence travelers like Marco Polo brought back true stories that rivaled the inventions of Arabian story-tellers. The ships of Venice were indeed the signiors and rich

burghers of the sea. Refinement increased with wealth, and while the feudal nobles of the main-land were still half barbaric in thought and custom, the civic nobles of Venice had acquired a culture that isolated them still more than they were separated by position and material interest from the natives of other cities.

Moreover, all that the Venetians acquired, whether of wealth or culture, was concentrated within the limits of their single city, and became an ever-accumulating heir-loom transmitted from one generation to another. Seldom did civil discords and tumults, such as many a time devastated every other city of Italy, disturb her tranquillity; no factions of Neri and Bianchi, of Guelph and Ghibelline, divided her people into hostile camps; no army of barbarian invaders or of jealous neighbors ever sacked her houses or wasted her stores; no siege ever distressed her. And thus she grew from age to age in beauty as in strength. Her citizens were the first people of the modern world to acquire confidence in the perpetuity not only of the state, but of their personal possessions. Secure under just laws against domestic oppression, safe within the entrenchment lines of the lagoons, they built for themselves homes surpassing in stateliness and in beauty any homes of private men that the world had seen, — homes not only correspondent to their own love of splendor and of comfort, but to the lofty genius of the city.¹

The perpetuity of Venice was a fixed part of the patriotic pride of her people. "*Imperium stabile, perpetuum et mansurum*," says Sabellico, the first of the official historians of the republic; and Sansovino, writing seventy years later, in the middle of the sixteenth century, begins his description of the government of Venice with these confident words: "The Republic of Venice, surpassing all other states in grandeur, nobility, wealth, and every quality that may conduce to the felicity of man, hath divers members,

all well ordered, as is plainly evident, since through their good disposition it hath endured for one thousand, one hundred and sixty-five years, and gives sign, moreover, that it will endure forever."²

With such faith in their city, and such reason for it, and with affection for her quickened by the constant appeal of her material beauty, it was not strange that in the imaginations of her people Venice became personified as a half-divine ideal figure. She is the only city of modern times that has shared and has deserved to share this distinction with Rome and the other great cities of the ancient world. A mythologic legend concerning her origin and destiny gradually formed itself, in which Christian and pagan symbols were curiously intermingled, and which the Renaissance found half ready to its hand when, in accordance with its general spirit, it proceeded to introduce the deities of Olympus in harmonious coöperation with the Virgin and the saints, for the protection and exaltation of the favored city. In almost every other city of Italy, — in Verona, in Mantua, in Florence, in Siena, in Padua, — one finds the attempt of chroniclers and artists to have been to connect the early legendary history of their respective towns with the glories of Rome. Rome was mistress of all Italy except Venice. Here she had no dominion.

Christian to her core, devout in spirit, her history abounding in miracles, her imagination touched by domestic legends of saints and relics, Venice was yet as independent in her ecclesiastical relations as in her civil administration. The authority of the Pope, revered and acknowledged in all matters of faith, was steadily and successfully resisted in all matters that pertained to her own domain. She chose her own bishops; her priests were her own citizens. She admitted no divided claim to allegiance, and would endure no subordination of her authority, even in the church, to that of Rome. Her church was Vene-

¹ The Casa Dario on the Grand Canal near San Gregorio, built about 1498, one of the most elegant of the smaller palaces of the Renaissance, bears on its facade the words "*Urbs Genio Joannes Darius*."

² F. Sansovino, *Del Governo de' Regni et delle Repubbliche Venetie*, 1567, p. 169.

tian and not Roman, and that it was so only increased the fervor and constancy of her piety.

In the very heart of this unique and splendid city, and worthy of the city of which it was the most sacred and superb adornment, rose the church of her patron saint. Here was her treasure lavished, and her wealth consecrated; here her piety, her pride, her imagination, found expression, and here was the symbol of her power. It was under the banner that bore the winged lion of St. Mark that she won her victories and extended her dominion. The saint to her was more than St. George to England, or St. Denis to France, or St. John Baptist to Florence, or St. Peter to Rome. He was specially her own, for, according to the tradition which she cherished, she had been destined by the will of Heaven, long before she rose from the sea, to receive and guard the body of the saint, and to flourish under his effectual protection. She believed, though the legend was never received by the church universal, that St. Mark had been sent by St. Peter as apostle to Aquileja, and that on his return to Rome his bark, driven by the wind, came to a landing on the low island which was the first site of the city of the lagoons. Here, while he was wrapped in ecstasy, an angel of the Lord appeared to him and said, "Pax tibi, Marce. Hic requiescet corpus tuum." (Peace be with thee, Mark. Here shall thy body rest.) The angel went on to prophesy that a devout and faithful people would here, after many years, build a marvelous city (*mirificam urbem*), and would deserve to possess the body of the saint, and that through his merits and prayers they would be greatly blessed.

St. Mark was martyred and buried in Alexandria. Centuries passed. Venice had founded herself solidly upon the sand heaps of the Rivo Alto and the salt marshes around it. She was gaining consciousness of independence and strength, and her people had established for themselves a settled social and political order, under which they were prospering, when, according to another pop-

ular legend, in the year 829, two Venetian merchants, Buono, tribune of Malamocco, and Rustico, of Torcello, sailing in the Mediterranean with their vessels, for the purposes of trade, were driven by stress of weather to take harbor in the port of Alexandria. There was an edict at this time forbidding the Venetians to have any dealings with the Saracens, or to repair to their ports. The Venetian merchants, compelled to seek safety in Alexandria, visited the church in which the bones of St. Mark were preserved and venerated. Now a certain Regulus, a ruler over the Saracens, was building a splendid palace in the city of Cairo, and was seeking for columns and slabs of marble for its adornment, taking them from sacred no less than profane edifices. The guardians of the church where the relics of St. Mark were worshiped were in fear lest it might be despoiled and desecrated, and the Venetian traders, finding them depressed and anxious, proposed to them secretly that they should allow the body of the saint to be carried to Venice, where the angel of the Lord had prophesied it would find its final resting place. This they did in the hope that by carrying home so precious a treasure their disobedience of the edict against visiting the ports of the Saracens might be atoned for and forgiven. After long and doubtful debate Staurazio, a monk, and Teodoro, a priest of the church, consented to the proposal. But they feared the wrath of the people if the removal of the relics should be discovered. The body of the saint, wound in silken wrappings of which the edges were sealed, lay within a shrine. To conceal its removal the wrappings were cut open behind, and the body of Santa Claudia was artfully substituted for that of St. Mark, so that when, attracted by a sweet and pungent odor diffused from the displaced relics, the faithful flocked to the altar, no trace of the pious fraud was visible. In the darkness of night and the fury of a tempest the body, laid in a basket and covered with leaves upon which was laid a quantity of pork, was carried from the church to one of the vessels. Certain officers of the Sara-

cens, seeing the Christians bearing away this load at this strange time, were fain to know what it was, and opening the basket, and finding the swine's flesh, turned from it in disgust and allowed the sacred burden to pass on its way. The voyage to Venice witnessed many miracles, which gave assurance of the willingness of the saint to be transferred to his destined abode. Pardon for their disobedience was readily granted to the merchants in consideration of the priceless gift which they brought to Venice, and the Doge Giustiniano Partecipazio went, accompanied by the clergy, to the vessel, and with greatest reverence bore the holy relics to the ducal chapel, where they were deposited till a more fitting resting place could be prepared for them.

The Doge at once began the construction of a new church, but he had hardly put his hand to it before his death, in the same year, and the work was left to be carried on by his brother Giovanni, who succeeded him in the dogeship.

This first church of St. Mark's, erected about 829, stood for nearly one hundred and fifty years. One day in August, 976, a long-smothered hatred of the Doge Pietro Candiano broke out in open tumult. His palace was surrounded, the houses near it were set on fire, and the flames, reaching the palace, drove the Doge to take shelter in the church; but the fire soon seized upon this also, and the Doge, seeking safety in flight, was set upon by his enemies at the portal and barbarously murdered. The flames spread fast, and not till palace and church and more than three hundred houses had been destroyed did they cease their work.

One of the first cares of the successor of Candiano, Pietro Orseolo, was the rebuilding (*recreate* is the word used by the chronicler) of palace and church. There is no account of the character or progress of the work, but about seventy years later Domenico Contarini, who was Doge from 1042 to 1051, began to remodel the church upon a new design, reconstructing the edifice, in the essential features of its plan, such as it now exists. The building begun by him was

completed by his successor, Domenico Selvo, in the year 1071, and artists were employed to cover its domes and vaults with the splendid adornment of mosaics "after the Greek manner." The phrase of the chronicler is significant; for though to him it meant merely the manner of the degenerate Greeks of Constantinople, yet in truth their manner was an inheritance—wasted now and scanty indeed, still a true inheritance—from those Greek artists of the ancient time who had carved the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, or designed the pattern for the woven *peplus* of Athena.

The church was complete, but its consecration was still delayed. Ever since the fire of 976, for now a hundred years, the body of St. Mark had disappeared. This was occasion, says the Doge Andrea Dandolo in his chronicle, "of lamentation to the clergy, and of great depression to the laity." It was not to be believed that the sacred treasure, the palladium of the city, destined for it by the decree of Heaven, had perished. Without it the new church must remain vacant of its chief dignity. It could not be the divine will that Venice should be deprived of her own special saint. Now that at length the church was finished and adorned worthily to contain such a treasure, it was resolved, in June, 1094, to keep a fast throughout the city, and to make a most solemn procession through the church, with devout supplication to the Almighty that he would be pleased to reveal the place of concealment of the sacred relics. And lo! while the procession was moving, of a sudden a light broke from one of the piers, a sound of cracking was heard, bricks fell upon the pavement, and there, within the pier, was beheld the body of the saint, with the arm stretched out, as if he had moved it to make the opening in the masonry; and on one finger was a ring of gold, which, after others had tried in vain, was drawn off by Giovanni Dolfin, one of the counselors of the Doge.

The joy of the people was now as great as their grief had been before. The miracle quickened their devotion

and excited their fancy, and on the 8th of October following, "the church being dedicated to God, the reverend body was laid away in a secret place, the Doge, the primate, and the procurator alone knowing where."¹

The design of the new church, both in its general plan and in its details, was not copied from any existing edifice. It gave evidence in its conception of a quality characteristic of Venetian art at all times and in all departments, — the quality of independent and original treatment of elements derived from foreign sources. This is the distinguishing trait of the artistic races of the world, and this it is which gives Venice a higher rank in the history of the arts than that which any other mediæval Italian city can claim. Florence, indeed, at times presses her hard on the ground of originality, but even the Florentine artists were less inspired by the spirit which remodels traditional types of beauty into new forms, adapted to give expression to the special genius of a people of definite originality, than the great masters of Venetian architecture and painting. Whatever Venice touched she stamped with her own impress. She studied under Byzantine teachers, but was not content merely to copy their works. She partook of the inheritance of Roman tradition, but improved upon and modified its rules. She felt the strong influence of the Gothic spirit, — no other Italian city felt it so strongly; but instead of yielding her own originality to the powerful compulsion of the Northern style, she accepted its principles, not as ultimate canons of a fixed system, but as vital and plastic elements for her own invention to work with, and created a fresh, beautiful, and complete Gothic style of her own.

The architect of St. Mark's is unknown, but that he was a Venetian is evident from the exhibition of this prime trait of Venetian genius in his work. Constantinople and Rome furnished him with separate elements of his design,

which he fused into a composition neither Byzantine nor Romanesque, unexampled hitherto, only to be called Venetian. Adopting the Greek cross for his ground-plan, he placed over the point of intersection of its arms a central dome, forty-two feet in diameter, connected by pendentives with four great arches that sprang from four piers of vast dimensions. Over each arm of the cross rose a similar but somewhat smaller cupola, each cupola, including the central one, having a range of small windows at its base, which seemed to lighten its pressure upon its supports. Through the piers ran archways in both directions, so as to open a narrow aisle on each side of the nave and transept. The level of the eastern arm of the cross was raised above that of the body of the church, to give space to a crypt beneath it, where, below the high altar, the relics of St. Mark were laid in their secret repose. A semicircular apse terminated the eastern end of the nave, stretching out beyond the end of the aisles, which were closed externally by a flat wall, but shaped within into small, also semicircular apses. The material of the structure was brick, but the whole surface of the building, within and without, was to be covered with precious incrustations of mosaic or of marble.

The form of the cross, the domes, the incrustated decoration, were all borrowed from the East, and all had their prototypes in Byzantine buildings. But the crypt and the apses and many of the details were derived from Romanesque examples; and the diverse elements of the two styles mingled here in harmonious combination.

How far the adorning of the church with mosaic and marble had advanced at the time of its dedication in 1094 cannot be told, but the work was not of a nature to be speedily accomplished, and the twelfth century may well have been drawing to its close before the completion of the elaborate and splendid covering of the walls. The consistent

¹ This secrecy was doubtless adopted in order to secure the body against the possibility of being a second time stolen. Thefts of relics were not un-

common in the Middle Ages. The wonder-working relics of a famous saint were the source of great profit to the church where they were preserved.

and steady carrying out of a system of decoration so costly and so magnificent is a proof of the interest of the Venetians in the work, and of the reality of that piety which was one of the constant boasts of the republic. The church was properly the chapel of the Doges, and, as such, under their immediate charge; but though successive Doges devoted large sums to its construction and adornment, the chief cost was doubtless defrayed by the offerings of the citizens, to whom, year by year, it became more and more an object of pride, and who saw in it the image of the faith and the power of the state itself. It became by degrees the centre of Venetian life, the type of the glory of Venice. And thus while the mosaics of its vaults and domes display the religious conceptions of the age and the sentiment and skill of a long succession of nameless artists, in like manner the slabs of marble and alabaster that cover pier and wall, the multitudinous carvings, and the priceless columns of marble exhibit no less plainly the persistent zeal of traders and men at arms in contributing for the adornment of their church the gains of their commerce or the spoils of their conquests. From far and near, — from the ruins of Aquileja or from the desolate palace of Spalato, from the temples of ancient cities along the coast of Italy or Asia Minor, from Athens or Constantinople, from the islands of the Ægean, from Sicily or Africa — were brought shafts and capitals, fragments of sculpture, blocks of colored stone, to be offered for the work of the church. It is a most striking indication of the prevalence of a genuine artistic spirit at Venice, not only that these objects should have been so widely sought, but that the successive master-builders should have had the genius to make such use of this medley of materials, supplied to them irregularly and without order, as to produce not a mere variegated patchwork of carved and colored ornament, but a skillful, harmonious composition, in which each detail seems

to be calculated in relation to the general effect with hardly less intention and appropriateness than if all had been so designed from the beginning. Their success, however, lay in the fact that they worked upon a principle wholly diverse from those which controlled the builders of Gothic structures, — a principle which subordinated the effects of pure line and constructive form to those of color. The church was designed to afford broad, unbroken masses of wall for colored surface decoration, and the elaborate multiplicities of form peculiar to Gothic architecture were altogether unattempted. There have been no such colorists in architecture as the Venetians. It was as special a gift to them as the perfect sense of form was to the Athenians. Gifts such as these, limited to single races, to defined epochs, are not to be accounted for by any enumeration of external conditions. Their sources lie concealed in undiscoverable regions. But their influence is to be traced in all the most characteristic expressions of the race, and may be perceived often in remote and varied fields of thought and of action. They appear not merely in art and manners and language, but their subtle influence penetrates into all those relations of private or public conduct in which the imagination claims an interest. Of all the legacies of Athens to the world, none is more precious than the teaching of the intellectual value of form and proportion; of the many heir-looms that Venice has bequeathed, one of the best is the doctrine of the refined and noble use of color.

Though the original plan of the main building seems to have been that of the simple Greek cross, yet not long after its walls were erected an addition to it was begun, by which the western arm was to be inclosed within an atrium or vestibule upon its northern side and western end, and on its southern side with a chapel dedicated to St. John Baptist and an apartment for the sacred treasury of the church.¹ This addition, in the course

¹ It is possible, indeed, that the hall at the western end, with its triple portal, supporting a gallery, may have been part of the original design. It ap-

pears certain that it was constructed before the northern or southern additions. The exact dates are not to be ascertained, nor are they of great con-

of the twelfth century, gave to the building that magnificent façade which is the most striking and original characteristic of its exterior. Upon the adornment of this façade the resources of Venetian wealth and art were lavished. It was enriched not only with precious marbles, but with carvings and mosaics, till it was made the most splendid composition of colored architecture that Europe has beheld. No building so costly or so sumptuous had been erected since the fall of the empire, and none more impressive in proportion to its size, none more picturesque, has been built in later times.

And in truth, not merely picturesque, but pictorial. The system of mosaic decoration with which arches, vaults, and domes were covered was intended not merely for ornament, but as a series of pictures for religious instruction. The Scriptures were here displayed in imperishable pictures before the eyes of those who could not read the written word. The church was thus not only a sanctuary wherein to pray, to confess to be absolved, but also a school-house for the teaching of the faithful. It was like "a vast illuminated missal," its pages filled with sacred designs painted on gold. One of the inscriptions on its walls truly declares in rude rhyme, —

HISTORIIS, FORMA, AURO, SPECIE TABULARUM,
HOC TEMPLUM MARCI FORE DEUS OMNIUM ECCLE-
SIARUM.

The scheme of its pictorial decoration includes the story of the race of man, his fall and redemption; the life and passion of the Saviour, and the works of his apostles and saints.

The ceiling of the *atrium*, or fore-court of the temple, was naturally, according to the order of thought of its designers, occupied with subjects from the Old Dispensation; and there appears to have been an obvious and impressive intention, as has been pointed out by Mr.

sequence, for the whole work belongs to the great period of creative activity and imaginative design throughout great part of Europe, extending from the close of the eleventh to the beginning or middle of the thirteenth century, 1075-1225.

I am glad of the opportunity which the mention of Mr. Ruskin's name affords me to refer to his *Stones of Venice*, and his recent, still incom-

Ruskin,¹ in the conclusion of the series with the miracle of the fall of manna. It was to direct the thoughts of the disciple to the saying, "Your fathers did eat manna and are dead," and to bring to his remembrance that living bread whereof "if any man eat, he shall live forever." Entering the central door of the church, he would see before him, dim in the distance of the eastern end, the mighty figure of the Saviour throned in glory, and uttering the words, —

SUM REX CUNCTORUM, CACO FACTUS AMORE REGUM,
NE DESPERETIS VENIAM DUM TEMPUS HABETIS.

Then turning, and looking upward to the wall above the door by which he had entered, the worshiper would behold the same figure, with the Virgin on one side and St. Mark on the other, Christ himself holding open upon his knee the Book of Life, on the pages of which is written, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved;" and above, on the moulding of red marble around the mosaic, were the words, "I am the gate of life; enter through me ye who are mine." (*Janua sum vitæ; per me mea membra venite.*)

It was thus that Venice received within the church of her patron saint the followers of the faith of which she boasted herself the bulwark and the hope.²

At the beginning of the twelfth century St. Mark's was essentially complete. But such a building was not erected by contract, with the stipulation that it should be finished at a certain date. It was not, indeed, regarded as a work that admitted of definite conclusion, but rather as one to be continually in hand, to be made more excellent from generation to generation, the constant care of the state and of the people, an object of unceasing interest and of endless increase in beauty and adornment. There was never a time when some one of the arts was not adding to its embellishment. Of

plete St. Mark's Rest, as the books from which a better acquaintance with the qualities of Venetian art and of Venetian character may be gained than from all others beside. The dry bones of history are changed to a body with a living soul by the inspiration of his genius.

² "Sempre l'antemurale della Cristianità" was her own claim.

much that was done no record remains, but the history of the building can in part be traced from its own walls, in part from written records. During the twelfth century the Campanile was carried up above all the other towers of Venice, and from that time has been the most conspicuous signal of the city by sea or by land. It stands, after the common Italian fashion, detached from the church, with whose low domes and enriched arcades its own simple and stern vertical lines are a vigorous and picturesque contrast.¹ For at least two centuries (1125-1350), the structures annexed to the main body of the church, and forming a part of it as seen from without, including the baptistery, the treasury, and the forecourt or vestibule, were slowly advancing toward completion and receiving their rich adornment of marble and mosaic. All this work corresponded in general style with that of the church, and was in harmony with its general design. But meanwhile a great change was going on in the taste of the Venetians. The influences of the East were losing ground before those of the West, and the Byzantine elements in Venetian architecture were giving place to those of Gothic art. It was about the end of the fourteenth century, or perhaps in the early years of the fifteenth, that all the incongruous but picturesque and fanciful mass of pinnacles and tabernacles, of crockets, finials, and canopies with pointed arches, which is in such striking opposition to the older and simpler forms of the building, was set up on the church. They enhance the impression of variety and wealth of adornment, they give a strange and complex character to the façade, but they serve no constructive purpose; they are mere external decoration; and though their effect is brilliant and surprising, it is not in keeping with the scheme of the earlier builders. These architectural adornments, with no meaning but to increase the richness of the front, have,

indeed, a real significance as marking a change in the moral temper of Venice and a loss of fineness in her perceptions of fitness and of beauty. She was growing luxurious, sensual, and prodigal. A century earlier she had known how to use the forms of Gothic architecture with dignity, and with imagination all the more powerful for being held firmly in restraint. But this new adornment of St. Mark's indicated by its wantonness the beginning of a new epoch of Venetian art, in which architecture, sculpture, and painting, after having long united their powers to express the sentiment and faith of a high-spirited community, were to become the ministers to its ostentation and the servants of the luxury and display of private citizens.

The moral history of Venice for five hundred years is indelibly recorded on the walls of the church, the decoration of which had been the chief task of her arts; the arts are incorruptible witnesses, and form and color are undeniable indications of spiritual conditions. The testimony of mosaics and marbles concerning the character and aims of the Venetians corresponds with and is confirmed by the less instinctive evidence of the inscriptions set in the walls or engraved on the monuments of the dead buried within the church.

St. Mark's, the chapel of the Doges, was used, not for religious services and ceremonies alone, but served as the gathering place of the people when great affairs were to be determined, and the Doge saw fit to summon the citizens to hear and to decide by their vote what course should be followed. Here, too, each Doge, upon his election by the council, was presented before an assemblage of the people, called together by the ringing of the bells, that the choice might be confirmed by the voices of the common citizens. "We have chosen this man Doge, if so it please you,"²

¹ The Campanile frequently suffered from strokes of lightning and from fire. In 1489, after its summit had been shattered by lightning, it was restored, and since then has remained essentially unaltered.

² This form lasted till the election of Francesco Foscari, in 1423, when it was disused, all semblance

of a popular element in the state having by this time disappeared. "Suppose the people were to say No; what would it matter?" asked the grand chancellor. "Let us therefore only say, We have chosen this man Doge." See Sanudo, *Vite de' Duchi*, 968, E.

were the words with which their consent was asked, and it was seldom that the people had reason not to be pleased with the choice. Then before all the people the new Doge, kneeling at the high altar, was invested by the primate with the ducal mantle, and received from his hands the red banner of St. Mark, the triumphant standard of the republic. Near the door by which the Doge entered the church from his palace, above the altar of St. Clement, was an inscription in letters of gold, addressed to the Doge himself; it was the monition of Venice to him:—

DILIGE IUSTITIAM, SUA CUNCTIS REDDITO IURA: PAUPER CUM VIDUA, PUPILLES ET ORPHANUS, O DUX, TE SEM PATRONUM SPERANT. PIUS OMNIBUS ESTO: NON TIMOR AUT ODIUM VEL AMOR NEC TE TRAHAT AURUM.

UT FLOS CASURUS, DUX, ES, CINERESQUE FUTURUS, ET VELUT ACTURUS, POST MORTEM SIC HABITURUS.

"Love justice, render their rights unto all: let the poor man and the widow, the ward and the orphan, O Doge, hope for a guardian in thee. Be pious toward all. Let not fear, nor hate, nor love, nor gold betray thee. As a flower shalt thou fall, Doge; dust shalt thou become, and as shall have been thy deeds, so, after death, shall thy guerdon be."

The close connection of palace and church was the type of the connection between the politics and the religion of the state. There was no divorce between them in theory. The men who founded, built up, and administered the republic were, with few exceptions, men not merely pious, but in a noble sense religious. During the centuries of splendor and power of Venice, a standard of honesty, uprightness, and steady justice in the conduct of public affairs was maintained by her, superior to that of any other mediæval state. The qualities which distinguished the private dealings of her citizens were displayed in her public administration. Her merchants were men of honor, who valued their word.

They knew that their prosperity and that of their city depended on the confidence inspired by their integrity. The habit of honest dealing became a ruling principle in Venetian character. There were cheats and thieves and traitors at Venice as well as elsewhere, but there was no laxity toward fraud, and the Venetian ideal of character was one in which honesty and justice were the first elements. The Doge Vitale Faliero, in whose time St. Mark's was consecrated, died in 1096, and was buried in the portico of the church. Upon his tomb, enriched with mosaics of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the archangels of the last judgment, is an inscription of which the first lines render the old Venetian ideal:

MORIBUS INSIGNIS, TITULIS CELEBRIS DIGNIS
CULTOR HONESTATIS, DUX OMNIMODÆ PROBITATIS.¹

The evidence of epitaphs, however doubtful as regards the character of special individuals, is trustworthy in respect to the qualities honored by the public. Through all the period of the best life of Venice, from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, the virtues of probity and justice are constantly cited as the chief titles to honor of the dead.

"Justus, purus, castus, mitis, cuique placebat" is the praise of the Doge Sebastiano Ziani, who died in 1188. It was while this just, pure, chaste and mild man was Doge that St. Mark's was the scene of one of the most striking incidents in Venetian annals, and one that so deeply impressed the popular imagination that a poetic legend concerning it sprang up and so flourished, with the aid of the church and of the arts, as for centuries to obscure the real facts of history. During the twenty years' strife between Frederic Barbarossa and the Pope Alexander III.,—a strife which distracted the whole Christian world,—Venice, though enjoeled and threatened by either power in turn, had maintained

¹ Close by the tomb of this Doge is that of the young wife of his successor, Vitale Michele. She died in the first year of the twelfth century, and the inscription which commemorates her virtues gives us a conception of the Venetian ideal of the womanly character at that early time. This record of one of the long train of fair Venetian women, deficient as it is in literary art, but with the grace of

childish simplicity, adds an association of tenderness to the historic memories of St. Mark's:—

Cultrix vera Dei, cultrix et pauperiei;
Sic subnixâ Deo quo frueretur eo;
Comis in affatu, nullis onerosa ducatu;
Vultu mitis eras, quod foris intus erat.
Calceavit luxum, suffugit quemque tumultum
Ad strepitum nullum cor tulit ipsa suum

an independent neutrality. At length the Doge, a man trusted and skilled in affairs, succeeded in prevailing upon the Pope and the emperor to meet in Venice, where, after long and difficult negotiations, terms of accord were settled upon between them. It was agreed that in token of reconciliation there should be a solemn service in which Pope and emperor should take part. The Pope, in presence of a vast multitude of spectators, received the emperor in the vestibule of the church, before the main door of entrance, and the place of this meeting was marked by three slabs of red marble inserted in the pavement.

Great as was the splendor of the scene, and great as its significance may have appeared to the chief actors in it and to the crowd of spectators, they did not appreciate its full meaning. It was in truth the sign of the decisive victory of the ecclesiastical over the secular power, — a victory of which the consequences are manifest even in contemporary history. The event deserved commemoration, and the popular and ecclesiastical legend, though in great degree a pure invention, expressed more vividly than the true record the essential significance of the facts.

According to this legend, the Pope, poor and deserted, flying in disguise to escape the persecutions of Frederic, took refuge secretly in Venice, and being received into a monastery ministered to the brethren for some days as their cook. At length a Venetian, who had been on a pilgrimage to Rome and had seen the Pope there, recognized him under his disguise, and informed the Doge of his presence in the city. The Doge, accompanied by the clergy and the people, at once went to the monastery, and thence conducted the Pope, with all honor, to the palace of the Patriarch. Then the Doge sent messengers to the emperor to arrange terms of peace, but he angrily refused, bidding them tell the Doge that he demanded the surrender of the Pope, "and if this be refused," he added, "I will come to take him by force, and will set my eagles on the very church of St. Mark."

The Doge did not tremble when he heard these words. It was resolved to send out a fleet at once to meet the fleet of the emperor. That of the Venetians consisted of but thirty galleys, while that of the emperor numbered seventy-five. On the 26th of May, 1177, the Feast of the Ascension, the Venetians won a signal victory, with their thirty galleys capturing forty of the enemy's vessels, and taking prisoner Otho, the son of Frederic and the captain of his fleet. Defeat only embittered the stubborn heart of the emperor. After a while Otho persuaded his captors to let him out from prison on parole, that he might try to turn his father's mind to peace. Great was the joy of his father at seeing him. Then Otho told him that the rout of his armada had been due to no natural cause, but was a manifest judgment of God, and the sign of his displeasure with the emperor because of his persecution of the Pope; and he besought his father to make peace before the arm of the Lord should fall more heavily upon him. At last the stiff-necked Barbarossa yielded to the arguments and persuasions of his son, and the two set out for Venice accompanied by a great train of followers. The Doge and the people went out to meet the emperor, while the Pope in his pontifical robes remained standing on a pulpit that had been erected before the entrance of St. Mark's. As the emperor drew near, the Pope left the pulpit, and entering the vestibule of the church awaited his approach. The emperor came, and overcame with awe at the sight of the viceroy of the Lord whom he had so deeply offended and who had visited him with such heavy chastisement, prostrated himself upon the pavement, kissed the foot of the Pope, and prayed for pardon. Then the Pope said, setting his foot upon the head of the emperor, "*Super aspidem et basiliscam ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem,*" or, as translated, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." (*Psalms xci. 13.*) The emperor, not yet humiliated so far as to endure patiently such indignity, re-

plied, "Non tibi sed Petro" (Not to thee, but to Peter, do I humble myself); and the Pope answered, "Et mihi et Petro." (Both to me and to Peter.) Then the Pope raised him from the ground, and they entered the church with the Doge, all the clergy singing, *Te Deum Laudamus*.¹

Such was the legend which was cherished by the Venetians and adopted by the church. It represents, better than the true history, the popular feeling of the time; and it is itself a piece of the history of St. Mark's, as having exalted the pride of the Venetians in the church that had been the stage on which a scene of such import had been transacted. As time went on, they connected these fabulous events with some of the chief dignities and chief festivals of the republic. Of all her festivals there was none more fanciful or more splendid, none which more clearly reflected her poetic temperament, than that of the annual espousal of the Sea by the Doge, on the day of Ascension. The actual date of the origin of this ceremony cannot be certainly fixed, and it seems likely that the custom began not far from the year 1000. But the later Venetians were apt to regard it as being in part, at least, a commemoration of the marvelous and fabulous victory, gained on Ascension Day, over the imperial fleet; and it was believed that the Pope had given to the Doge the first ring which was cast into the sea, as the bridal ring, the sign that as the wife to her husband, so the sea should be subject to the republic.²

Sebastiano Ziani, who thus accomplished peace between the two swords, died an old man in 1178. Fourteen years later a still older man, and one still more famous, was chosen Doge, En-

rico Dandolo. The repute of the Venetians for wealth, for arms, for arts, was high throughout Christendom. Their energies were fresh and their spirit unexhausted. It was during the dogeship of Dandolo that St. Mark's was the scene of incidents of hardly less interest than those attending the pacification of Pope and emperor, and of which, fortunately, a vivid and trustworthy account by one of the chief actors in them has come down to us.

Dandolo had been Doge for six years when, in 1198, Innocent III. was chosen Pope. He was but thirty-seven years old, a man of resolute will, of ardent temperament, and with a political genius that made him not only the foremost statesman of his time, but gives him claim to rank with the ablest in the long line of the successors of St. Peter. He had hardly become Pope before he devoted himself, with all the energy of his vigorous character, to inciting the rulers and the people of Europe to a new crusade. He recognized the effect of the crusades in increasing the authority and extending the jurisdiction of the papacy. There was no lack of motive to excite zeal in a new expedition for the recovery of the Holy Land. The true cross had been lost; Jerusalem was in the hands of the infidel; with the loss of Jaffa, in 1197, scarcely a stronghold remained for the Christians in Palestine, and the Latin kingdom was little more than a name. But Saladin, the great leader of the Mahometans, was dead, and his power had fallen into weaker hands. Let but a determined effort be made, and there was yet a chance to free Christendom from the ignominy of leaving the holy city of its Lord in subjection to the Saracen.

¹ See Sanudo, *Vite de' Duchi*, col. 511. This famous legend for centuries was very widely adopted, not merely by unscrupulous partisans of papal pretensions, but by many veracious historians. Even Daru, in his *Histoire de Venise*, i., 230 *seqq.*, maintains it in spite of the fact that Muratori, and before him Sigonius, and Baronius had exposed it as a tissue of fables. A thorough examination of the subject by the Noble Angelo Zon is to be found in *Cicogna, Inscrizioni Veneziane*, iv., 574-593. A series of pictures on the walls of one of the apartments of the Palazzo della Repubblica, at Siena, painted by Spi-

nello d'Arezzo in 1407-8, represents the scenes of the story. Siena was proud of being the birthplace of Alexander III.

² "Uti uxorem viro, ita mare imperio reipublice Venetae subjectum,"—these were the words of the Pope; or, according to another version, *Te, fili, Dux, tuosque successores aureo annulo singulis annis in die Ascensionis mare desponsare volumus, sicut vir subjectam sibi desponsat uxorem, quum vere ipse custos censuris, quare ab infestantibus nostrum mare quietasti totaliter*.—Sanudo, *Vite de' Duchi*, col. 510.

Innocent dispatched his briefs and sent his messengers throughout Europe, to rouse the hearts of men and to press upon them the new enterprise. He proclaimed an indulgence, by the terms of which all those who should enlist in the crusade and do the service of God for one year under arms should be relieved from all penalty for the sins of which they should devoutly make confession. Nowhere was the cause more ardently preached or the cross more readily taken than in the lands of France. The fervid eloquence of Foulques, priest of Neuilly, near Paris, stirred the blood of young and old, of high and low. Among those who pledged themselves to go across sea to fight in the cause of the Lord were Thibaut, the young count of Champagne and of Brie, Louis, count of Blois and of Chartres, both cousins of the king; Simon de Montfort, who had already served well in the Holy Land, and who was years afterward to acquire terrible repute in the mis-called crusade against the Albigenses; and, following the example of these leaders, many more of the chief barons of France. In the spring of 1201 the preparations had so far advanced that six envoys were sent to Italy to make arrangements for the embarkation of the crusaders from some Italian port. Furnished with full powers they proceeded to Venice, because they knew that there they would find a larger supply of vessels and of needful stores than at any other port. Geoffroy de Villehardouin, marshal of Champagne, was the head of the commission, and in his chronicle of the conquest of Constantinople he reported their proceedings, and the later doings of the crusaders, with a spirit, simplicity, and picturesqueness that make his narrative one of the most interesting and delightful pieces of early French literature, as well as the most important historical record of the events which he describes. His book affords such an image of the character and temper of the times as is not elsewhere to be found.

On the arrival of the envoys at Venice, at the season of Lent, in February, 1201, the Doge, "a man very wise and

of great worth," welcomed them cordially and with much honor. Having presented to him their letters of credence, it was agreed that four days afterward they should lay their propositions before the council. At the appointed time "they entered the palace, which was very rich and beautiful, and found the Doge and his council in a chamber, and delivered their message after this manner: 'Sire, we are come to you on the part of the high barons of France, who have taken the sign of the cross in order to avenge the shame of Jesus Christ and to reconquer Jerusalem, if God permit. And, because they know that no people have so great power to aid them as you and your folk, they pray you, for God's sake, to have pity on the Land beyond the Sea and on the shame of Jesus Christ, and to take pains that they may have ships of transport and of war.' 'In what manner?' said the Doge. 'In every way,' said the envoys, 'that you can propose or advise, provided only they can meet your proposals.' 'Certes,' said the Doge, 't is a great thing they have asked of us, and it seems truly that they are devising a high affair. We will reply to you eight days hence. And marvel not if the delay be long, for so great a matter needs much reflection.'

"At the time fixed by the Doge they went back to the palace. All the words that were uttered there I cannot report them to you, but the end of the conference was this: 'Gentlemen,' said the Doge, 'we will tell you the decision we have taken, if we can bring our great council and the commonalty of our land to confirm it, and you shall consult together to see if you can agree to its terms. We will provide fit vessels to transport four thousand five hundred horses and nine thousand squires, and ships for four thousand five hundred knights and twenty thousand foot-soldiers. And we will agree to provision them for nine months. This is what we will do, at least on condition that four marks shall be paid for every horse and two marks for every man. And we will make this agreement to hold for one

year, counting from the day we shall leave the port of Venice, to do service for God and for Christendom in whatsoever place it may be. The sum of this expense before-named amounts to eighty-five thousand marks. And thus much more we will do: we will add fifty galleys armed for the love of God, on condition that so long as our joint company shall last, of all the conquests we shall make of land or of goods, on sea or on land, we shall have one half and you the other. Now, then, consult and see if you can do and bear your part.'

"The envoys went out, saying that they would talk together, and reply on the next day. They consulted and talked together that night, and agreed to do it, and the next day went to the Doge, and said, 'Sire, we are ready to conclude this convention.' And the Doge said he would speak to his people about it, and would let them know what he found out.

"The morning of the third day, the Doge, who was very wise and worthy, summoned his great council, and this council was of forty men, the wisest of the land. And he, by his sense and wit, which was very clear and good, brought them to approve and will it. Thus he brought them to it, and then a hundred, then two hundred, then a thousand, till all agreed and approved. Then he assembled at once full ten thousand in the chapel of St. Mark, — the most beautiful that can be, — and he said to them that they should hear a mass of the Holy Spirit, and should pray God to counsel them as to the request that the envoys had made to them. And they did so very willingly.

"When the mass was said, the Doge sent word to the envoys that they should humbly beg the people to consent that the convention should be concluded. The envoys came to the church. They were greatly looked at by many people who had never seen them. By the consent and wish of the other envoys Geoffroi de Villehardouin took the word and said to them, 'Gentlemen, the highest and most puissant barons of France have sent us to you, and they cry you mer-

cy, that you may take pity on Jerusalem, which is in bondage to the Turks, and that for God's sake you would aid them to avenge the shame of Jesus Christ. And they have chosen you because they know that no people who are on the sea have so great power as you and your people. And they bade us fall at your feet and not to rise till you had promised that you would take pity on the Holy Land beyond the sea.' " The memories of the church were eloquent in seconding the appeal of the envoy. More than a hundred years before, the people had been summoned to St. Mark's to deliberate as to the part that Venice should take in the first crusade, and had resolved to join in the holy enterprise. The favor of Heaven had attended them, and they had brought back with them, as a sign of its grace, the most precious body of St. Theodore, chief patron of Venice next after St. Mark, and the body of St. Nicholas, who was another of their heavenly advocates. Again, in 1123, they had met in St. Mark's once more, to resolve, in the presence of the Lord, to take share in a new crusade; and again the fame of Venice had been increased by the deeds of her crusaders, her dominion had been extended, her power in the East augmented, and she herself had been enriched with new store of relics and with those stately columns that now stood at the edge of the sea, near to her palace and her church, monuments of the ancient glory of Tyre, transferred to the still more glorious modern city.

The voice of such memories and monuments as these was clear. There could be but one answer to the new call to help to rescue the sacred walls of Jerusalem. And so when Villehardouin had finished his address, he tell us that "the six envoys knelt down weeping, and the Doge and all the rest burst into tears of pity, and cried out all with one voice, and stretched their hands on high and said, 'We promise it! We promise it!' Then there was such a great noise and uproar that it seemed as if the earth trembled. And when this great uproar was quieted, and this great emotion (and

greater no man ever saw), the good Doge of Venice, who was very wise and worthy, mounted to the pulpit and spoke to the people, and said to them, 'Gentlemen, behold what honor God has done you! for the best people in the world have turned from all other people and have sought your company in so high an emprise as the deliverance of our Lord.'

"Of the fair and good words that the Doge spoke I cannot report to you all; but the end of the thing was that they took till the morrow to draw up the papers. . . . And when the papers were completed and sealed they were brought to the Doge in the great palace, where were the great council and the little. And when the Doge delivered his papers to them he knelt down, and with many tears he swore upon the saints to keep in good faith the agreements that were in the papers; and all his council did in like wise. And the envoys on their part swore to hold to their papers, and that the oaths of their lords and their own oaths should be kept in good faith. You should know that many a tear of pity was shed there. Then the envoys borrowed five thousand marks of silver, and gave them to the Doge to begin the fleet; and then they took leave, to return to their own country."

The news that the envoys carried to France of the good will and the promises of the Venetians was received with joy. But "adventures happen as it pleases God," says Villehardouin, and many things occurred to disarrange the plans of the leaders of the crusade. At length, after Easter, in May and June, 1202, the pilgrims began to depart from their country. Many of them journeyed to Venice, but not all who had promised to do so proceeded thither, so that when all who had gone there met together, they were greatly troubled, finding themselves too few in number to keep their bargain and to pay the promised money to the Venetians. Such as had come were received with joy and honor by the Venetians. They were all lodged on the island of St. Nicholas, near the city, and the army, though small, was "very

beautiful and composed of good folk." The Venetians provided them well with all needful supplies, and the fleet which they had got ready was the finest any Christian man had ever seen, and sufficient for three times as many people as there were in the army. "The Venetians," says Villehardouin, "had fulfilled completely their agreement, and done much more even; and now they summoned the counts and barons to perform their part, and they demanded the money due them, for they were ready to set sail." But when the price of passage had been paid for all the crusaders who had come to Venice, the sum fell short by more than half. After long and bitter debate, it was agreed by the crusaders, in order that the expedition might not be broken up, that each one of the rich men among them should give, over and above his share, all that he could spare or borrow. "And then," says Villehardouin, "you might have seen quantities of fine plate of gold and silver carried to the palace of the Doge to make payment. And when all was paid, the sum still fell short by thirty-four thousand silver marks; and those who had kept back their property were very joyous, and would set nothing thereto, for they thought then that surely the army would fail and go to pieces. But God, who consoles the disconsolate, would not suffer it thus."

"Then the Doge spoke to his people, and said: 'This folk can pay no more, but let us not therefore break our word; let us agree that the payment of the thirty-four thousand marks which they owe us be postponed till God let us, we and they, gain this sum together, on condition that they help us to recover the strong city of Zara, in Slavonia, which the King of Hungary has taken from us.' And so, finally, it was arranged.

"Then they assembled one Sunday in the church of St. Mark. It was a very great feast, and the people of the land were there, and the greater part of the barons and pilgrims. Before the high mass began, the Doge of Venice, who was named Enrico Dandolo, mounted

the pulpit and spoke to the people, and said, 'Gentlemen, you are associated with the best people in the world, for the highest affair that has ever been undertaken; and I am an old man and feeble, and have need of repose, for I am ill of body; but I see that no one could so govern and lead you as I who am your lord (*sire*). If you will permit me to take the sign of the cross, in order to guard and direct you, and my son to stay in my place and guard the land, I will go to live or die with you and the pilgrims.' And when they heard him, they all cried with one voice, 'We pray thee, for love of God, that you do this, and that you come with us.' Very great was then the emotion of the people of the land and of the pilgrims, and many a tear was shed, because this worthy man might have had such great reason for staying at home; for he was an old man, and though his eyes were fair to look on, yet he saw not at all, for he had lost his sight through a wound on the head.¹ But he had a very large heart. He came down from the pulpit and went before the altar and knelt down, weeping much; and they sewed the cross on the front of his tall cap of cotton, because he wished that the people should see it. And the Venetians began to take the cross in great numbers. Our pilgrims had great joy, and very deep feeling on account of that cross which he had taken, because of his wisdom and his prowess. Thus the Doge took the cross, as you have heard. Then they began to deliver the ships and the galleys and the vessels to the barons for setting sail, and so much time had passed that September [1202] was drawing near." The resolution of the Doge, ninety-four years old as he was, is an effective illustration of the spirit that made the crusades possible,

¹ Dandolo had been blinded when Venetian envoy at Constantinople, in 1171, by Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of the East. His blindness does not seem to have been complete. His descendant, the Doge Andrea Dandolo, says simply in his chronicle, "Emanuel itaque erga Venetos furore accensus, se eos ad nihilum redacturum adjurans, in legatos, dum ea quae pacis erant requirerent, injuriose prorupit. Cui Henricus Dandolo pro salute patriae constanter resistens, visu aliquantulum obtenebratus est.

and not less of that which inspired the great works of church building of this period.

This is not the place to tell the story of the crusade, which did little for the honor of the cross, but in the course of which Constantinople was besieged and taken by the allied forces of the French and Venetians. From the pillage of the imperial city Venice gained many precious objects. Her piety was rewarded by receiving from the Doge as part of the booty a piece of the true cross, one of the arms of St. George, a part of the skull of St. John Baptist, the body of St. Lucia, — *Lucia nemica di ciascun crudele*, — the body of St. Simeon, and a phial of the blood of Jesus Christ. The crusaders were not of a temper to respect the priceless works of ancient art with which the city was adorned: the statues of marble were shattered, those of bronze melted down; but Dandolo interposed to save the four horses of gilded bronze that Constantine had carried from Rome to decorate his hippodrome, and in 1205 they were sent to Venice, and shortly after set up on the front of St. Mark's, — a strange but striking ornament of its fanciful façade,² and a permanent memorial of the share of Venice in the crusade.

The story of St. Mark's is an epitome of the story of Venice. So long as Venice lived, St. Mark's was the symbol and expression of her inner life. Among the noble works of men, few more beautiful, few more venerable, adorn the face of the world. It is the chief monument of one of the communities which in its time did most to elevate and refine mankind. For a long period the Venetians served as the advance guard of modern civilization, and their history can never cease to be of interest to the student of political institutions and of the highest

Qui illatam injuriam sub dissimulatione secretam tenens, una cum socio Venetias redeunt." Lib. x., ch. 1, § 4. The "pro salute patriae" is a true touch of the Venetian spirit.

² After the overthrow of the republic they were carried in 1797 to Paris, but were restored, as an inscription curiously out of place on the front of the church records, by the Emperor of Austria, Francis I., in 1815.

forms of human society. "From the top of the fair building of the tower of St. Mark's," says an old traveler, "you have the fairest and goodliest prospect that is (I thinke) in all the worlde. For therehence may you see the whole model and forme of the citie, *sub uno intuitu*, a sight that doth in my opinion farre surpass all the shewes under the cope of heaven. There you may have a syn-

opsis, that is a general viewe, of little Christendome (for so doe many intitle this citie of Venice), or rather of the Jerusalem of Christendome," and among all the sights of this glorious city the chief is "the beautiful church of St. Marke, which though it be but little, yet it is exceeding rich, and truly so many are its ornaments that a perfect description of them would require a little volume."

Charles Eliot Norton.

THE QUAKER GRAVE-YARD.

Four straight brick walls, severely plain,
A quiet city square surround;
A level space of nameless graves,
The Quakers' burial-ground.

In gown of gray or coat of drab
They trod the common ways of life,
With passions held in sternest leash,
And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting-house they fared,
With thoughts as sober as their speech,
To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,
To hear the elders preach.

Through quiet lengths of days they came,
With scarce a change to this repose;
Of all life's loveliness they took
The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves
Glad rings the southward robin's glee;
And sparrows fill the autumn air
With merry mutiny;

While on the graves of drab and gray
The red and gold of autumn lie,
And willful Nature decks the sod
In gentlest mockery.

Weir Mitchell.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

II.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

IT ought to be said, by way of explanation, that my being lost in the woods was not premeditated. Nothing could have been more informal. This apology can be necessary only to those who are familiar with the Adirondack literature. Any person not familiar with it would see the absurdity of one going to the Northern Wilderness with the deliberate purpose of writing about himself as a lost man. It may be true that a book about this wild tract would not be recognized as complete without a lost-man story in it, since it is almost as easy for a stranger to get lost in the Adirondacks as in Boston. I merely desire to say that my unimportant adventure is not narrated in answer to the popular demand; and I do not wish to be held responsible for its variation from the typical character of such experiences.

We had been in camp a week, on the Upper Ausable Lake. This is a gem, emerald or turquoise as the light changes it, set in the virgin forest. It is not a large body of water, is irregular in form, and about a mile and a half in length; but in the sweep of its wooded shores and the lovely contour of the lofty mountains that guard it, the lake is probably the most charming in America. Why the young ladies and gentlemen who camp there occasionally vex the days and nights with hooting and singing sentimental songs is a mystery even to the laughing loon.

I left my companions there one Saturday morning, to return to Keene Valley, intending to fish down the Ausable River. The Upper Lake discharges itself into the Lower by a brook which winds through a mile and a half of swamp and woods. Out of the north end of the Lower Lake, which is a huge sink in the mountains and mirrors the savage precipices,

the Ausable breaks its rocky barriers and flows through a wild gorge, several miles, to the valley below. Between the Lower Lake and the settlements is an extensive forest, traversed by a cart-path admirably constructed of loose stones, roots of trees, decayed logs, slippery rocks, and mud; the gorge of the river forms its western boundary. I followed this caricature of a road a mile or more, then gave my luggage to the guide to carry home, and struck off through the forest, by compass, to the river. I promised myself an exciting scramble down this little-frequented cañon, and a creel full of trout. There was no difficulty in finding the river or in descending the steep precipice to its bed; getting into a scrape is usually the easiest part of it. The river is strewn with bowlders, big and little, through which the amber water rushes with an unceasing thunderous roar, now plunging down in white falls, then swirling round in dark pools. The day, already past meridian, was delightful, — at least the blue strip of it I could see overhead.

Better pools and rapids for trout never were, I thought, as I concealed myself behind a bowlder and made the first cast. There is nothing like the thrill of expectation over the first throw in unfamiliar waters. Fishing is like gambling, in that failure only excites hope of a fortunate throw next time. There was no rise to the "leader" on the first cast nor on the twenty-first, and I cautiously worked my way down stream, throwing right and left. When I had gone half a mile, my opinion of the character of the pools was unchanged; never were there such places for trout; but the trout were out of their places. Perhaps they didn't care for the fly; some trout seem to be so unsophisticated as to prefer the worm. I replaced the fly with a baited hook; the worm squirmed, the waters rushed and roared, a cloud sailed across the blue; no trout rose to the lonesome opportu-

nity. There is a certain companionship in the presence of trout, especially when you can feel them flopping in your fish-basket; but it became evident that there were no trout in this wilderness, and a sense of isolation for the first time came over me. There was no living thing near. The river had by this time entered a deeper gorge; walls of rocks rose perpendicularly on either side,—picturesque rocks, painted many colors by the oxide of iron. It was not possible to climb out of the gorge; it was impossible to find a way by the side of the river; and getting down the bed, over the falls and through the flumes, was not easy and consumed time.

Was that thunder? Very likely. But thunder-showers are always brewing in these mountain fortresses, and it did not occur to me that there was anything personal in it. Very soon, however, the hole in the sky closed in, and the rain dashed down. It seemed a providential time to eat my luncheon, and I took shelter under a seraggy pine that had rooted itself in the edge of the rocky slope. The shower soon passed, and I continued my journey, creeping over the slippery rocks and continuing to show my confidence in the unresponsive trout. The way grew wilder and more gruesome. The thunder began again, rolling along over the tops of the mountains and reverberating in sharp concussions in the gorge; the lightning also darted down into the darkening passage, and then the rain. Every enlightened being, even if he is in a fisherman's dress of shirt and pantaloons, hates to get wet; and I ignominiously crept under the edge of a sloping boulder. It was all very well at first, until streams of water began to crawl along the face of the rock and trickle down the back of my neck. This was refined misery, unheroic and humiliating, as suffering always is when unaccompanied by resignation.

A longer time than I knew was consumed in this and repeated efforts to wait for the slackening and renewing storm to pass away. In the intervals of calm I still fished, and even descended to what a sportsman considers incredible

baseness: I put a "sinker" on my line. It is the practice of the country folk, whose only object is to get fish, to use a good deal of bait, sink the hook to the bottom of the pools, and wait the slow appetite of the summer trout. I tried this also. I might as well have fished in a pork barrel. It is true that in one deep, black, round pool I lured a small trout from the bottom and deposited him in the creel, but it was an accident; though I sat there in the awful silence—the roar of water and thunder only emphasized the stillness—full half an hour, I was not encouraged by another nibble. Hope, however, did not die; I always expected to find the trout in the next flume, and so I toiled slowly on, unconscious of the passing time. At each turn of the stream I expected to see the end; and at each turn I saw a long, narrow stretch of rocks and foaming water. Climbing out of the ravine was in most places simply impossible, and I began to look with interest for a slide, where bushes rooted in the scant earth would enable me to scale the precipice. I did not doubt that I was nearly through the gorge. I could at length see the huge form of the Giant of the Valley, scarred with avalanches, at the end of the vista; and it seemed not far off. But it kept its distance, as only a mountain can, while I stumbled and slid down the rocky way. The rain had now set in with persistence, and suddenly I became aware that it was growing dark; and I said to myself, If you don't wish to spend the night in this horrible chasm, you'd better escape speedily. Fortunately I reached a place where the face of the precipice was bush-grown, and with considerable labor scrambled up it.

Having no doubt that I was within half a mile, perhaps within a few rods, of the house above the entrance of the gorge, and that in any event I should fall into the cart-path in a few minutes, I struck boldly into the forest, congratulating myself on having escaped out of the river. So sure was I of my whereabouts that I did not note the bend of the river nor look at my compass. The

one trout in my basket was no burden, and I stepped lightly out.

The forest was of hard wood, and open, except for a thick undergrowth of moose-bush. It was raining; in fact, it had been raining, more or less, for a month, and the woods were soaked. This moose-bush is most annoying stuff to travel through in a rain, for the broad leaves slap one in the face and sop him with wet. The way grew every moment more dingy. The heavy clouds above the thick foliage brought night on prematurely. It was decidedly premature to a near-sighted man, whose glasses the rain rendered useless. Such a person ought to be at home early. On leaving the river bank, I had borne to the left, so as to be sure to strike either the clearing or the road, and not wander off into the measureless forest. I confidently pursued this course, and went gayly on by the left flank. That I did not come to any opening or path only showed that I had slightly mistaken the distance; I was going in the right direction.

I was so certain of this that I quickened my pace, and got up with alacrity every time I tumbled down, amid the slippery leaves and catching roots, and hurried on. And I kept to the left; it even occurred to me that I was turning to the left so much that I might come back to the river again. It grew more dusky and rained more violently, but there was nothing alarming in the situation, since I knew exactly where I was. It was a little mortifying that I had miscalculated the distance, yet so far was I from feeling any uneasiness about this that I quickened my pace again, and, before I knew it, was in a full run, — that is, as full a run as a person can indulge in in the dusk, with so many trees in the way. No nervousness, but simply a reasonable desire to get there. I desired to look upon myself as the person "not lost but gone before." As time passed and darkness fell, and no clearing of road appeared, I ran a little faster. It did n't seem possible that the people had moved, or the road been changed, and yet I was sure of my di-

rection. I went on with an energy increased by the ridiculousness of the situation, the danger that an experienced woodsman was in of getting home late for supper, — the lateness of the meal being nothing to the gibes of the unlost. How long I kept this course and how far I went on I do not know, but suddenly I stumbled against an ill-placed tree and sat down on the soaked ground, a trifle out of breath. It then occurred to me that I had better verify my course by the compass. There was scarcely light enough to distinguish the black end of the needle. To my amazement the compass, which was made near Greenwich, was wrong! Allowing for the natural variation of the needle, it was absurdly wrong. It made out that I was going south when I was going north. It intimated that instead of turning to the left I had been making a circuit to the right. According to the compass, the Lord only knew where I was.

The inclination of persons in the woods to travel in a circle is unexplained. I suppose it arises from the sympathy of the legs with the brain. Most people reason in a circle; their minds go round and round, always in the same track. For the last half hour I had been saying over a sentence that started itself: "I wonder where that *road* is?" I had said it over till it had lost all meaning. I kept going round on it. And yet I could not believe that my body had been traveling in a circle. Not being able to recognize any tracks, I have no evidence that I had so traveled, except the general testimony of lost men.

The compass annoyed me. I've known experienced guides utterly discredit it. It could n't be that I was to turn about and go the way I had come. Nevertheless, I said to myself, You'd better keep a cool head, my boy, or you are in for a night of it. Better listen to science than to spunk. And I resolved to heed the impartial needle. I was a little weary of the rough tramping, but it was necessary to be moving, for with wet clothes and the night air I was decidedly chilly. I turned towards the north, and slipped and stumbled along. A more

uninviting forest to pass the night in I never saw. Everything was soaked. If I became exhausted, it would be necessary to build a fire; and, as I walked on, I could n't find a dry bit of wood. Even if a little punk were discovered in a rotten log, I had no hatchet to cut fuel. I thought it all over calmly. I had the usual three matches in my pocket. I knew exactly what would happen if I tried to build a fire. The first match would prove to be wet. The second match, when struck, would shine, and smell, and fizz a little, and then go out. There would be only one match left. Death would ensue if it failed. I should get close to the log, crawl under my hat, strike the match, see it catch, flicker, almost go out (the reader painfully excited by this time), blaze up, nearly expire, and finally fire the punk—thank God! And I said to myself, The public don't want any more of this thing; it is played out. Either have a box of matches, or let the first one catch fire.

In this gloomy mood I plunged along. The prospect was cheerless; for apart from the comfort that a fire would give, it is necessary at night to keep off the wild beasts. I fancied I could hear the tread of the stealthy brutes following their prey. But there was one source of profound satisfaction. The catamount had been killed! Mr. Colvin, the triangulating surveyor of the Adirondacks, killed him in his last official report to the State. Whether he dispatched him with a theodolite or a barometer does not matter; he is officially dead, and none of the travelers can kill him any more. Yet he has served them a good turn.

I knew that catamount well. One night, when we lay in the bogs of the South Beaver Meadow, under a canopy of mosquitoes, the serene midnight was parted by a wild and human-like cry from a neighboring mountain. "That's a cat," said the guide. I felt in a moment that it was the voice of "modern cultchah." "Modern culture," says Mr. Joseph Cook, in a most impressive period, "modern culture is a child crying in the wilderness, and with no voice but a cry." That describes the cat-

amount exactly. The next day, when we ascended the mountain, we came upon the traces of this brute, a spot where he had stood and cried in the night; and I confess that my hair rose with the consciousness of his recent presence, as it is said to do when a spirit passes by.

Whatever consolation the absence of catamount in a dark, drenched, and howling wilderness can impart, that I experienced; but I thought what a satire upon my present condition was modern culture, with its plain thinking and high living. It was impossible to get much satisfaction out of the real and the ideal, the me and the not-me. At this time, what impressed me most was the absurdity of my position, looked at in the light of modern civilization and all my advantages and acquirements. It seemed pitiful that society could do absolutely nothing for me. It was in fact humiliating to reflect that it would now be profitable to exchange all my possessions for the woods instinct of the most unlettered guide. I began to doubt the value of the "culture" that blunts the natural instincts.

It began to be a question whether I could hold out to walk all night; for I must travel or perish. And now I imagined that a spectre was walking by my side. This was Famine. To be sure I had only recently eaten a hearty luncheon, but the pangs of hunger got hold on me when I thought that I should have no supper, no breakfast; and as the procession of unattainable meals stretched before me, I grew hungrier and hungrier. I could feel that I was becoming gaunt and wasting away. Already I seemed to be emaciated. It is astonishing how speedily a jocund, well-conditioned human being can be transformed into a spectacle of poverty and want. Lose a man in the woods, drench him, tear his pantaloons, get his imagination running on his lost supper and the cheerful fireside that is expecting him, and he will become haggard in an hour. I am not dwelling upon these things to excite the reader's sympathy, but only to advise him, if he contemplates an adventure of this kind, to provide himself with match-

es, kindling wood, something more to eat than one raw trout, and not to select a rainy night for it.

Nature is so pitiless, so unresponsive, to a person in trouble! I had read of the soothing companionship of the forest, the pleasure of the pathless woods. But I thought, as I stumbled along in the dismal actuality, that if I ever got out of it I would write a letter to the newspapers exposing the whole thing. There is an impassive, stolid brutality about the woods that has never been enough insisted on. I tried to keep my mind fixed upon the fact of man's superiority to Nature, his ability to dominate and outwit her. My situation was an amusing satire on this theory. I fancied that I could feel a sneer in the woods at my detected conceit. There was something personal in it. The down-pour of the rain and the slipperiness of the ground were elements of discomfort, but there was besides these a kind of terror in the very character of the forest itself. I think this arose not more from its immensity than from the kind of stolidity to which I have alluded. It seemed to me that it would be a sort of relief to kick the trees. I don't wonder that the bears fall to, occasionally, and scratch the bark off the great pines and maples, tearing it angrily away. One must have some vent to his feelings. It is a common experience of people lost in the woods to lose their heads, and even the woodsmen themselves are not free from this panic, when some accident has thrown them out of their reckoning. Fright unsettles the judgment; the oppressive silence of the woods is a vacuum in which the mind goes astray. It's a hollow sham, this pantheism, I said; being "one with nature" is all humbug; I should like to see somebody. Man, to be sure, is of very little account, and soon gets beyond his depth; but the society of the least human being is better than this gigantic indifference. The "rapture on the lonely shore" is agreeable only when you know you can at any moment go home.

I had now given up all expectation of

finding the road, and was steering my way as well as I could northward towards the valley. In my haste, I made slow progress. Probably the distance I traveled was short, and the time consumed not long; but I seemed to be adding mile to mile and hour to hour. I had time to review the incidents of the Russo-Turkish war, and to forecast the entire Eastern Question; I outlined the characters of all my companions left in camp, and sketched in a sort of comedy the sympathetic and disparaging observations they would make on my adventure; I repeated something like a thousand times, without contradiction, "What a fool you were to leave the river;" I stopped twenty times, thinking I heard its loud roar, always deceived by the wind in the tree-tops; I began to entertain serious doubts about the compass; when, suddenly, I became aware that I was no longer on level ground; I was descending a slope; I was actually in a ravine. In a moment more I was in a brook, newly formed by the rain. Thank Heaven, I cried, this I shall follow, whatever conscience or the compass says. In this region all streams go, sooner or later, into the valley. This ravine, this stream, no doubt, led to the river. I splashed and tumbled along down it, in mud and water. Down hill we went together, the fall showing that I must have wandered to high ground. When I guessed that I must be close to the river I suddenly stepped into mud up to my ankles. It was the road! Running, of course, the wrong way, but still the blessed road. It was a mere canal of liquid mud, but man had made it and it would take me home. I was at least three miles from the point I supposed I was near at sunset, and I had before me a toilsome walk of six or seven miles, most of the way in a ditch. But it is truth to say that I enjoyed every step of it. I was safe; I knew where I was; and I could have walked till morning. The mind had again got the upper-hand of the body, and began to plume itself on its superiority. It was even disposed to doubt whether it had been "lost" at all.

Charles Dudley Warner.

APPLEDORE.

OH, is it moss or weather-stain
I see upon the narrow ledge
Where North Head lifts above the main,
Or roses wind-sown 'neath that ledge
Of iron-gray, or some bright waif
Lost from a tropic-laden deck
And wafted on the current safe,
Or piece of some sad, beauteous wreck?

Oh, list! wave-murmurs come to me
And guess it: neither stain nor moss,
Nor lodge of roses by the sea,
Nor tropic-laden vessel's loss,
Nor stuff torn out of beauty's sail,
The waters whisper; and their palms
Clap softly to the passing gale,
To summon all the scents and balmis

Of ocean to her ladyhood,
As in that setting of old rock
She glows; sea-faring fancies brood;
To her the tilting cloudlets flock
And take her tender dream for freight;
The sea-flags dip in a salute
At her first visit to their state;
The ocean is her page and lute.

She sits, rare piece of Nature's joy
In some day made when color blent
With charm the happiest, to employ
Her passion, and a low wind lent
Its temper to the level voice,
And ocean plashed a stain of green
Into her eye to guide its choice
To claim a kinship with his scene.

So sits she, on the planet's coast,
And for a sentry bids to stand
The keen horizon at its post,
To bar the curses of the land,
And challenge sorrow, and repulse
With sun-tipped halberds all affray,
That she may watch the crimson dulse
Sway languid as her fancies sway,

And watch white billows of the air
And crested billows of the sea,

As to her mood they all repair
 In simple bliss with her to be.
 She is the soul within a cloud,
 Anon the sparkle on the deep;
 No scene was e'er before so proud,
 So happy, such a tryst to keep.

Could I too keep it! Or should I
 With some note jar on her content,
 Displease the ocean and the sky,
 The flattering of the waves prevent,
 And give the cloud a sullen turn?
 Could I too keep it, all my ill,
 All tricks that mar, desires that burn,
 Would die; my discord would be still.

Oh, I do keep it! In her palm
 As in a cup there brimming lie
 The tender vastness and the calm,
 The ripple's whisper, soft and shy,
 Her hush, her dream; she lifts it up,
 Puts it to my far lip to drain:
 Her ladyhood is in the cup —
 It thrills, it drenches, heart and brain.

J. W.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

X.

V. WEAVING.

HAVING considered the subjects of basket and wattle work and of spinning, we may advance a step and examine what the Centennial Exhibition showed us in the way of weaving. We are met here by the difficulty which attends all attempts at rigid classification: no precise line can be drawn between wattling, plaiting, and weaving.

The making of mats was probably the first exertion of ingenuity which culminated in the art of weaving. The wattle has already been described: it has rigid sticks in one direction, which are

interlaced with pliable withes; the structure is for the side of a house, a panel of fence, or the revetment of a fortification, as the case may require. The mat is of more pliable material, and forms a carpet for the floor, a screen, a sail, an awning, or a garment. Where stiffness is required the woof may be of splints; where thickness and softness are desired the woof is of bundles of soft grass or rushes, with a single or double series of warps interwoven to keep the filling in place. This does not yet, however, come up to the technical idea of weaving, which, strictly considered, involves the idea of the twisting of the yarn or bunch of fibre of which the weft and the woof are composed. The dis-

inction cannot be drawn from the manner of making, either with or without the use of frames, for, except among rude tribes, mats and woven fabrics are equally made in frames, and the Japanese mat loom shown at the Centennial is a more complicated and ingenious device than the cotton-cloth loom of the African Gold Coast in the English colonies exhibit. There is also but little to choose between the Angola loom, which makes cotton yarn into what we should call toweling, and the Maori frame, in which the New Zealand flax is made up into the characteristic mats of the island.

It was a pity that our friends from abroad, who gave so handsomely of their best productions to our celebration, omitted in most instances the crude and the common. Many of the coarser implements of the natives of the various countries were not brought, because they had so rude an appearance that they would reflect upon the state of progress of the nation exhibiting. This was especially noticeable in the Brazilian exhibit, and the reason above was assigned for their absence. Notwithstanding this discrimination against the crude and primitive, diligent search in the nooks and corners discovered many things which were not prominently displayed, and specimens of various plaited goods and matting among the number.

The conditions of mat-making are simple, and the principal differences are in the material. The *matta* or rush mat of the Romans was the same as the modern, and the plaited rushes and grass mats, panniers, and baskets of the Spanish collection in the Main Building were the same, doubtless, as when the Celtiberians traded with the Carthaginian and Greek colonists upon their shores.

The National Museum, which as yet forms a part of the Smithsonian collection, had numerous specimens of mats from our Northwestern territory. Mats of cedar bark are plaited by the females of the Makah Indians of Cape Flattery; other tribes, who can obtain bulrushes and flags, make their mats of these materials, which do not grow in the vicinity of the cape. The inner bark of the

cedar is prepared by first removing the outer bark and then peeling off the *liber* in long strips, which are dried in the sun, folded, and used as an article of barter. The strips are split into strands from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in width, and are then plaited into a mat six feet long by three feet wide. They are used principally for wrapping, protecting cargoes in canoes, and for sale to the whites as a substitute for carpets. A more durable mat is made from the divided fibres of spruce root.

The Killéyute tribe makes mats of a species of coarse grass.

The Ahts of Vancouver's Island use mats of cedar fibre, the inner bark being beaten into strings which are twisted into twine. A number of these cords are stretched in parallelism, being arranged between two sticks like a warp, and strings are tied across them at intervals, forming a sort of woof; but this is not weaving. Such a mat is frequently used as a cape, and is sometimes edged with fur. Hats are also made by plaiting cedar-bark strings with white-pine bark.

Africa has its mats, cloth, skins, and bark cloth. The attendants of Dr. Livingstone slept in *funbas*, or double mat bags of palm leaf, six feet long by four wide, and left open only at the end. The mats of the Hottentots are used for screens and for covering their huts: they are made of reeds cut to an even length of six feet and strung upon parallel cords of acacia bark, each reed being pierced through the centre with a needle or an acacia thorn. The Cape of Good Hope and Orange Free State exhibits were not large, but very interesting.

The mats of Madagascar are of rushes and fine grass, and are used for beds, carpets, and wall-hangings. They are plaited by hand.

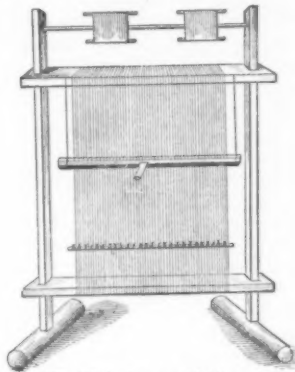
The mat used for a floor covering in India is wattled, rather than plaited, from a kind of long grass known as *mādoor-katee*.

The collection of the Dutch colonies was somewhat exceptional in that it furnished specimens of crude materials and implements which looked, if possible,

still ruder from their vicinity to the admirable engineering models and plans of the Netherlands. The Javanese mats are of several species of *pandanus*, a grass called *mandong*, and various palms; they are woven on frames which are also used for coarse linen goods.

The mat fabric (*ataps*) of the Dyaks is of strips from the dried leaves of the *nipa* palm, one of the indispensables of Bornean existence. Of this leaf are the mats which form the walls of the houses, being stretched from post to post; also the doors and screens in their community dwellings. These leaves form the thatch of houses and the deck awning of boats, and a single leaf on occasion furnishes a sail. Hats are made of this material, as we noticed in a previous article. The plant looks like a gigantic fern, and has leaves fifteen or twenty feet in length. Dyak mats are also made of rattan cut into narrow strips, stained of various colors, and interwoven in patterns, with borders. This mat bears the same relation to a grass or leaf rug that floor-cloth does to carpet. The natives are very curious in regard to the forms of knives for splitting rattan. The handle is held under the arm, the blade pro-

being had to open the shed by alternately drawing forward and pushing back one set of warp threads, an assistant pushing a leaf split into the shed as it opens. The plant looks like the rush, and is grown in artificial ponds, where the cul-



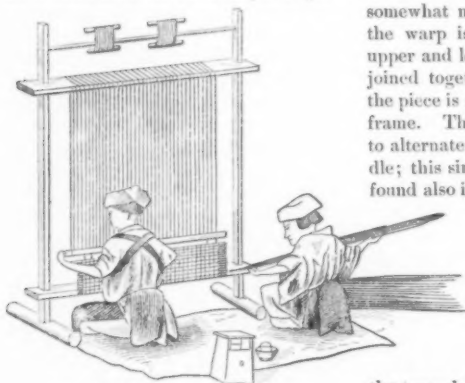
(Fig. 251.) Japanese Mat Loom.

tivator has command of the height of the water. Being cut into sheaves, the leaves are taken to a lawn and laid out in parallel order to dry, after which they are ready for the weavers. Figure 251 shows the frame somewhat more clearly. The length of the warp is once over and under the upper and lower beams, the ends being joined together, so that the length of the piece is about twice the height of the frame. The bar in front is connected to alternate threads, — a primitive heddle; this simple form of harness may be found also in the African and some other

looms, as we shall notice presently.

The Japanese snow-cloak is a skeleton of network, with a bunch of vegetable fibre tied up in each mesh, so as to make a shaggy garment in which

the tussocks overlap those beneath them like a thatch. The Maories make a shaggy cape of the New Zealand flax. The less ingenious Australian takes the skin of the emu, and makes a garment which yields to neither of the others in shagginess.



(Fig. 250.) Japanese Mat Weavers.

jecting in front, and the rattan strip is manipulated by both hands.

The Japanese mats used for screens are woven in an upright frame, which is equivalent to a loom, an arrangement

The South Sea Islands were not well represented, as they are mostly independent and unenterprising. The Sandwich Islands had a fair show. Fiji, acquired so late as 1874 by Great Britain, was not included in her colonial exhibit, although the Seychelles, Gold Coast of Africa, and Trinidad were not overlooked. The mats of the Kingsmill islanders are made of strips of the pandanus leaf, dyed brown and yellow, and plaited in diamond or square patterns. A small cape of the same, with a slit like a *poncho*, goes over the head, and a conical hat of pandanus leaf completes the costume. Mats were shown from the Sandwich Islands; their most curious ones are used as armor, and have been noticed with a breast and back plates of teeth strung in rows. The mantles of the great chiefs of the Sandwich Islands are a sort of net-work, with interwoven feathers. The royal mantle of Kamehameha was four feet long and eleven feet wide, and was ornamented with the yellow feathers of the honey-bird, which has one yellow feather under each wing. It took the collection of nine reigns to complete it.

The mats of Fiji are plaited from coir, plantain leaf, grass, the pandanus, rushes, etc. They are of very diverse character, each island of the perhaps ninety inhabited ones of the group showing a kind peculiar in materials or in quality. They are used for carpets, sails, beds, etc. The sail mats are of the fibre of the cocoa-palm leaf. They are from two to four feet wide and twenty feet long, the usual length of a sail, which is made of a number of breadths sewed together. Floor mats and sleeping mats are used as carpets and mattresses, the former being twenty by sixteen feet, with an ornamental border.

The Australians weave circular mats (*paing-koont*) of reeds twisted into rope, coiled round and fastened in the manner of our rope door-mats. They are sewed with thread made of the chewed root of the bulrush. The Australian sea-grass (*zostera*) cloak is a mat: the long and tough fibres are laid parallel and lashed together at intervals, being allowed to

hang like a long pile, and forming a deep fringe at the edges.

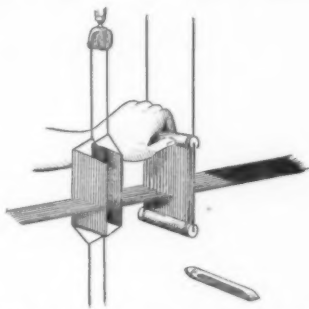
The Maori mats are elaborately made of the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), one of the *Asparagaceæ*. The long leaves yield a strong and silky fibre. The frame on which they are woven has four marginal bars inclosing a space of the size of the mat required, and standing on four short legs which raise it horizontally a little above the ground. The warp threads are stretched across it, being tied to opposite sides of the frame. The doubled weft is then passed in by hand over and under the warp threads alternately and tied at the selvage. To make a shaggy rain-mat, at certain equidistant intersections of the warp an undressed leaf of the flax plant is worked in, just like the knots of colored yarn in tapestry weaving, the rows of leaves thus forming flounces which overlap each other and shed the rain; each row shows about eight inches to the weather, and six rows are sufficient for the mat, which is known as *E Mangaika*. A number of kinds of mats are made to suit various tastes, or such as befit the rank of the wearer. In one, the leaves are dyed of various colors and rolled up so as to look like porcupine quills, being then fastened in regular rows into the material of the mat. They rattle as the wearer walks, and give him infinite satisfaction. In mats of the highest style for the chiefs, dog's hair is knotted into the mat, to give it the appearance of a hide. The colors are so disposed as to make a pattern, markings like those of a zebra being a favorite style. These mantles are about six by four feet. The method of inserting colored knots of hair or fibre is similar to the Gobelin tapestry method. A mat of this kind represents the four years' work of a woman, much depending upon the precision of the markings or matchings; in other words it is a question of quality and patience, and much time is consumed both in New Zealand and in the *faubourg* St. Marcel.

By the process of spinning, short fibres are so tightly twisted together as to make a practically continuous length. Simple

as the process seems it is not universally known, and there is a still greater number of tribes to whom the idea of weaving such threads into mats has not occurred. The reason of the lack of spun material is doubtless to be found in the great abundance of grasses and well-splitting leaves, which leave nothing to be desired for mat-making. The oldest records—the Bible, Hesiod, Homer, Herodotus, the mural paintings and tablets of Egypt and Assyria, the collected remains of the lacustrians of Switzerland—all point to the existence in early times of well-executed textile fabrics. Those of the lake dwellers are coarser than either of the others; one fabric examined has a twisted cord for a warp, while the weft is of smaller twisted threads laid in pairs at intervals. It is but a small advance upon a wattle, but each of the threads bends somewhat to the tightness of the thread crossing it. The linen of Egypt needs no hesitating approval. The coincident voices of the ancient writers and the fabrics recovered from the tombs evince the skill of the Nile people in the weaving of linens. Their word *byssus* was adopted by the Greeks and Latins for linen; this was woven as fine as three hundred and sixty threads to the inch, as recorded by Herodotus; a piece in the British Museum has one hundred and forty threads to the inch in the warp and sixty-four in the woof. The *coa vestis* of the Roman female dancers was of so fine and transparent a texture as to exhibit the wearer's form as in a mist. The references in ancient authors to the gorgeous fabrics of Babylon are numerous and familiar, but are outside of our subject.

Of the crude looms shown in the various foreign exhibits at the Centennial, some were vertical and others horizontal. So it was in ancient times. The old Egyptian looms were of both kinds, and in some the woof was beaten upward, in others downward. Beni-Hassan shows the horizontal and Thebes the vertical. The loom of Palestine was vertical, that of India usually horizontal. The Greeks and Romans had both forms also. A

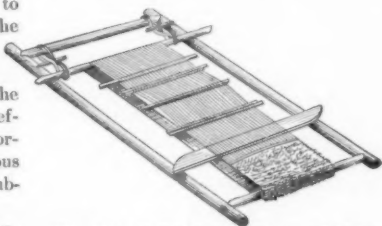
complicated harness which permitted of twill weaving was known in Greece and Italy in old times, and the technical terms are recognizable in the languages. The Egyptians wove checker patterns;



(Fig. 252.) African Loom. Gold Coast Exhibit. also dyed and printed their linen cloths. The mediæval English loom was horizontal.

The western coast of Africa furnished three looms to the Exhibition, from the Gold Coast, Liberia, and Angola respectively. Those from the two former were so similar that one may stand for both, and their vicinage is such that their correspondence is very natural.

Figure 252 shows the native cotton loom of the Gold Coast of Africa. It

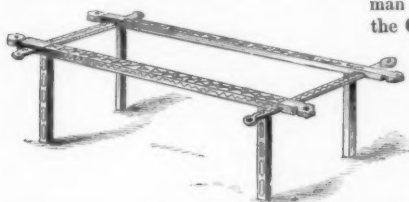


(Fig. 253.) Angola Loom. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

weaves a two-inch cotton stuff with four colors in the warp (red, blue, yellow, and white) and two in the weft (red and white) on separate shuttles. The batten is of wood below, bamboo above, and has seventy-four dents of bamboo splits. The two leaves of the harness work over a pulley above, and are operated by the feet beneath.

The loom of Loanda and of Angola (Figure 253) is worked by men, the women doing the spinning with spindle and distaff. The frame consists of a few simple sticks, the warp being carried around the ends of the cross-bars and secured, as with the Japanese mat loom (Figures 250, 251). The web is five feet long and fifteen or eighteen inches wide, occupies a month in making, and is sold for fifty cents.

In some parts of Loanda-land such a piece is called a *hongo*, and is employed as currency. Several pieces are stitched together to form a *denguis* or robe. The frame is either suspended, so as to make the warp vertical, or it is laid horizontally on a stool, such as shown in Figure 254. The harness consists of a single heddle, which pulls the threads in the



(Fig. 254.) Stool for Loom or Tapestry Figure. Egyptian Exhibit.

heddle loops alternately above and below the general straight line of the warp threads, and thereby opens the shed for the passage of the shuttle, which is merely the spindle on which the yarn was wound in spinning. The harness lifts three warp threads and leaves eight, and so on, so that the woof is alternately floated over eight threads of the warp and then below. The woof threads are then cut in the direction of the warp, and form a soft pile for toweling. A wooden sword is used to beat up after each crossing of the warp.

The shaggy goods of Angola, like the Turkish toweling, recall the description of the erudite Pliny: "The *gausapa* [a thick cloth, shaggy on one side] has been brought into use in my father's memory, and I myself recollect the *amphimalla* [napped on both sides] and the long, shaggy apron [*ventrale*] being in-

troduced, but at the present day the *lati-clave* [broad-striped] tunic is beginning to be manufactured into an imitation of the *gausapa*."

Figure 254 is an Egyptian wooden stool for holding a loom or a tambour frame. It has extension bars at the ends, and is very handsomely inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl.

It is not the least interesting feature of these crude appliances that in looking at them we view the machines or implements which were common among the most civilized peoples twenty or thirty centuries since. Take, for instance, a Roman loom of the better kind, somewhat in advance of the African loom just described, but not superior to the Asiatic looms which we shall consider presently. A description of the Roman loom would answer for some at the Centennial.

Quite a number of the crude looms at the Centennial, notably those from Africa, Java, and South America, had no shuttle, but the woof was wound on a rod or reed which reached through the shed and allowed the yarn to reel off as one hand of the weaver pushed it through to be grasped by the other.

The Malagasy loom seems to be without heddles, the shed being opened by a sword-shaped stick for the insertion of the rod around which the woof is wound. Weaving in Madagascar is with silk, cotton, hemp, and the leaves of the *rofia*. These leaves are split, tied together in lengths like the filling for our rag carpet, and then woven by the women.

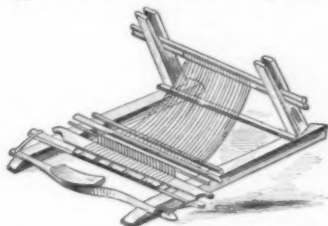
The loom of Muscat is very rude, the warp, instead of being on a frame or roller, being stretched along the ground, and held by the weight of stones laid upon it. The weaver sits on the ground with his legs in a hole, so as to bring him into a convenient position for working the loom. The Singhalese have a similar arrangement. Nothing but a coarse, serviceable cotton cloth is made upon it. Woven asbestos towels are mentioned in the Mahawanzo Singhalese chronicle as being sent by Asoka (B. C. 250) as a

present to the king of Ceylon. Carpets of woolen fabric are referred to in the same record, of a date equivalent to the second century B. C.; and in another place the chronicle speaks of a cotton cloth seven miles long, laid down for pilgrims to walk upon. The same remarkable work mentions bleaching, and dyeing cloths of every color, and describes a feat, still occasionally practiced in Ceylon, of taking cotton from the bush at day-break, and spinning, weaving, dyeing, and making it up into clothes before sunset.

Until of late years the spun and woven India cotton goods have been unexcelled in fineness. The city of Mosul, in India, has given its name (*muslin*) to the fabric, and Dacca on the Brahmapootra has long been celebrated for the manufacture. One pound of the finest Dacca thread is two hundred and fifty miles in length. The muslin may have from one thousand to eighteen hundred threads in a piece of a yard wide, and receives various fanciful names: "dew of night," "web of woven air," etc. A piece brought to England, ten yards long and one yard wide, weighed three ounces two pennyweights, and would pass through a small ring. The Hindoo woman cards her cotton with the jawbone of a *boalee* fish, separates the seeds by means of a small iron roller worked backward and forward on a flat board, brings it to a downy fleece by a small bow, and makes it into rolls which are held in the left hand while the delicate iron spindle—with a small ball of clay attached to give it weight in turning—is twirled by the right. The Hindoo's loom has a yarn-beam, cloth-beam, heddle, swinging batten, shuttle with an eye, treadles, and temple. A very fine piece may occupy the weaver for four months, and be worth from four hundred to five hundred rupees, equal to half as many dollars. The preparation and spinning of the fibre form the greater part of the work.

Figure 255 shows the loom of Java and adjacent islands. The piece in the loom was a cotton gingham, woven in squares of color, red predominating.

The width of the stuff is about twenty inches. The loom has a single heddle, and a reed for beating up. The Javanese print cotton goods with wooden blocks, in imitation of Indian chintz and palampoor. The latter, locally known in Java as *batik*, is dyed by the *resist* process, in which the parts of the cloth to remain white are treated with melted wax run out of the spout of a copper vessel. In India a hair pencil is



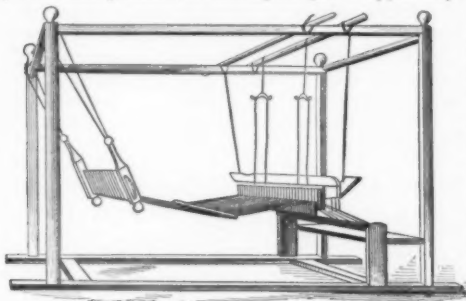
(Fig. 255.) Javanese Loom. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

used; the process is very old there, and was described as an Indian art by Pliny. The Javanese have also a mode of clouding yarn by dyeing it in skeins which are tightly tied in places to prevent their taking color.

The Dyaks of Borneo have a loom for cotton fabrics. They beat the picked cotton with wands, and spin it on a rude wheel from a distaff. The Sooloos of the Eastern Archipelago manufacture a fine stuff from the fibres of the plantain. Their loom is composed of a few sticks, and the woof is secured around their waists.

The art of weaving is unknown in most of the islands distant from the coast of Asia; the nearest approach to it in the Navigator's Islands is a belt of coir, woven by the warriors as a defense against the shark's-teeth gauntlets. A number of parallel threads of plaited coir are stretched between two sticks, and cross strings are plaited in, over, and under alternate threads in the manner of a mat. These webs are thirty-six by eighteen inches. A whole plaited suit of armor for body, legs, and arms, and made in a similar manner by the Samoans, is in the United Service Museum of London.

The Siamese loom was exhibited in the navy department of the Government Building, and is quite an advance upon the preceding examples. It is, however, incapable, without laborious and patient manipulation, of making the gor-



(Fig. 256.) Siamese Loom.

geous tissues which so much delight these people who face the Malay seas.

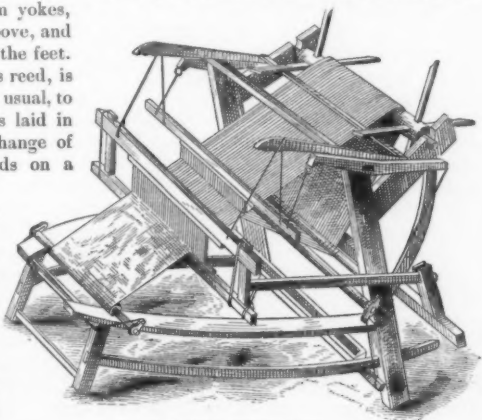
The warp of dyed thread is wound upon the roller in stripes, and passes through one pair of heddles, making the simple changes to raise alternate warps. The heddles are suspended from yokes, depending from a beam above, and are apparently worked by the feet. The lay or batten, with its reed, is in front of the heddles, as usual, to beat up the weft which is laid in the shed between each change of heddles. The cloth winds on a beam.

The most peculiar thing about the work is the weft, which is dyed in patches of colors, so that when laid in the web it forms a regular pattern of considerable intricacy, not of flowers or graceful lines, but geometrical. The problem is not the same as with weaving printed warps to make the cheap pile carpet, — improperly called "tapestry," — since in that the whole set of warp threads is symmetrically arranged, side by side, as they are to lie in the carpet, and are then printed, the color being laid on in such amplitude lengthwise of the warp as to

allow of the yarn being taken up in the loops over the pile wires; the warp makes the loops as in Brussels carpet. In the Siamese fabric, which is in the loom, the woof is dyed or printed, and apparently by the resist process. There

are three possible ways of doing the work: (1) by laying up the woof into a fabric and dyeing it to pattern, after which it is unraveled and wound on to the loom shuttle and woven as before, but into a new silken warp, where the woof shows its various colors in its previous symmetry; (2) by laying the woof back and forth over pegs, and dyeing and treating it as above; (3) by calculating

how the spots should come, and printing it so as to fall in right order. The latter is unlikely; the second supposition is the most probable. No one was in attendance who knew anything about it; the beautiful and rich collection was



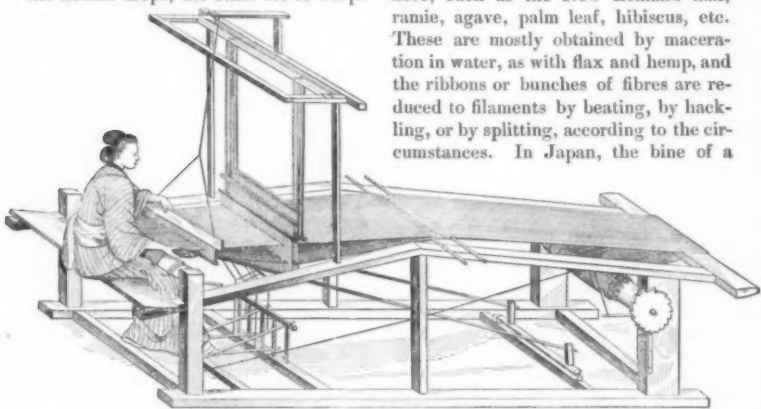
(Fig. 257.) Chinese Loom.

presented to the United States, and landed in San Francisco, where, the report goes, it was tied up with several yards of red tape, on some question of entry or duty, and finally arrived at the Government Building, in a sadly broken and dilapidated condition, a week

or two before the close of the Exhibition.

The Chinese loom (Figure 257) was shown in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building. In it the harness and batten are suspended from levers. It has but one heddle, which raises one half the warps from below, these passing under a lower roller from the yarn-beam. When the heddle drops, the other set of warps

cotton, flax, hemp, wool, silk, include almost all. It is true we are more or less familiar with jute, coir, manila, alpaca, but they are not commonly known except in their worked condition. Besides the barks of *broussonetia* and *ficus*, which supply Polynesia and Central Africa with clean shirts, there are many plants and vines which have excellent fibre, such as the New Zealand flax, ramie, agave, palm leaf, hibiscus, etc. These are mostly obtained by maceration in water, as with flax and hemp, and the ribbons or bunches of fibres are reduced to filaments by beating, by hackling, or by splitting, according to the circumstances. In Japan, the bine of a



(Fig. 258.) Japanese Loom.

is the higher, and thus the other shed is made. It worked very badly, but that seems to be the method.

Figure 258 shows the most perfect of the Japanese looms at the Centennial. It is not claimed that it is the best loom they have, for their richly-flowered silks prove that there is little beyond their ability to do, though they lack the automatic devices which render the European and American machine so labor-saving.

The Japanese cotton loom has all the main features of the twill loom, having four heddles moved by treadles, a swinging batten to beat up the woof, yarn and cloth beams. The different features and parts are shown with clearness in the perspective view. The let-off of the yarn-beam is operated by a cord near the foot of the weaver.

The Japanese — and indeed the same is true of many Oriental and African peoples — use a greater variety of fibre than we do. Our list is soon exhausted:

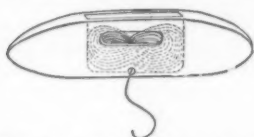
leguminous plant is rotted in water, fermented, boiled, divided by hand into filaments, hung upon racks to dry, then made into hanks, woven, and calendered. Two figures are given to illustrate the peculiar features of the process.

After the filaments have their final division, they are placed in a vessel of water and drawn thence by hand, being coiled into a figure-of-8 skein upon the thumb and finger (Figure 259) so as



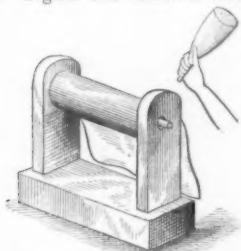
(Fig. 259.) Skeining the Wool. Japanese Exhibit. to fit into the cavity of a shuttle and pay out without kinking. This shuttle (Figure 260) is thrown through the shed of the loom, flat side downward, and runs out the thread as it goes. For some reason the skein is preferred to

a bobbin, though the latter is not unknown to the Japanese. The loom is like the cotton loom: it has two heddles worked by treadles, a suspended batten,



(Fig. 260.) The Furnished Shuttle. Japanese Exhibit.

and a cloth-beam. The warp is of a limited length, and is attached to a bar at the rear which is slacked as weaving progresses; the warp is not wound on a beam. Figure 261 shows a method of



(Fig. 261.) Calendering the Goods. Japanese Exhibit.

calendering the cloth by means of a mallet while the fabric passes over the roller. Calendering-machines are used also in China.

Following still eastward, for the order of the present series of looms is rather geographical than from the simplest to the more complicated, we reach the American continent. No uncivilized tribes were more abundantly illustrated at the Centennial than the North American Indian, the collection of the Smithsonian Institution being liberally drawn upon for the purpose. The group of Pueblo Indians has attained great excellence in weaving, and the blankets of the Mohaves are water-proof. In the Pimo loom the warp is attached to two sticks, and stretched upon the ground by means of stakes. Each alternate thread of the warp is passed around a piece of cane, which, being lifted, opens a passage for the shuttle in manner of a sley.

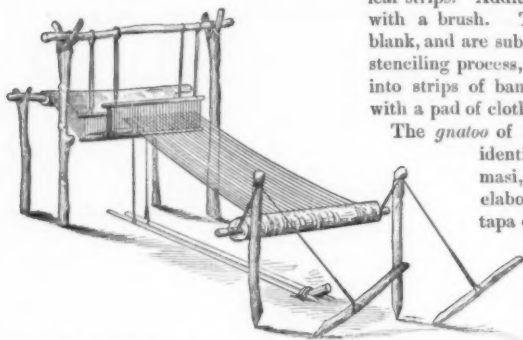
The operative sits in tailor fashion, and, raising the sley with one hand, with the other passes the stick upon which the woof is wound. The thread is beaten up with a sharp, smooth-edged instrument of hard wood.

Two looms from South America were in the Main Building. Figure 262 is the native loom of Paraguay. The frame is all of round sticks, just as cut from the forest. The cloth-beam rests on crotches driven into the ground. The two heddles and the batten are hung from a bar similarly supported. The warp-beam is suspended from a pair of upright posts which are stayed back to stakes in the ground, so as to give the proper tension to the warp. The heddles of bamboo are worked by treadles. The piece in the loom has a cotton warp and a worsted filling. The Chaco Indians of La Plata weave a coarse woolen and cotton cloth. Hand looms have been exhumed from the Peruvian graves. The fabrics are cotton or llama wool.

Figure 263 is a Chilean loom, having two heddles supported by cords running over rollers. There is no batten, but the woof is beaten up by a wooden sword, which is shown lying upon the floor. The woof is wound upon a long bobbin which reaches across the web. The fabric in the loom is a striped cotton warp with white cotton filling. The Araucanians use a rude loom; the poor Fuegians have none.

The loom being unknown in Polynesia, and skins not to be procured, recourse has been had to the liber of the *broussonetia papyrifera* or *malo* tree. The cloth is called by the Fijians *masi*, by the Hawaiians *tapa*. The inner bark yields a cloth of beautiful color and delicate texture. The bark is cut in long strips, soaked in water, and the outer bark removed by scraping with a shell. The liber is then beaten on an elastic wooden block with a square mallet (*iki*) shaped like a razor-strop. The sides of the mallets have longitudinal grooves in different flutings, and by means of them the masi maker obtains various patterns, changing the position of the mallet at each blow. One side of the mallet is left flat. A strip

of bark two inches in width is spread by this means to eighteen inches, its length being slightly reduced at the same time. The material is beaten to the thinness of tissue paper; several strips are beaten together to make a sufficient



(Fig. 262.) Loom of Paraguay. Argentine Confederation Exhibit.

thickness, the natural gluten of the bark uniting them, as with the papyrus of Egypt formerly. Like the papyrus, also, long cloths are made by uniting different sheets of masi, the edges being soaked in arrow-root starch (*taro*) and pounded with the *iki*. One sheet of masi has been seen five hundred and forty feet long. When left of single web only, they are thin enough for mosquito curtains.

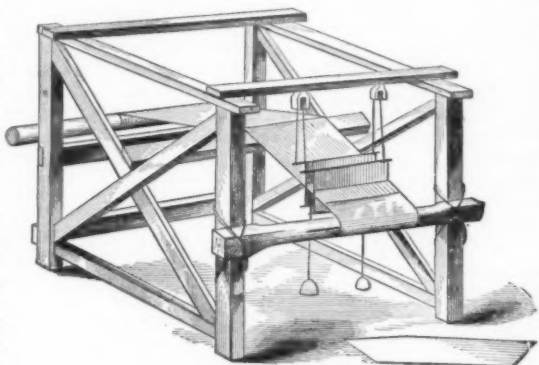
These goods are printed in Fiji in the following manner: a piece of twenty or thirty feet square, having been united with other strips in the manner described, is printed, a part at a time, by laying it on a stamp and rubbing a pigment upon it. The stamp is a convex board, on which are fastened thin strips of bamboo a quarter of an inch wide, and a finger's length apart. Curved pieces

made of the under ribs of cocoa-nut leaflets are arranged by the side of the strips. The cloth is laid upon this and rubbed with a red dye (*lauai aleurites triloba*), which adheres where the cloth is supported by the bamboo and palm-leaf strips. Additional figures are made with a brush. The borders are left blank, and are subsequently printed by a stenciling process, the pattern being cut into strips of banana leaf and put on with a pad of cloth steeped in black dye.

The *gnatoo* of the Tonga Islands is identical with the Fijian masi, but seems to be more elaborately prepared. The tapa cloth of the Sandwich

Islands, shown in the Main Building, is similar, but it is not certain that the species of the different trees are

identical. The bark cloth of Tahiti and of Samoa is like that of Tonga; the Kingsmill islanders have a bark cloth (*tapula*) like a tippet, which they wear like a poncho, putting the head through a hole cut in the garment. The proc-



(Fig. 263.) Chilean Loom.

ess in the Tonga Islands is as follows: a circular incision is made with a shell in the bark of the tree just above the root, and the sapling is broken off. Being left a couple of days to become dry, the bark is stripped off and is put

to soak in water for twenty-four hours; after the outer bark is scraped away with shells, the inner bark is rolled up lengthwise and soaked in water for a day. The *loo-loo*, or beating operation, then commences, and is performed with the mallet, which is the same throughout all Polynesia, having ridged sides to spread the bark and a smooth side to flatten the surface. A strip of bark three feet long and two or three inches wide is moved by the left hand to and fro, while it is beaten with the mallet in the right, and in half an hour it is about square, the length being slightly reduced. In this condition it is called *fetagi*. The printing process is similar to that of Fiji, but not identical. The pattern used by the Tonga islanders is made of dried leaves of the *pavonga*, embroidered with fibres of the cocoa-nut husk. A number of such patterns are attached to the convex side of a board, and the cloth is laid thereon and smeared with the dye, which sticks principally to that part raised by the stamp; another piece, of smaller size, is then laid upon the former one and rubbed, the two adhering from the mucilaginous quality of the dye; a third piece in the same way. When the gnatoo is shifted, pieces are attached to the patches, and the design is matched. Piece after piece is added, till the cloth is perhaps six feet in breadth and forty or fifty in length. It is carefully folded, and is baked under-ground to darken the color and remove the smell of the coca dye, and afterwards spread on a grass plat or on the sea-shore; and the finishing operation (*toogi-hea*) com-

mences by staining the cloth a brilliant red on the lines of junction of the printed portion. Sundry dots and other ornaments are then added; it is exposed over night to the dew and one day to the sun, and baled till required for use.

The manufacture of a cloth from bark, so common throughout Polynesia, is practiced in some other parts of the world.

The Monbuttoo cloth is made from the bark of their fig (*Urostigma kotschyana*). When the trunk is about one foot in diameter, two circular incisions, five feet apart, are made around the trunk, and the bark peeled off entire. It grows again from the edge of the upper incision, and the operation may be repeated in three years. By maceration and pounding this is made like a thick, close fabric, known as *rokko*, from the tree, and constitutes the clothing of the men.

The bark cloths of the *rokko* are prized by the Niam-niams of the Upper Nile more than the handsomest of skins. The Lake Nyassa natives make a cloth of the inner bark of a species of *Cesalpinææ*. It is stripped, steeped, and beaten, like the Polynesian *broussonetie*. The *mbûgû* is the bark cloth of the fig-tree, prepared in Uganda and Unyoro. It is stripped, steeped, and pounded, as before described, the mallet being grooved to give it ribs like corduroy. It is sewn into garments. In Madagascar, also, a cloth is made of the bark of a tree by beating it with a wooden mallet.

The Mosquito Indians prepare a cloth from the inner bark of the *Ula*, a caoutchouc tree.

Edward H. Knight.

SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed
 They wander East, they wander West,
 And are baffled and beaten and blown about
 By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
 To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
 The bird is safest in its nest;
 O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
 A hawk is hovering in the sky;
 To stay at home is best.

Henry W. Longfellow.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

II.

THE Society of Decorative Art, of which I spoke as a coming influence, made itself felt in December with much suddenness and force. It burst out of its narrow quarters in Twentieth Street, planted its loan exhibition in that artistic citadel the Academy of Design, occupied other strategic points with private collections opened for the occasion, instituted morning lectures, and was the subject of such a fusillade of newspaper comments that its objects in the community must have been greatly furthered.

The Academy presented a decidedly Cluny-ish appearance. The exhibition consisted, for the most part, of the highest types of decorative articles of the kind proposed for our emulation. We have had the exotic sensation of walking through rich, dark rooms littered with carved cabinets, keramics, enamels, ivory carvings, illuminated missals, armor, jewelry, and laces, and hung with old tapestries, Gobelin and other, such as figure in the backgrounds of pictures. This subtle infusion, combined of age and softened glitter and harmoniously faded color, does not fail to penetrate a little even into those who venture into it for the first time and are puzzled by

its unlikeness to the spirit of the fashionable furnisher. The notable aspect of the show, next to its educating influence, is its revelation of the extent to which the appreciation and acquisition of really precious rarities has already reached in New York. The contributors themselves, I think, were astonished at their consolidated affluence. The possession of these articles argues not only money but excellent taste, and the maintenance of a scale of living somewhat commensurate with them. I wish I could think the glimpse it gave into the private life of the first families did not have so much to do with its success. This private life appears to have made a considerable approximation to the palatial scale. There are properties of noble and even royal personages in these American households, — table ware of Napoleon III., laces of a duchess of Parma, others from the wardrobe of Queen Anne, — duly authenticated by fascinating little seals. Out-of-doors the absence of a law of entail has hindered palatial development; our most ambitious dwellings hardly yet surpass the rank of large houses, but this luxurious development within will force its way outwards. The merchant princes will have, I doubt not, before long, porches to their homes, with

polished columns, as spacious as that of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, which juts out so quaintly among them on Fifth Avenue. They will welcome through such porches throngs of guests to apartments adorned in earnest with these tapestries, carvings, and *plaques* of majolica and Nuremberg brass.

The circumstances of the picture department gave occasion for an interesting contrast. The north gallery was filled with the choicest late acquisitions of friends of the exhibition. In the south gallery was shown for a while, free, preliminary to its sale by auction, the private collection of Mr. Robert M. Olyphant, apparently closed up long since. Thus could be seen side by side what a New York collector used to do and what he does now.

The loaned pictures were foreign, of course. The rainbow brightness of a Rossi, a strong representative of the Spanish-Italian school, newer than most of his contemporaries, in these parts, with a Pinchart above it, reduced almost everything else in the room to comparative middle tint. The Rossi showed one of the characteristic luxurious scenes of the school. It chooses them not for splendor alone, but splendor accompanied by a certain piquancy. This is the rococo magnificence of Louis Quatorze. In a great saloon with gilt and sprawling scroll-work decorations, an old prince, surrounded by courtiers like porcelain figurines, watches with a senile interest the dancing of a minuet, for his amusement, by two girls, one habited as a boy and one in the high heels and flowered farthingale petticoat of the date. The figures are small and flatly painted, and, the heads especially, like bits in a mosaic. Or they recall those embroideries on silk, in which the faces are painted while the garments are wrought with the needle. This came from Mr. J. J. Astor's; the Pinchart — another variation, in colors pure and unmixed to the point of chilliness, upon the classic maiden swathed in scarfs of white, pink, yellow, and violet embroidered in red, whom he is so fond of depicting — from Mr. Benjamin J. Arnold's. The critics cannot

attack the respectability of their references.

There was another smaller Rossi sent by Mr. W. B. Dinsmore, peculiar even for this peculiar kind. It is called *The Picnic*, though it is certain that only the briefest sort of a picnic, as we understand it, could ever have taken place under such circumstances. A little party of antique fashionables in Watteau costumes have thrown themselves upon a Geordez rug spread upon the ground of a sterile upland for an informal repast. Tufts of grass and a wild flower here and there spring from the poor soil, but no tree or shade of any kind. The edge of the moor is at half the height of the canvas. There is a deliciously grateful sky of rolling cloud masses about it. Two dark figures, one near and one distant, stand boldly up against it. A white umbrella, connecting with the sky, cuts a circle out of the group, and serves to bring down the lighter upper tones to the front. Minute reminiscences of the principal colors in the dresses and the carpet are distributed about in the flowers, a pale blue hill rising over the edge of the moor, and patches of blue sky showing through the gray. There is none of the seriousness of life here. The people are thoroughly artificial, and they know it so well that there is a humor in their being there instead of the honestly lumpish peasants in whom the Millets, or Frères, or Bretons would have enlisted our sympathy. But for the moment they bloom there as bright and cheerful to look at as if they had been some evanescent product of nature, like the flowers and the passing shadows.

You next turn toward a number of small pictures, under glass to enhance the idea of their preciousness, — Meissonier, Gues, Steinheil, — exquisitely finished works, with rich, dark tones suggestive of the flavor of old wines. They are archæological, but of an archæology that revives not only the externals but the human nature of bygone periods. There was a *Doré*, which would go far to convert you to the estimate that he is a great book illustrator but cannot paint, and two *Gérômes*, *L'Almée* and the

Egyptian Butcher, familiar from Goupil's photographs.

Bouguereau seems to me to pursue an ideal policy which is worth pointing out to aspirants in other fields as well as art, who are desirous of substantial returns together with the appreciation of connoisseurs. He has great ability, and he knows just where to put it. He chooses a subject that appeals to the nine tenths who care nothing about art, and then he captures the remainder, who care about nothing else, with his treatment. His *Maternal Solicitude*, from Mr. T. R. Butler's, is a mother bending over a naked infant. The rose tints and pearly grays of the tender flesh are wonderfully delicate and correct. As if the normal difficulties of the task were not enough, the soft shadow of a curtain is thrown over half the little body, and in this there are reflected lights and reconcilements of shadow with local color of astonishing subtlety. The atmosphere and roundness are almost illusive. It is not a startling projection, but winning in its soft naturalness.

You, my dear madam, would buy this picture in a minute for the consummate skill you would discover in it, and your neighbor just as quickly for the surprising likeness it bears to the latest addition to her own interesting family. When I write a book, — that is what I propose to do, — I shall bear Bouguereau in mind. I shall strike a subject that will draw the populace away from the Red-Handed Avenger of the Spanish Main, and I propose to treat it in a manner that will awaken the respectful attention of Mr. Henry James Jr. himself.

I have said that the Olyphant collection bore the air of having been completed some years back. It goes without saying, therefore, that it was American and mainly landscapes. How helpless our poor early attempts at *genre* looked, coming away from the modern splendors in the other room! In Huntington's Counterfeit Note, one of the first, — you know it by engravings, — everything else is positively slaughtered and jumped on afterwards in the eagerness to tell the story.

Mr. Olyphant seems to have had a *penchant* for Kensetts; there were no less than thirty. The largest of them brought the highest price at the sale, though it had the competitorship of the very much more important figure - piece of Henry Peters Gray, the *Judgment of Paris*. One could not much disparage this taste, however he may have been dazzled in the north room. The Kensetts have genial qualities that endure. He loved gray rocks and blue skies and water and simple lines of composition, avoided florid greens, and maintained a sobriety in the midst of his richest autumn woods. He was contented to be a poet in his landscapes, and did not try to be a five-act tragedian or a Fourth of July orator. It cannot be done. A dismal Hurricane of Thomas Cole and an expansive composition of faded topography of the old-fashioned sort by Church — so like to Cole, his master, that you could hardly trust the signature — were there to prove it. Landscapes breathe a varied sentiment, it is true, but local pride and all that kind that inheres in convulsions of nature is much better to be got out of the human figure. Perhaps with a fuller equipment in its use, fewer attempts in any other direction would have been made. As our life schools increase, an abatement in the spread-eagle style may be confidently looked for. The mission of landscape, meaning now landscape and not water, which is incarnate restlessness any way, is peace. This implies no restriction upon conceptions of grandeur. The gentlemen who desire to show that we are the greatest nation that ever trod shoe-leather, by the exploitation of our Western frontiers, need not find their mission gone. But mere topography will not do it. There is simplicity and idyllic peace in the desolation of the Yellowstone, and sunshine and shadow play as softly on the dizzy heights of the Sierras as on the flesh of Bouguereau's baby.

In Henry Peters Gray, who died the other day, departed "the American Titian." His *Judgment of Paris* showed the sort of work from which he derived his *sobriquet*, and its validity. Should

some of the young women who delight to do so come along and recognize it with effusion, as an old master from Dresden or the Uffizi, you would almost seem to recognize it yourself. A beautiful white goddess, a Cupid holding back her drapery, at the right; Paris, in warm shadow and a mantle of Venetian red bending forward with the apple, from the left, — one fourth light, one fourth dark, one half middle tint, all in regular form. It is one of those conventional subjects, adopted as a pretext for luxurious painting, which had a certain meaning in a Renaissance age, but not much in America in Gray's time.

It has the excuse of being a good thing of its kind, however; you know how good it is when you go down-stairs and see Mr. Page's Aphrodite, which, with a little group of his other works, constituted a private side-show to the exhibition. It is a very slim-waisted figure, posturing on a sea-shell in the mincing attitude of a pretty milliner crossing Broadway in the mud. It is highly varnished, and the cold, yellowish-green sky has the tone of an old county map. You could have paid ten thousand dollars once for this picture. It is far below that now, but perhaps Aphrodites with better constitutions and something of the real sparkle and dainty freshness of the fabled genesis from sea-foam could be brought from abroad as reasonably, even yet.

Our ideal art is yet to come, but for the present both of these pictures seem more foreign to American requirements than the battered Venus Anadyomene in Union Square, unearthed in a New Orleans beer saloon and attributed to Annibale Caracci, — as, in a free country, there is no reason why it should not be.

Mr. Farjeon, the English novelist, is to be counted among the distinctively holiday features, by reason of his publication of a Christmas story and his attention to the charitable aspects of the season in his public readings. A good many people who had never read his books will have done so since his in-

stallment for the moment as a literary sensation of the metropolis. They have attractive titles, and are scattered about, in the paper editions of the Harpers, upon every stationer's counter.

Mr. Farjeon's notices from the press are highly eulogistic. When you really come to know the state of the case, you find it another instance of the great amiability and lack of a sliding scale of adjectives prevailing in not a few newspaper offices. He is freely compared to Dickens. By one authority he is thought to surpass Dickens in his deeper insight "into the secrets of soul life." In the thinking of the *Derby Mercury* (English), his stories are "the most perfect in our language."

It was at Steinway Hall that Dickens read. The spell of pathos and humor cast by that somewhat grotesque figure, with its horn-like hair, its *bizarre* waistcoat and jewelry, and its red face subdued against the maroon screen, would suffice to draw one back to any entertainment that promised a reminiscence of it.

In the corridors speculators drove a trade now as then in the author's works and photographs. But within the reminiscence was faint indeed. The newcomer is of the school of Dickens in treating of low life, in copying a few of his names, and in reading from his own works. There the parallel ends.

Mr. Farjeon exhibits in his principal work, *Blade o' Grass*, a sympathy with poverty that is very creditable; but he lectures in costume, he does not create. His personages move about for the sake of saying or doing this or that, not of being this or that. His benevolent people are so very impressive, his good children so passionately fond of rectitude and of going to bed punctually on time, that their likenesses will be eyed with distrust in quarters of average perversity. Nor has he anything but the palest reflection of Dickens's humor, and nothing at all of his weirdness.

Perhaps some such foil was needed. Were we not drifting into the habit of disparaging Dickens too sweepingly for artificiality? He exaggerates, carica-

tures; but then good caricature is only the heightening of natural features. There must be a basis to go upon. When you compare him with Mr. Farjeon you find a vital spark of something in every least one of his characters that makes them characters, and not paper-dolls.

The excuse for an author's coming forward as a reader is either some decided elocutionary talent or a reputation that makes him worth seeing for his own sake. The really first-class celebrity could, if sturdily enough to disregard the slight impairment of dignity the fastidious might deem it, traverse the country and collect gate-money everywhere for simply standing on the platform, without so much as opening his lips. In a histrionic way Mr. Farjeon falls as short of his prototype as in others, though the difficulty of throwing yourself into a conception when there is no conception to throw yourself into cannot be overlooked. His talent is confined to a facility in presenting the cockney accent and cringing servility of a couple of London street beggars, who wander through his story, hand in hand, like the unhappy De Quincey and Ann.

The Christmas story, Solomon Isaacs, has more color than the others; indeed, it is interesting new material, an account of modern Jewish low life from an understanding and appreciative witness. There are curious customs and viands, and old Moshé who has lived most of his life in Jerusalem and cannot speak English. The heroine is the daughter of one old-clothes man, and the lover is the son of another and salesman in a "gents'" furnishing store. Here is life, such as you may see it any day you like to go and look at the bargains in Chatham Street. We find that there is in it sensitiveness to social depreciation, love affairs and day-dreams, charitable impulses, and appreciation of the comparative values of life as if it were our own. The descriptions are given with a zest and reality, as if here at last the author

were upon familiar ground, with a decided tenderness for it.

A Christmas story composed entirely of Jews is, of course, with all allowances and without prejudice a wild absurdity. Mr. Farjeon recognizes this in a preliminary word or two in a way that reminds you of those people who preface disagreeable remarks with "I suppose I ought not to ask" or "to say so," and then go on and do it.

Blade o' Grass is a case of poverty and crime of the hopeless sort detailed in the story of the reform-school girl in *The Atlantic*, last summer. She is born in Stony Alley, nobody's child. She grows up in the gutter, with never any other ideal than how to appease the gnawings of hunger. At eighteen she is the mother of an infant, brought into the world with one more term in the geometrical progression of misery added to the curse of its inheritance. At this stage the benevolent Mr. Merrywhistle—who has had an opportunity to do so all along, and strangely neglected it—would like to redeem Blade o' Grass, but it is too late. She knows nothing, can learn nothing, and clings to her criminal associations.

The dark problem is thus opened up to the very bottom to show that duplicity and even crime ought not to be a bar to the good offices of the kind-hearted, since in the nature of things the graduates of such a life could not be different from what they are. It is true, and if this reduced estimate of Mr. Farjeon, in opposition to the *Derby Mercury*, should prevent a single person from acting upon the deductions he has made from it in this cheerful Christmas season, I shall never be able to repent of it enough. There are Stony Alleys in New York,—sink-holes where every figure and building is sinister, where you breathe gingerly as if they were filled with carbonic acid gas,—and there whoever will go in search of them may find Blades o' Grass in plenty.

Raymond Westbrook.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE AND THE PUBLIC.

AN eminent divine once declared that not even the saintliest of the saints go straight up to heaven, but zigzag continually; yet, on the whole, make heavenward. This style of advance is not a spiritual peculiarity, but may be seen in the great movements in public affairs.

A real reform once started in a nation which is not actually sliding to final decay is almost sure to advance to victory, however great, from time to time, may be the oscillations of its progress. Not seeing, at some early stages, much advance in a brief period, the faint-hearted may become discouraged and its enemies arrogant. But the past is full of assurance that the good cause will win, and perhaps in a rapid way, in its later stages.

If, in Italy, the statesmen who first had faith that the great claims of liberty and nationality would win were denounced as visionary theorists, and had to wait some weary years of alternate hope and despair, it is nevertheless true that the fulfillment of their dreams, since the national mind was aroused, has been wonderfully rapid.

When Burke first advocated economical reform, and when Pitt refused the rich perquisites which a vicious civil service system attached to office, they encountered as much ridicule from partisans and spoilsmen as has ever fallen here upon an advocate of civil service reform or an opponent of the "salary grab;" but the detractors of disinterested statesmanship on both sides of the Atlantic lived to see the higher sentiment triumph. When, in 1797, Lord Grey introduced a reform bill which was almost hooted out of the house, he did not lose faith in political virtue; but he lived to be the head of an administration which, in 1832, carried a far better bill.

Those two statesmen who, in 1853, brought forward that system for civil appointments which, discarding the theory of partisan selfishness and dictation,

opened the public service of England to personal merit, so that the son of a sailor or the heir of a washerwoman would stand on a level at its gates with the favorite of a bishop or the child of a duke, — those statesmen encountered showers of ridicule. They were characterized as *doctrinaires* and impracticable theorists. It is hardly possible to decide which were the most bitter or the most supercilious of their detractors, — the great politicians whose patronage would be taken away, the great aristocrats whose influence was threatened, or the great official dunces whose incompetency was exposed. Yet these reformers have lived to see their system crowned with a great success, — in the English civil service being taken out of low politics and given to high merit, in a people confiding and proud, in a civil administration worthy of a great nation and honored all the world over. And its authors still live: the one, rewarded by a nation's respect, in dignified, private life; the other, in the cabinet, as chancellor of the exchequer. They are now regarded as having shown more practical statesmanship than the whole generation of partisan leaders and aristocratic pretenders who sneered at their early efforts and have been forgotten. We, too, have those who have occasion to lament their want of faith in justice and public virtue, who blush as they read many a late page of history. Between the higher and the lower forces of politics, which are now arrayed against each other over the question of civil service reform, there was never so mighty a contest as that about slavery. The first protests against that stupendous peril were unheeded. Years that tried the hearts of noble reformers and brought some of them to the grave wore wearily away. But when once the great cause was fairly in the public mind, it developed an irresistible power with marvellous rapidity. The noisy demagogue who threatened to call his slave roll at

the foot of Bunker Hill Monument still lives to join with others in sneering at Senator Hill, because he has written some just and hopeful words for that reform in the civil service without which he sees the safety of the country is but half assured. When Lundy came to Boston, in 1828, in search of an abolitionist, not one was to be found.

To-day there are upon her streets men who—while perhaps still asserting the right of a clerk in the public service to neglect his duty that he may declaim in a caucus—have to recall the fact that they were among the blind partisans who cheered Austin's demagogue appeal, but hissed Channing's burning words of truth, when all that was noble in Boston sought to utter its sorrow because of Lovejoy's martyrdom for the cause of liberty and free speech.

Men and women are yet in full vigor who applauded when Frederick Douglas, because of his color, was dragged from the public cars in Massachusetts; who, in the pretty villages of a New England State, were the fierce actors in that drama of persecution which drove to poverty and exile a noble Christian woman, whose only offense was that of devoting her property and her toil to the education of poor colored girls. It would be strange indeed if a generation which has witnessed such triumphs of the higher over the lower elements of our politics should now lack faith in the better sentiment, and allow victory to be deferred in a contest equally involving the national safety.

If General Jackson, in the same years and in the same spirit of injustice, gained praise and present strength by prostituting the civil service, he nevertheless left a record which will forever cast a dark shade over all his virtues. So long as the faith that man could have property in his brother poisoned the whole sphere of public life and trailed our politics in the lowest depths of intolerance and corruption, it was of course impossible that merit could compete with patronage, or that those whose strength was in principle and whose aim was the general welfare should with-

stand the power of partisanship and organized selfishness. The fierce passions developed in the overthrow of slavery, and the low official morality, made worse by war, were but little more favorable to a reform.

Yet it was apparent, soon after the war, that a better spirit, even amid alarming corruption, was rising. When the smoke of the final battle had hardly vanished over the Virginia homes of Jefferson, Madison, Faulkner, and Randolph, from which the nation had been so early and so solemnly warned of the perils of slavery, Mr. Jenckes and his associates called attention to the danger from abuses in the civil service. The early warnings of peril from that source, given by Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and other great statesmen, were recalled. At first the impression produced seemed slight. Mercenary partisans and leading young politicians listened scornfully or sneered indolently, as they had at Garrison and May a few years earlier. Those few members of Congress who sometimes condescend to patronage at first regarded the movement as an April shower of doctrinaire gush and impracticable theory. But the movement steadily gained strength. Demagogues began to consider which side they had better take. By and by party managers, who rarely touch any cause, however good, until they think it will bring grist to their mill, began to prepare very equivocal resolutions about it. If it prospered, one interpretation would make them prophets; if it faltered, another would let it through their net. There was no broad-spread understanding of the subject among the people, and its best friends had hardly mastered it. But there was a pervading and profound conviction that the condition of the civil service was a great evil, a disgrace and peril to the country, which must be reformed. There were also immense numbers interested in abuses, and they, of course, actively opposed reform. Still, the demand for it grew stronger.

In 1870, President Grant, who as an army officer knew that a person of intelligence was fitter to command, or even to serve, than either a dunce or a com-

mon politician, recommended such a reform in a message. His declaration that "the elevation of the civil service would be hailed with approval by the whole people of the United States" at once showed how limited was his acquaintance with the hundreds of thousands of officers, scheming politicians, and the hirelings they control, who deprecate nothing so much as such an elevation. It also conveyed a suggestion, which his future course so lamentably strengthened, that he did not very much consider that not the prospect but the need of such a reform was the reason why it should be undertaken. This need continued, though the "hailing" was not universal. However poor a leader of reform the president was, it was a rapid advance to have the head of the nation adopt it within five years after Mr. Jenckes stirred the question in Congress.

In 1871, Congress passed a law, still in force, under which the president was authorized to provide rules for the civil service. Rules were framed by a commission appointed by the president. Congress voted money to pay the expenses of applying them, and they were enforced in a defective way for more than two years. The effect was so good and the cause was so popular that, in 1872, the republican national convention, the liberal convention, and the democratic convention each passed resolutions declaring the need of a great reform that should abolish patronage and advance merit. The two latter conventions proclaimed the reform to be "one of the most pressing necessities of the hour," and the republicans declared that "to give offices as a reward for party zeal is fatally demoralizing." Republicans and democrats more devoted to principle than anxious for office and patronage seem to think so still. Of course every well-informed person knew those truths; but it was not a slight matter to have all the great parties of the country put themselves on record to that effect. This was the height then reached by the ascending zigzag of progress. And neither antislavery, parliamentary, corn law, nor

any other great national reform ever made swifter advance in so short a time. But the reform had not as yet much compressed the great bag of patronage, or rather the real compression was not appreciated. Yet more and more the new system filled those public places with merit where the dispensers of patronage had before found rewards for their favorites. Great jobbers in politics and low manipulators of rings found smaller profits in their trade, fewer places to give away, and less obedience among their dependents.

Demagogues, who at first only ridiculed the new system, now took the trouble to misrepresent its effects and to slander its supporters. While in one breath denouncing it as imbecile and impracticable, in the next they sounded the bugle charge upon it, and secretly rallied their forces to crush it before it crushed them. It never cost \$20,000 per year,—not half as much as would be expended in intrigues and bribery about the selection of a single collector, not half as much as the neglect and incompetency of any one of many partisan or mercenary officers annually cost the government; yet it was denounced as a piece of useless extravagance.

As far as practicable, the rules were enforced until the annual message of December, 1874, and even in a languishing way some months later.

It is unnecessary to recall those acts and omissions of the president which so greatly increased the intrinsic difficulties of the work to which he had pledged himself and the nation. It is but just to him to say that he made considerable sacrifices in its support, and that he withstood a vast pressure and many seductive appeals on the part of some who were in honor bound to aid him, and on the part of many more who are the common enemies of all good administration. He is not without claims to public gratitude in that behalf; but it is to be lamented that a failure to stand by his duty and his pledge, and thereby achieve a great civil triumph within his grasp, must forever cast a shadow upon the bright record of public services in the

field for which he will be remembered with gratitude. Nor should his good faith in any absolute sense be questioned. Yet his surrender can never be justified, unless, indeed, it be right for the head of a great nation to bring before its people a measure of reform vital to its safety, to allow it to fall into disrepute by giving it but half the strength he could command, and then to abandon it, with the old abuses merely checked, only because it was difficult and those whose abuses it would arrest did not rally to its support.

The evidence of the practical effect of the new system, where it had really been put in force, had been gathered and preserved. Not only by the statements of those most familiar with details, but by the deliberate judgment of the president and his advisers, expressed in a formal report made in April, 1874, and sent with an approving special message to Congress, it was declared that the new system had excluded the unworthy and given superior capacity to the public service, had developed more energy in the discharge of duty, had diminished pressure and solicitation, had made it easier to dismiss the unworthy and retain the worthy, had diminished intrigue and inspired honest ambition. This judgment was unchallenged, and stands to-day as the highest testimony possible on the subject. Yet in the face of such evidence and pledges, the president, in his message of December, 1874, gently informed Congress that if it should adjourn without positive legislation on the civil service reform, "the president would abandon the system," which he, nevertheless, at the same time declared "had tended to the elevation of the service." That touch of sentiment on the part of the stern soldier, but by no means stern president, which we detect when, in the same breath, he says that the fate of his work (for he thought its fate hung on that day) is to him "a source of mortification" awakens something akin to sympathy, and allows no one to believe that he connived at the hint of an exit and a relief, which filled so many members of Congress with joy

and so many with pain. But it must be said that if, instead of these docile words, he had then (or, better still, had much earlier) used the plain language of a stern sense of duty, and a resolute purpose, — such as on the battle-field had been the strength of his friends and the terror of his enemies, — the highest civil policy of his administration would never have been whistled down the wind by partisan schemers. Its opponents would have slunk away before its ascending triumph, and history would have had to record, not his surrender, but an ultimate victory over the spoilsmen not less in glory than those he had won upon fields of blood. There was then no need (nor will there be) of any real conflict between the executive and Congress, but only need for a just and firm insistence by the president upon a proper exercise of the functions of his office. Congress will do its duty to this great subject.

Those in Congress who preferred spoils to duty, and sunk patriotism in partisanship, speedily completed the cunning scheme according to which no debate was to be had and no vote was to be recorded on the subject. None will question the shrewdness which advised that all possible secrecy should shroud the death-scene and burial, in the household of its friends, of a reform to which all parties had pledged themselves before the people, and which was being surrendered for slaughter, in the very document which proclaimed its utility, only because there was too much corruption and cowardice in official life to tolerate its existence. The scheme was carried into effect, and the greatest question ever before that Congress was hustled out without a debate and without the record of the name of a member voting upon it. No public reasons were given, because no good reasons existed. The moral tone of official life was then far below that of the people. The dominant party — grown arrogant from the long possession of power, and deluded into the belief that patronage could control one half the Union and military coercion the other — was blind to the plain ad-

monitions of the time, and readily fell under the influence of its worst spirit and its most unworthy leaders. They and too many others had forgotten the high moral altitude at which their party first breathed the breath of life, the pledges it had made, the faith and good works without which it cannot live. Some of its leaders had grown more arrogant as the party capital of popularity was more nearly expended, and they proposed nothing that would renew it. When unimpeached offenders sat in the cabinet, when "salary-grab" bills could pass Congress, when great officers were drawn into Credit Mobilier frauds, when whisky-ring speculation and custom-house corruption flourished in so many places, when fearful abuses, under the very shadow of the Capitol, hardly halted at the steps of the White House, — at such a time, perhaps, it was too much to expect any other fate for a reform which, in spirit and aim, was hostile to all the degeneracy of the times. Here was the lowest point of the downward plane of the zigzag of progress.

Too many of the thoughtful friends of good government in both parties, and all the mere politicians in the land, believed that the chances of reforming the civil service were consigned to the tomb of the Capulets for a generation at least. So taught the partisan leaders. But some more courageous spirits did not think so. Such was not the will of the people. If they had crude ideas of the true methods of reform, and uttered many rash opinions about it, they yet had a great purpose to have it brought about. They resolved to let it be understood that they intended that those whose duty it might be should make themselves qualified, and put in practice fit measures for removing the grave abuses which all the parties had declared to exist.

Such, indeed, was not the reasoning of the majority, but of a great body of the best and most influential citizens in both parties; and such a body of voters no great party ever dares to ignore. They are always an influence far beyond their numbers, and when stand-

ing for a reform which touches the conscience and safety of a nation they are a power vastly exceeding the common estimate of mere politicians. Often, to their cost, party leaders underestimate this element, and attempt to manage politics as if those who attend conventions and control caucuses were the only persons to be considered. They made that mistake in reference to the slavery question, until the higher element broke the folds of the old parties and formed a party of its own. The response to the Fifth Avenue conference showed how nearly those demanding administrative reform came to creating a party and dictating a candidate. Statesmanship must consider all the forces that make up a nation, the disinterested and the independent not less than the selfish and the servile.

How far those who thrust out the civil service question mistook public opinion is very plain to a reflecting mind. When preparations for the last election opened, not merely true statesmen but sagacious party managers perceived that the rolling stone of reform, which the officers at Washington had rejected and sent back to the people, was by no means crushed, but would crush the builders if not put into the new edifice. Both parties — how far from duty and how far from policy, we need not inquire — declared for the very policy so lately discarded. It could be used to catch votes, if not as a foundation to build upon. There were before the country men of eminence who had rendered great services, from among whom, according to partisan theories, the new president must be selected. Upon all decisive questions save that of civil service reform, which, perhaps, they thought indecisive, they held similar opinions. At the outset of the campaign, not a politician in five hundred doubted that one of these great men would be the next president. But the resolve for reform, if indefinite yet deep in the public heart, soon declared for the nomination of a person before unrecognized by the nation. He had been a subordinate in the treasury department. Although of

great worth and fine ability, he had no chance for the nomination beyond the fact that he had shown zeal and courage for administrative reform; whereas not one of those eminent men had been identified with such a policy. Up to the time that Mr. Bristow confronted the whisky rings and the high officials who connived at their frauds, he had not been thought of for the presidency. That reforming spirit at once made him — destitute, as he was, of all partisan support — a formidable rival of those, in either party, who had served the country longest and best, according to common standards, even when they were backed by the most powerful party organizations and all the support which patronage can command. The other party secured a candidate who had presented some appearance, at least, of being a reformer, and he was accepted, by those of his faith, as favoring reform. It is clear, beyond question, that if either of the republican party leaders could have been presented as identified with such a policy, none other than that leader could have been nominated. In other words, at the very moment when the president and Congress smothered the reform policy, believing, or hoping at least, that the people would overlook it, there was such a public sentiment in its favor that the people were ready to lift an untried man into the presidential chair, over the heads of the most distinguished public men, merely because he had showed honesty and courage for the punishment of the corrupt persons upon whom a republican administration had bestowed offices.

There is no need of referring to the familiar history of the nomination made at Cincinnati. It is enough for our purpose that, while it fell upon one in every way so worthy to fill the first office, it also fell upon one who, more emphatically than any other person ever before proposed for that high station, had pledged himself to the reform of the civil service. Thus for the second time the great question of elevating the civil service was brought into the foreground of national politics; and this time, not by command of the president, but by command of

the people. However specious some of the promises of reform may have been, they none the less prove the recognized strength of the sentiment demanding it. The president has justly interpreted the pledges given according to their spirit and to their acceptance by the people. To some extent that spirit has been carried into action.

The whole subject of what general policy should be adopted for elevating the civil service, as well as what particular methods are most suitable for carrying on the work, is now again before the president, Congress, and the people. It would seem plain that it can be neither ignored nor trifled with. It is as good an opportunity as a statesman could wish for responding to the best wishes of a people by entering upon a great and beneficent work.

The crude state of public opinion as to the true methods of relief, and its unreasonable hope that all the strongholds of the spoilsmen may be captured and all their ingenious ways of influence may be stopped at once, make the duty of the hour none the less, though the work of reform far more different. Much discussion is needed to combine the high sentiment of the country upon methods that are reasonable, practicable, and constitutional. The evils to be removed prevail in the civil service of the States and the municipalities, as well as in federal offices. They are at our doors everywhere. The people need to organize debate and act for their removal. They ought not to fold their hands and wait for the president alone, or the president and Congress, to deliver them. It is the common cause of the people, aided by all good officers on one side, against all that is corrupt in office and all that is venal and vicious in partisan politics on the other side. A great deal may be done speedily to arrest abuses and to secure for merit those places which partisanship, favoritism, and corruption have monopolized. But it should be comprehended at the outset that to raise the civil service of the United States as high as it may be raised is the great labor and duty of a generation. Indeed, to raise

that service so high, and keep it there, is one of the permanent problems of our politics (as it has been of all the leading nations), a problem which will trouble statesmen long after the Southern question, the currency question, and every other party issue now before us, have been settled. It is the problem which the everlasting antagonism between the higher and lower elements in politics—between duty and patriotism on one side, and selfish ambition and reckless partisanship on the other side—will forever press upon a free country. When there shall be twenty cities, each with its million or more of population, when a thousand millions of money shall come yearly into the treasury, when three hundred thousand persons shall be in the public service and three hundred millions shall dwell in the land, that problem will not be less serious.

If not now wisely dealt with, we may be sure it will make a party by which a great, absorbing issue will be raised, having for its result either the overthrow of the party opposing reform or the more absolute supremacy of the spoils system. We have deluded ourselves with the theory that a government, right in principle and sound in frame-work, can be carried on by the interested aid of mere party managers and their dependents, and that statesmanship means party management. Such a theory is equally delusive, whether the government be a republic or a monarchy; and the conditions of good administration are much the same in both. We need to comprehend that to secure honest, economical, and efficient administration, day by day and year by year, is not only one of the highest achievements of statesmanship, since it involves a nation's destiny, but that it is one of the most successful acts of party management, since among an enlightened people it is most sure to gain for a party both honor and power.

Among the interesting questions that stand connected with our subject, there is one not less important, but more directly before the people at this moment than any other; we mean that raised as to the right of those in the public service

to interfere with local elections and partisan politics.

We need to have a clear conception of what is meant by the public service. Without including in it mere temporary laborers, the public service embraces all those, whether of high or low grade, in the pay of government, and by whose aid public administration is carried on: not only those who carry on the national governments, but those who carry on the state and municipal administration. The public service comprehends the army, the navy, and the militia as well as the class called civil servants. Of the latter there are more than sixty thousand in the national service. They are not simply hirelings pledged to nothing but to do a certain amount of work, receiving nothing but so much pay, and representing nothing as between themselves and the people but a mere business relation. They are, on the contrary, clothed with a part of the power and dignity of the people, standing for their authority, guarding their safety, protecting their virtue and their property. They are not, in the theory of the constitution and the laws, what they are too generally looked upon as being,—that is, either mere agents of parties or mere favored persons living at the public expense, with all the privileges they had before, and a salary in addition. They are not, as are other persons, who are employed and paid in private business, still under the same laws, with the same liberty of action, as all other citizens. They are, on the contrary, persons selected and placed under peculiar conditions, and bound by oath to use their ability and authority for the purpose of carrying into effect, according to their spirit and object, the laws and regulations which pertain to their offices,—not for the special benefit of any party, or sect, or class, but for the common welfare of the whole people. They hold an honorable and sacred trust, unfaithfulness to which may be punished by fine and imprisonment. Many single officers, as, for example, any of the secretaries at the heads of departments,

are under elaborate laws relating to them severally. Other classes of officials, such as judges, the police, those in the army, in the navy, in the post-office department, have also special laws governing their conduct.

Indeed, there is hardly an officer in the public service, from the constable to the general of the army, from a tobacco inspector to the head of the treasury, who does not act under laws peculiarly applicable to him or his class. And where these special laws end, there special regulations begin, — those relating to the treasury, the army, or the navy alone filling scores of pages; the former even a large volume. It is an essential condition of all good administration that such laws and regulations should be rigidly enforced. There need be permanency of tenure only in a small part of the service, though in what part, beyond the judiciary, the army, navy, and police, we need not here consider. But, everywhere and always, to be in the public service means something very unlike mere working for wages, — means a relation, with rights, duties, and proprieties, far different from those which pertain to any mere private station. The most reckless partisan, trying to fill the party treasury by coercing poor clerks to pay assessments, or to elect a member of Congress by exacting servile labor from all the public servants in the district, would hardly claim that either judges or army, navy, or police officers should actively participate in partisan politics. But why not? For no other reason, obviously, than that such participation is not consistent with the nature of their official duties, and is indeed fatal to the calm and just frame of mind in which, alone, such duties can be properly discharged. The most simple and just conception of an executive officer is this: that he is a person using public authority and doing the work for the whole people, without discrimination based on opinions. But in the case of the higher offices there are exceptions, which we shall point out.

It may be said that the naval and military services are different, in those re-

spects, from the civil service, and that their officers have not the same right as civil officers to participate in party and local politics. Will any one, on principle, claim that a judge, a constable, a coroner, or a policeman has a better right than a captain, or a colonel, or a soldier — or even that it is safer to allow the former than the latter — to discriminate on political or religious grounds, or to become absorbed and heated in the fierce contests of parties? Why can the federal officers who command in the custom-house, any more justly and usefully than the federal officers who command in the forts, spend their time in manipulating local politics and coercing the freedom of elections through the use of official power? Has not the captain of a man-of-war or of a company of regulars as clear a right as a sheriff, a magistrate, or an inspector of whisky, sugar, or baggage to allow an offender to escape for political or personal reasons, — as good a right to coerce an election, or an appointment, or the payment of a party assessment? Does the long toleration of abuses by one class of officers and not by the other make any real difference in the right or the peril? Public opinion, expressed through laws and regulations, has substantially taken the army and navy, and in large measure the judges, and to some extent the police, out of politics. But there is no reason of principle or of right for that policy — none based on the constitution or public policy — that does not, in substance, apply to the whole subordinate executive service. The constitutional provisions for regulating official conduct, in the army, in the navy, and in the civil service, are the equivalent of each other.

No one will claim, however, that the same rules are fit or that the same restrictions are required for each, but only that each may be and should be regulated as the public welfare requires. There can be no occasion to forbid voting on the part of the officers, whether it would be lawful to do so or not. The constitution prohibits any restrictions of the freedom of religion, of speech, or of

the press, whether on the part of those in the public service or out of it.

The authority to make regulations governing the land and naval forces is given to Congress, which seems at the least to suggest that the right of making regulations for other executive officers is in the executive. The authority to choose its own officers (save the president of the senate) is given to each house of Congress respectively; and that authority has always been held to imply the right to regulate the discharge of duty by those officials. Almost from the beginning of the government, it has been the law that the head of each department is authorized to prescribe regulations for the government of its officers; and such regulations are everywhere in operation. In 1871 a law was passed, which is still in force, qualifying the power of heads of departments, and authorizing the president "to prescribe regulations for the admission of persons into civil service . . . and for the conduct of persons who may receive appointments in the civil service." Besides, such regulations, tending as they do to economy, fidelity, and efficiency in the service, are a part of the fit means of discharging the executive duty of "taking care that the laws be faithfully executed." The authority of the president to make proper regulations on the subject is, therefore, unquestionable. To what extent and in what way it may, from time to time, be expedient to exercise that authority we have no space to consider. This is clear enough: that the officer may exercise his mere personal influence for his faith or party like any other citizen; but he has no right to use his official authority or influence, or to take the time required for the discharge of his official duties, to propagate any opinions or to give strength to any sect or party, except as we shall explain. He has no right to make use of his office

as an electioneering agency; no right to make it a partisan head-quarters; no right to make himself the political agent of any party, ring, or office seeker whatever.¹

It can be no matter of question that a nation has a moral right to lay down, and that there is an imperative need to enforce, proper conditions upon which it will allow its citizens to exercise official authority. No proposition in politics can be clearer than this: that he who accepts an office assumes an obligation, both of honor and of legal responsibility, to conform to the conditions laid down in the constitution, the laws, and the regulations for the discharge of the duties of that office. By the common law which we inherited, by the plain import of statutes without number, in the spirit of so many decisions which have enforced pecuniary liability or sent officers to prison, a public office is a public trust, to be discharged for the common welfare of a people. An officer is not merely bound to do what he can conveniently in his office, without interfering with his habits as a politician or his interests and ambition as a partisan, but he is bound to bestow upon his public duties his paramount attention, and to sacrifice whatever is not consistent with discharging them in a just, efficient, and economical manner.²

We have always had a great proportion of worthy men in the public service; but we have also had so many mere partisan schemers, and servile, if not corrupt, dependents of leading politicians and domineering officers, that the public standard as to the degree of fidelity to the public interest which may fairly be required of public officers, — federal, state, or municipal, — as well as the officer's own conception of his duty to the public, has become vitiated and low. We may, perhaps, hope for a sounder public opinion before long, in presence of which

¹ The general rule is well indicated in a letter of Mr. Clay, written in 1842, in which he says, "Officers should have perfect freedom of thought and of the right of suffrage, but with suitable restraints against improper interference with elections."

² The rule is well stated in the letter of Senator Hill, of April 12, 1877 (New York Times, April 19

1877): "If I were to use a public office to gratify private friendship, or to avenge private wrongs, or to promote in any way my private or political interests, I should feel that I had become guilty of a gross breach of trust, for which the proper penalty would be disqualification to hold any public office whatever."

public officers will cease to seek popularity only in partisan circles, and will find the reward of good conduct in the respect of a whole community grateful for the blessing of official duties faithfully performed. Collectors, postmasters, and their like officers, whose duties in no way relate to elections or party politics, and whose fitness to discharge them is much impaired by constant interference with the freedom of voters, may come to consider it a gross impropriety to go about using their official authority and coercing their subordinates for the purpose of defeating one party candidate or of electing another. Notwithstanding the strong list the ship of state has had toward partisan methods since Jackson's time, the general legislation affecting public officers has been in harmony with these views. According to present law, if a member of Congress is absent a day from his place of duty he suffers a deduction of pay, unless he gives a good excuse. May subordinate officers be away, day after day, doing all the partisan work of the section, but neglecting the public work, and setting a pernicious example to the clerks, and yet draw full salaries and be fully excused?

By a law of 1872 it was provided that no officer or clerk, in any department, should, at any time within two years after ceasing to be such, act as attorney, counsel, or agent in prosecuting any claim against the United States which was therein pending when he was an officer. Now, if such a rule may be enforced upon a person for two years after he has ceased to be in the public service, is it more repugnant to personal liberty, or less necessary to good administration, that a person in that service be required to keep aloof from partisan intrigues for getting one person nominated, another removed, and a third promoted in that same department?

A law of 1870 provides that no officer or clerk shall solicit contributions from other officers for a gift to officers in a superior position, or solicit a subscription from any officer having a salary less than himself, or make a gift or present to a superior officer.

How can the principle and spirit of such a law be reconciled with the theory, now being urged, that public servants have in every way the same rights and duties as private servants? Is it less dangerous to give a whole office as a political present than to give a mere percentage on its salary for a year? How is the practice of prostrating the whole civil service at the feet of great officers or the party majority, by exacting an arbitrary assessment for party purposes at peril of removal, to be reconciled with this law? How, in the spirit of such a law, can the president permit postmasters, collectors, navy agents, and all other heads of offices and bureaus to become assessment collectors, electioneering agents, and patronage brokers of politics, local and national?

Such abuses, of course, are a peril of the gravest import. They are a serious encroachment of federal power upon state rights and individual liberty; they add a corrupting and useless activity to political agitation and intrigue in each State, congressional district, and municipality. Scores of pages could be filled with evidence of the excessive salaries, the excessive numbers, the corrupt intriguers, the useless dunces, which they foist upon the public service. It would be shown, overwhelmingly, that those who pretend that in opposing these principles they stand as the defenders of the liberty and rights of the civil service are really aiding to take away its freedom, its manhood, its self-respect, and its salaries. They leave no subordinate officer at liberty to vote or act, politically, as he wishes, or to discharge his official duties without meddling in local politics. They force him to obey the orders of some caucus or party chieftain at the peril of his salary and his place; and after all, his salary is arbitrarily taxed. No man is less a freeman than he.

Once let men come into the service, on the basis of merit fairly tested, and allow them to remain to the end of a reasonable tenure, if faithful and efficient, — uncoerced by the fear of party influence, — and we shall have not only

administration vastly improved, but an end of federal dictation in local politics.

But it is said that our government is a government by parties; that parties are useful, and that, even if not useful, parties are inevitable. Parties have principles and a policy, and in governing they must make a practical application of such principles and policy. This application can be fairly made only by those having faith in them. It is therefore necessary that those who carry on the administration should share the opinions of the party in power; and they ought also to be allowed to work for the spreading of those opinions and for the election of those persons who believe in them. This is the reasoning of the advocates of the partisan spoils system. It converts the whole administration into a vast partisan propaganda, for which every member is expected to work with a zeal that makes his official duties quite a secondary affair. It is also the theory of this system that a party once in power can keep itself in power by the use of patronage. A short answer can be given to the whole theory. We have no space for showing the disastrous effects of such use of patronage upon a party, if, indeed, any further proof than the familiar experiments of the last ten years be needed. What so much as putting unworthy men into office has shaken the power of the long-dominant party? It is, of course, conceded that parties are both useful and inevitable. First, they elect all legislative officers, and make all laws, by their majority. Here is a grand field for the display of their principles and policy. Next, they elect the president (and in the States the governors), and hence direct the policy of the nation in harmony with their principles. If they have a foreign policy, the ministers they appoint carry it into effect. But the purely ministerial duties of a consul represent no part of that policy. The party has not a policy or a fragment of policy, save it be one demanding honesty and capacity in the consul for each port and inland city in a foreign country.

The president chooses his cabinet, and

by its advice carries out the policy and applies the principles of his party. It might be well, perhaps, to allow one or two assistant secretaries in each great department, as well as the private clerks of such officers, to be appointed with reference to political opinions, and to go out with the administration. But it is preposterous to say that a postmaster, or collector, and much less inferior officers in the departments, or the minor federal officers in the several States, must for the proper discharge of their duties be of the same political faith as the president. Such officers have no political duties. They could discharge their administrative and ministerial functions perhaps all the better if they gave not the least attention to parties, or were without even the right of voting, unquestionable as that right may be. The national administration can, honestly and justly, have no policy for any particular postmaster or collector, and no principles for him to apply, save what are common to every officer of his class: namely, to collect the revenue, distribute the mail, receive and pay over the public money; in short, to attend to his official business, and refrain from electioneering for any one, or from using their authority to control local politics. No head of a local office, having many clerks under him, more nearly acts on this theory than Postmaster James, of New York city; no one more efficiently discharges his duty; and no one has brought more honor and strength to the administrations which have appointed him. All special policy in regard to such officers means political intrigue, attempts to gain partisan strength by the prostitution of official authority, the dictation of some high official for ambitious purposes, involving neglect of duty and demoralization.

The just rule is that all such subordinates must obey the legal and proper instructions of the administration as to the way in which official duties are to be discharged, on pain of dismissal.

In that way, the policy of the party in power will be carried out, and its principles applied. The soundness of these

principles and the wisdom of its policy, and not its skill in bestowing patronage or in manipulating elections, will be the source of its strength or its weakness before the people. If we adopt any other theory, then all the sixty thousand in the civil service must be removed every four years. But will any one pretend that a book-keeper cannot properly keep his books, that the inspector cannot examine tobacco, sugar, and silk, that the lighthouse-keeper cannot take care of his station, that the auditor cannot examine his vouchers, that the treasurer cannot collect and pay over public money, faithfully and efficiently, unless each of them shares the politics of the president?

We cannot even refer to the improved administration which, in the leading nations, has come from taking the or-

dinary public service out of favoritism and politics. The people will, not long hence, — though doubtless very gradually, — come to the conclusion that all the political representation the dominant party needs, in order to carry out its principles and policy and to secure the most lasting power and honor, may well be found in a moderate number of high offices, leaving other offices to be filled by merit, irrespective of party politics. This condition of public opinion and of the public service has already been reached in several of the best-governed countries of Europe, and especially in England, whose administration is most analogous to our own. There is no good reason why a republic should not have an administration as pure and efficient as that of a monarchy.

Dorman B. Eaton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

HARDLY any man who reads it, if he gives his own unbiased opinion, will approve of the book called *Hetty's Strange History*. If he is one sort of man he will call it wicked; if another, morbid. In any case he will object to it.

Hetty Gunn, the heroine, is represented as a healthy, determined, fine-looking girl, with a curious lack of the clinging, dependent qualities which we sometimes note in a woman, — a lack which seems to keep lovers at a distance more than any other. One wonders why; but it does. I have known even a little habit of choosing her own seat quickly in a railroad car, instead of waiting for her escort to do it for her, brought up against a woman as insupportable. Hetty Gunn has the gift of taking charge of things; strong and independent, she manages her farm herself, and does it well. Of a resolute, unselfish nature, she is above minding her real position, which is that

of an unloved woman, accepting it calmly as part of her lot in life; the outside sting, however, is removed by the fact that everybody in the neighborhood believes that she has as many suitors as she cares to have. But in truth, she has never had one. She lives on in this manner, busy and prosperous, and, having no idealizing tendencies, no imaginative romance, she does not go out of her way to fall in love with somebody, anybody, as many women do, but keeps steadily along by herself. At thirty-seven years of age she has a brusque, honest, but somewhat dictatorial manner, a strong, healthy beauty of the impersonal sort which attracts no more than that of the goddess of liberty, a kindly, half-comic expression, and a merry laugh. It is a well-drawn picture; we have all seen such women. And now across the stage comes the lover.

To abridge matters and afford him a

chance with Hetty, the author has sagaciously made him a physician, giving him illness in the house, with all its unlimited opportunities and situations, as a background. Doctor Eben is a fine-looking man, sensible and honest; meeting with Hetty during night-watchings, dawn-meetings, and long sea-side days, he at length falls in love with her, and asks her to marry him. It is the first time a word of love has ever been spoken in her ear. She is startled; she goes through doubts and fears; she is irresolute; she begins to dream. At last, laying down her arms forever, this strong-hearted, mannish, old-young girl commences loving in earnest reality, and loves with all her soul, all her being. The strength of her nature, hitherto diffused in various directions, is now concentrated upon one person. They are married; he is thirty-four years of age, she thirty-seven.

Their wedded life opens happily. Her every thought is devoted to him, and he, in return, loves her sincerely; but, man-like, he expects her to take his love for granted. *He* is sure of it; therefore *she* should be. Time passes. Hetty is now forty-five, and Doctor Eben forty-one. But *Hetty* looks old. There are little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, her hair has turned gray, her fair skin is weather-beaten; on the other hand Doctor Eben is younger and handsomer than ever. The wife is painfully conscious of this change; the husband scarcely notices it. He is a practical, busy man, absorbed more and more in his profession. She watches him, and notes all he says and does with morbid intentness. He, without the least comprehension of the direction her thought is taking, marches on as naturally and carelessly as a boy brushing through tall grass; but every bent stalk is a fibre of Hetty's heart. And now upon the scene comes the usual cause of trouble in cases of this kind, namely, a young girl. In this story she is a fair child, smitten down by spinal disease, and Doctor Eben becomes her physician; he takes a great interest in her, of course, and Hetty has to hear it all. Remarkable skill is now

shown by the author in relating the little occurrences which follow each other and torture the wife,—for it is always little things that do it. No one but a woman could have written the following extracts, and perhaps no one but a woman can appreciate them. The sick girl, Rachel, has a fancy that she possesses clairvoyant powers; she divines that the doctor's wife is unhappy, and tells her so. Hetty relates the incident to her husband. "And was it true, Hetty?" he asked. "Were you thinking of something in yourself which troubled you?" "Yes, I was," said Hetty, in a low voice. She fears he may question her; one can imagine that she half hopes he will. But no; his interest is all in Rachel. "Extraordinary!" he replies. "I'd give my right hand to cure that girl." Later he adds: "You might as well try to make yourself Rachel's age, as to" do so-and-so. Again, while they are by Rachel's bedside one day, he lifts the sick girl's little white hand, and says, "Look at that hand. It could n't do much work, could it?" Involuntarily Hetty places her own near it. "Oh, take it away, Hetty. It looks like a man's hand by the side of Rachel's," is his comment. One morning he tells his wife that he has an imperative engagement in another direction; but Hetty, going to visit Rachel, and happening to sit where she cannot be seen from the door, has the pleasure of witnessing her husband's entrance, "with a look of gladness on his face," and hears him say "in tones of great tenderness," "How are you to-day, precious child?" The next instant he sees his wife, and his glad look changes to one of surprise. Doctor Eben is guilty of no falsehood; his coming was an accident, and so it is explained. But Hetty has seen the look and heard the tone! In time, owing to his skill, Rachel begins to improve; at last she walks, and Doctor Eben bursts into his wife's room, his face flushed with excitement, exclaiming, "Hetty, Hetty, Rachel has walked several rods alone!" And Hetty remembers mutely that it is the anniversary of their wedding-day. A vivid

touch is added when Hetty, alluding to the possibility that now Rachel can marry, is met by the reply that "no man is worthy to kiss the child's feet." There it is, — worthy! Why is a young girl always exalted over the wife, who has given and gives daily, perhaps, her whole life, with unselfish, often heroic devotion? Hetty muses long and earnestly. The tragedy of the story now follows. She leaves her home, carefully arranging evidence that she has been accidentally drowned in a lake near by, and flees to Canada. The tie that holds down many unhappy wives — the children — does not hold her; she has no children. She reasons that she is old and faded; once out of the way, her husband, to whom she has left all her property, can marry Rachel and be happy. So run her thoughts. If they are perverted, they are at least unselfish. Imagine a man leaving a beautiful wife whom he loved dearly, in order that she might be happier with some one else! Hetty devotes herself to charitable work in Canada with a stout determination; at home she is mourned as dead.

And now the author sweeps round, and brings in what seems to me the improbable part of the story. Ten years pass; and Doctor Eben does not marry Rachel or anybody else, but is represented as constantly sorrowing for his dead wife. Now of course he would have sorrowed for her, because he really loved her. But was he the kind of man to make a funeral monument of himself? Funeral monuments are, too, extremely rare; made, I mean, of the pure metal.

• The good husbands are the first to marry again; the very qualities that make them good husbands push them to it. In this case, if the doctor did not marry Rachel, who, "a very beautiful woman," openly reveals that she loves him, he would, ten to one, have married somebody else. His meeting with Hetty at the last, and their reunion, are dramatic, and of course satisfactory to those readers who demand "a good ending." But I think a good many of us would lay a heavy wager that, in real life at least, the termination would have been another one.

To sum up: it seems to me that the author has been thoroughly successful in portraying Hetty, her thoughts and her troubles; and in making her run away she simply allows her to *do* what other women only *think*. Hetty Gunn is not, to my mind, at all an extraordinary person. If I were required to write out the moral of the story, it would read as follows: Wives who look older than their husbands are, if they really love them, miserably unhappy half the time; and even when there is no other cause. This may be pooh-pooed, and called unreasonable. Very well, — it is unreasonable. But it is true.

— In the case of *Kirtland v. Hotchkiss*, commented upon by Mr. Wells in a recent number of this magazine, Mr. Kirtland, of Connecticut, loaned money to a man in Illinois, and took as security a mortgage payable in Illinois. Mr. Kirtland resisted the payment of a tax imposed by the town of Woodbury on this mortgage, and his case now awaits the consideration of the supreme court in Washington. Mr. Wells calls attention to the importance of the questions involved, in an article entitled *Are Credits and Debts Property?* He contends that they are not, and ought not to be taxed. A contributor to the Club of November criticises these views, and insists that debts are property, and ought to be taxed.

Let us follow this latter proposition to its legitimate conclusion. A has one thousand dollars in gold, B has one thousand dollars in land, and the property of these two persons is justly valued at two thousand dollars; and two thousand dollars' worth is all the property there is. But A loans his gold to B; B acknowledges that he has this property, and promises to return it, and secures the performance of that promise by a mortgage on his land. A tax is then levied as follows: B, land and gold, two thousand dollars; A, mortgage debt, one thousand dollars; total actual property, three thousand dollars. Yet there is still only two thousand dollars' worth of actual property; and there cannot be included in this three pieces of property

worth one thousand dollars each; one is unreal, fictitious. If the debt is really property, as your contributor, a Southern lawyer, contends, then we are forced to the conclusion that either the land or the gold is the piece of property which does not exist! Is it not clear that some one is doubly taxed for a thousand dollars merely because one of the parties was too poor to pay in cash?

Your contributor thinks Mr. Kirtland "is not injured by *any* Illinois tax that is not levied on *him*." Will this reasoning conduct him to a just conclusion? Suppose Mr. Kirtland owns shares in the C. B. & Q. Railroad, and pays taxes on it in Connecticut, while the State of Illinois, though it levies no taxes on *him*, requires one quarter part of the profits from the railroad as taxes; is Mr. Kirtland uninjured? Suppose the State of Illinois levies a tax of one hundred per cent., as it may do, not on Mr. Kirtland, but on all the property and franchises of the C. B. & Q. Railroad; is Mr. Kirtland still uninjured? Mr. Wells asks, Shall the twenty thousand dollars be taxed as cash in the hands of the mortgagee in Illinois, and as a mortgage lien in Connecticut? Southern lawyers reply, It is a sufficient answer to say, it is not the business of Connecticut to determine on what property Illinois shall lay her taxes. Mr. Kirtland is a citizen not only of Connecticut but of the United States. He is a citizen, too, not only of Woodbury, which really takes care of him, and therefore levies, substantially, all the taxes he has to pay, but of Connecticut. And precisely the same arguments which are advanced as to the relation between Connecticut and Illinois must apply to the relation between Woodbury and the adjoining town of West Woodbury. Upon these very arguments it would be just for Woodbury to tax Mr. Kirtland's deed of a farm in West Woodbury, and Woodbury might as justly say as Connecticut does in the case discussed, "It is not our business to determine what property West Woodbury shall tax!"

If the law of Illinois allows the twenty thousand dollars mortgage debt to be

deducted from the value of the land mortgaged, as Mr. Wells's critic asserts and we, lacking precise information, doubt, that law differs in that respect from the law in nine tenths of the Northern States, and we fancy in most of the Southern ones. We believe that almost all, if not literally all, the States tax land without deduction of debts for which it is mortgaged.

Such laws, especially when applied to stocks in foreign corporations, are neither more nor less than penalties upon investing money without the State, and if the State of Connecticut has a right to impose a penalty of one per cent., it has a right to impose a penalty of fifty, aye, of a hundred per cent.

I understand Mr. Wells's theory to be that the State is bound to protect persons and property; that every person and all property is bound to contribute for this protection. That every person is equal before the law, and be he high or low, rich or poor, is entitled to the same personal protection, to precisely the same personal liberty and security, privileges and immunities. That no difference in the amount of protection given is made or acknowledged by the law or in fact. That there is an equal measure of protection for all, and an equal measure of contribution due from every man, — a personal contribution, and if need be his services and his life. That the protection of the person is one thing, the protection of property another. That if all property is equally taxed for its own protection, every person necessarily pays taxes according to the amount of that property which he uses, for no man can avoid paying taxes on the price of everything that he uses or exclusively appropriates. Southern lawyers believe, on the contrary, that every man is bound to pay in the first place for the protection of all his property, and also for the protection of his person in proportion to the amount of his property.

I leave your readers to judge between the two, merely adding that we fear Mr. Wells's critic would not be acknowledged by *all* the Southern bar as their authorized mouth-piece. In fact I have heard

several of them express very different views.

—Of late years we have had a number of capital dialect poems. But there is one field to which I should like to direct the attention of some competent balladist. Mr. Bret Harte is credited with the statement that the South offers special advantages to the novelist. He might truly have added, to the poet also. Society there is less tightly held in the strait-jacket of uniformity than at the North, and more dashed with romance and adventure. Yet it is far more polished and cultured than in the rough regions of the border; and the absence of money-getting (until very recently) from the controlling interests of life fostered a certain chivalrous feeling which, even if sometimes running into extravagance, cannot reasonably be laughed at. The knight of the nineteenth century outside of fiction is very likely to be found below Mason and Dixon's line. Daring exploits and generous acts in any part of the past century can be readily found.

The dialect, if I may call it so, which I have in mind is not the rude speech of the "foresters," but the latinized language commonly used by educated planters, taught by Johnson and Pope to their forefathers, which slavery and a Southern clime fostered, as they did all that was grandiose, — with much, too, that was really grand. This speech calls a debt a pecuniary embarrassment, and never says that a man is poor when he is in exceedingly restricted circumstances, nor charges him with lacking brains when he is of very limited intellectual capacity. I don't propose these as poetical terms, but as instances of the terminology which should be studied as a preliminary to the undertaking. One general rule can be given: Say very little in Saxon that can be said in Latin, and make your periods rotund.

I know the task is not light. Little words fit easily into any metre. But when syllable after syllable comes rolling out, the case is reversed; the rhythm must conform to the words. Still, the thing is not beyond possibility, and if well done the effect would be quite new.

—At a period of about forty years ago, there resided in the county of Hancock, in the State of Georgia, a greater number of large men, perhaps, than has ever been found in so limited a territory and so sparse a population. Of course we except "those days" of the giants. I well remember that when I was a very small child I had a notion that a full-grown man could not be otherwise than very large. My own father weighed two hundred and fifty pounds; his only brother, Uncle Jack, as much; their most intimate friends, the Lucases, yet more. The Battles, most of them, ranged from one hundred and seventy to three hundred. These fat men used to have their jokes about such as Bennet Hilsman and Benjamin Jones, as if the latter did not get enough to eat at home, although the wives of both were famous for setting good tables three times a day.

Yet these were the last, the giving out, as we used to say in Georgia, of the big men of Hancock. The race had dwindled, somehow, to these comparatively small figures. There was a tradition, universally believed to be true, that on one occasion, in the early settlement of the county, when a company of one hundred volunteer militia was raised in order to go forth to meet some sudden threatenings of danger from the Indians who occupied the country west of the Oconee River, not a man of it weighed less than two hundred pounds.

But, leaving tradition, I proceed to mention a fact well known to persons yet living, who remember some of those who were members of the jury so celebrated in the history of the county. It so happened, during one of the terms of the superior court of the northern circuit, sitting in Hancock, an unusual number of these immense men had been drawn as grand jurors. In those times appeal cases and cases in equity were tried by what was called a special jury. The manner of impaneling this jury was by furnishing a list of the grand jurors to the litigants, from which they made alternate strikes, until the list (which could never be less than eighteen nor more than twenty-three) was reduced to

twelve. One day, in an equity case, an adjustment had been effected between the parties at issue, and a jury was needed only for the purpose of signing the decree that had been agreed upon. For this purpose any twelve among them would have been satisfactory. As it was, the solicitors, for amusement, selected all the largest men. Yet two of rather small stature had to be added in order to complete the panel of twelve. As the full jury came down from the grand-jury room and slowly filed into the box, many a pleasant remark was made among the bar and other attendants of the court. After the decree was rendered the jurors consented to be weighed. Their aggregate weight was found to be three thousand six hundred pounds.

What is yet more remarkable about these men, they were for the most part not only very healthy, but energetic in business, fond of out-door sports and exercises, and some were quite pugnacious. A duel was near being fought between two of the largest among them. The friends of each combatant foresaw, of course, that if fire-arms were used there would be no chance for either to be missed. They seem to have concluded that each could afford to lose, without serious detriment, almost any amount of flesh, for the terms finally arranged for them were these: they were to appear upon the field in close-fitting pantaloons and round jackets, and fight with bowie-knives. However, the difficulties were accommodated without a meeting.

I happened to be on a visit in the year 1875 at Sparta, the county seat of Hancock, where I met Mr. James B. Edwards, a bachelor of eighty, who is yet proud of the memory of the good men of the old times. Alluding to these, I playfully remarked that I had told about the big men of Hancock, and the noted special jury in particular, at my new home in Maryland, and that I was satisfied with having got off no worse than by being laughed at for my credulity; and further, that such as him and a few more of his sort yet living I must hold responsible for having imposed upon me such a monstrous story, and subjected

me to the ridicule of my new neighbors. The old gentleman, who has been distinguished in all the generations among whom he has lived for his integrity and veracity, regarded me with seriousness and even with some indignation.

"Well, blast 'em, they may believe it. It's so. If Andas [the old clerk, recently deceased] was alive, we could find the list in ten minutes. He kept in his mind the page and the book of the minutes. It's there somewhere. Why, there were two of the Abercrombies: one weighed three hundred and the other three hundred and fifteen. There was Martin; he weighed three hundred and twenty. There was one of the Latimers; he weighed three hundred and fifty. There was Billy Springer; he weighed three hundred and seventy-five. There was Sam Devereaux; he weighed four hundred. And there was old Garey; I don't remember what *he* weighed, but he was the biggest of 'em all."

The old man brought down his cane with a big thump. He then walked to the court-house, and with the new clerk, a young man, searched for the list. The names of nearly all whom he mentioned were found in the panels of several terms, though having no clew to that special case they gave up the hunt. But no fact in the history of the county is better established.

— A good way to further the simplification of spelling would be for a few friends to agree upon certain changes that they would be willing to make, and then to put the plan into operation in their correspondence. Several principles seem to me important to be insisted upon: (1.) As little divergence as possible from the present spelling should be allowed. (2.) Every letter and combination of letters should be used with the sound most common in the present spelling. (3.) In cases of diverse or uncertain pronunciation, the preference should be given to that indicated by the present spelling.

We are all notional and touchy in regard to the spelling of certain words, and we must humor each other and expect to be very conservative at every

step. One will be ready to spell "fantom," but will shrink from following the example of Wiclif in "fantum." Another will follow Chaucer in "freedom," but will stick at his "bisy," or "gilty," or "blis." The most radical reformer would be surprised to find how many of the "new" forms are already antiquated, having been used by good authors long before the boys in the early printing-offices began to fix the orthography of literary men. From my examination of old books I am led to believe that the journeymen of early times often found themselves short of "spaces," and "justified" their lines by doubling suitable consonants and by adding as many of that already overworked letter, "e," as the circumstances made convenient. This applies to prose only, of course.

In order to help those who may need precedent for a more sensible orthography than that I am now using (alas for the inconsistency of reformers!), I have looked over the works of some old English authors, and have culled a few of their simpler forms, as follows:—

Orm, before 1250: Lif = life, thin = thine, is = ice.

William of Shoreham, before 1327: Licour, cristning.

Richard Rolle, 1340 (?): Thre, til.

Mandeville, 1356: Deth, slok, peple, ile, egle.

Author of *Piers Plowman*, 1362: Lesun, feld = field, plese, gle, gultes = guiltless, wel, thin = thine, tel, leches = leaches, fere = fear, wil.

Wiclif's Bible, 1380: Redy, litil, herd = heard, hous, teche, spak = spake, feel, don = done, cuntre, saaf, saf, maad, fle, tre, peeple = people, Egipt, whos = whose, al, ete = eat, cite = city, se, hil, fantum, toe = took, feld = field, erth, chaf = chafe, vois, gilte.

Chaucer, 1400: Bifel, freedom, al, fel, bisy, marriage, cristned, argumentz, litel, fors = force, shal, begile, hethen, kiste = kissed, blisful, blis, wo = woe, vois, bar = bare, peple, til, plese, gilt, gilty, deth, swor, ben.

Reginald Pecock, 1449: Maist = mayest, cry, tunge, esier, sider, plese, nede, feble, red = did read, agen.

Sir Thomas More, 1528: Wel, gloses = glosses, tong = tongue, rede, red = did read, faccion, lern, hole = whole, foly, wer, reken, litle, writen, medle, teeche, al, sadnes, spred, douted, wil.

Sir Thomas Elyot, 1531: Maners, helthe, eche, sene, lern, ther = there, ben, bely, reder, hole = whole, litle, clene, al, fete, tethe.

Lord Surrey, 1540: Rered, brest, eche, wepon, wast = waist, blod, dred, roring, pearse, armd, disperst, opprest, costes = coasts, slepe, fal, crepes, chere, rere, cal, els, yong, seke, rufull, foming, pilers = pillars, yeld = yield, sute, se, sene.

Sir Thomas Wiatt, 1540: Sory, fode, drest, rost = roast, ferde = feared, wisht, welth, delite, fle, cloke, ech, savry = savory, fede.

Thomas Sackville, 1563: Spred, prest, al, come, cum, lym = limbs, wun, glas, rolde, lothly, choakt, carkas, corps, thred, drery, dum, ful, wurthy, fol, grisly, thre, hel, spred, ruful, weping.

Roger Ascham, 1570: Som, mesure, cum, els, folow, nie = nigh, corage, cumlinesse, hed, forse, goodness, compas.

Edmund Spenser, 1579: Yerely, cal, hel, tund = tuned, sped = speed, eche, tode = toad.

This list might be extended almost without limit. I have purposely included repetitions of the same form from different writers to give an impression of the frequency with which they have been used. Many of them are well worthy of adoption now, but the list shows that some principles must be decided upon before anything else is done by the spelling reformer. After the three that I mentioned at first will come naturally (4): Each letter and digraph must represent but one sound. This brings up the vexed question, How shall the forty English sounds be represented? It is a rock upon which many elaborate systems have gone to pieces. I set my face as a flint against the introduction of new letters and any phonic refinements that would add to the intricacy of the subject under pretense of making a "scientific" alphabet. What we want is something reasonable, easily under-

stood, and not difficult in use. The above list shows that our present spelling is the reverse of all this, being unreasonable, not easily mastered, and exceedingly difficult to use.

— Here is something that happened on a railway train somewhere in New England last summer. A woman clad in deep mourning entered the cars at a way station. She took a seat just in front of an inquisitive-looking, sharp-faced female. The woman in black had not been seated long before she felt a slight tap on the shoulder, and heard her neighbor ask, in a low, sympathetic tone: "Lost anybody?" A silent nod was the response. A slight pause and then a second question: "Child?" A slow shake of the head in the negative. "Parent?" A similar reply. "Husband?" This time the slight nod again. "Life insured?" A nod. "Experienced religion?" A nod. Then: "Well, cheer up! Life insured and experienced religion; you're all right, and so's he!"

— It has lately been my fortune to encounter a very old literary acquaintance, who ought by all the rules to have been dead long ago, but who turns up so fresh and bland and trim, so entirely unscathed by those ravages of time which have nearly done for all the rest of us, that he is invested with a fictitious interest and becomes the object of a kind of thrilling curiosity. This personage is none other than the highly accomplished, actively pious, and insufferably overbearing hero of the *Wide, Wide World*, *Queechy*, etc. Twenty-five years ago, when those who are now mothers in Israel were in their nurseries, and so on through the blissful years of innocence, when four apples and a book were all that heart could desire on a "lecture" afternoon, — and it made no sensible difference in one's delight whether that book were *Queechy* or *Rob Roy* (!), — this extraordinary and, let us still hope, impossible type of manhood was incessantly presented, under different aliases, for the admiration and acceptance of the maiden imagination. He was always immeasurably more cultivated than the

people among whom he deigned to live. These people were, in fact, nothing but "folks," and they talked the most unpleasant and improbable variety of that preposterous language, the Yankee dialect of books. Our friend, therefore, who had obligingly descended from the highest walk of life for the purpose of amazing and, indirectly, of converting the rustics, found it a little hard so to shape his own polished utterance as to be understood by them; so he made frequent use of parables and the *double entendre*, and uttered his dark sayings with a compassionate twinkle of his fine, unfathomable eyes. He never told the answers to his own conundrums, — possibly he did not know them himself; but they were mostly of a serious order, and there was always a pill of personal exhortation hidden somewhere in the sweet abundance of his (allow me!) "sass." He had always an immense range of accomplishments. He could sing and draw and fence and embroider and make capital coffee. He was equally good at writing sonnets and sermons, at breaking horses and saving souls. But most wonderful of all was the method which he pursued with the village beauty, — the lovely little wild flower that he proposed to gather for his bride. Sometimes she was a very meek little beauty in the beginning, and sometimes she had a spice of spirit in her; but the way in which he followed and patronized and instructed and encouraged and elevated her was certain, ere long, to reduce her to a state of passive obedience. He hunted her innocent little soul as if it had been a partridge, increasing her trepidation from time to time by the dreadful threat, "Until I have saved you (technically), you cannot have me." At the scene of final capitulation and arrangement, the sacred Scriptures always played an unusually large and edifying part. He never swore he loved her without laying his hand on the Bible. He never kissed her without first kissing the book. On one occasion he handed back to her a Testament, which she, as a forward little Sunday-school scholar, had given him in his unregenerate days,

and this is what he said (substantially): "Here, take your Testament. I don't want it back until I can have you too." Only, of course, he put it in his own polished and enigmatical way. At another time, when she had given him rather more trouble than usual, and valuable moments before his train was to leave had been consumed in a squabble over her sun-bonnet, which she had wanted to retain to hide her happy blushes, while he would have it off, and finally removed it *à la tri et armis*, all he could do was to tear away "'cross lots," having first marked for her meditation sundry passages of Scripture, beginning with "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!"

But time would fail me to tell of my gentleman's protean shapes and cunning missionary devices. He "had his day," this admirable and evangelical Crichton, — he had his day, and apparently "ceased to be." Musing on that surprising production, the girl of the period, on her independent ways, her cheerful secularity, her critical and rationalistic turn, her lack of sentiment, her royal indifference to all but "good" men, and her frank aversion for these, it has occurred to me more than once to wonder how many of her peculiarities have been generated, or at least enhanced, by her inevitable revolt from the mild bondage of yon overbearing saint. And even while I speculate thus idly, a shadow falls athwart me; I look up. "Arrestaque horrore comae et vox faucibus haesit," for 't is he, come back! He is alive. The light lifting of his tall hat and the exasperating touch of his long fingers make that plain. He never died at all, but only "harmonized with the environment;" the good ladies to whom we owe our introduction (for oddly enough there are two sisters whose hero he has equally and continuously been) must have grown older in his eclipse, but never a one of his many hairs is gray. In his last, but assuredly not latest appearance, he bears the appropriate name of Masters, while the country maiden whom he woos and worsts is called Diana. There is the same charmingly truthful agricultural

scenery which we knew of old, and a deal more of genuine passion. Also, there is in the construction of the story a slight but unmistakable concession to the bad taste of this naughty day. The new book is no less pious than its ancestors, but it is not quite so moral as they. When Diana accepts and marries Masters, she is very much in love with another man, and she is not quite frank with the Rev. M. about it. When the former lover reappears, she has a great and quite powerfully depicted struggle, and very properly it results in her resolving to remain true to her husband. Quite naturally, too, she comes to believe, after a while, that she had no struggle at all, and never loved anybody but Masters. But why, if it was so valiant a piece of self-conquest in her to overcome her early attachment, was it *weak* in her military and far more agreeable lover (who had the additional advantage of never deceiving anybody) to take to himself a bride in due time? Masters says it was, but Masters was naturally prejudiced, and as usual does not make himself quite clear. For further particulars, see Diana, a tale recently published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Sons; also, by the same author and her sister, Wych Hazel and The Gold of Chickaree.

— In dealing with poetry we need a more enlarged critical vocabulary than we have now. This is specially true of terms relating to aptness, — the correspondence of the form of utterance with the thing to be expressed. "Word-painting" designates properly only one kind of such correspondence, though frequently loosely used in a wider sense. "The sound should be an echo," etc., is a good formula for another kind. But these do not exhaust the list.

Words in poetry may appeal to the inner eye or to the inner ear. In the latter case they may be merely imitative of external sounds; or, without such imitation, they may have in the quality of their music an associational value, which makes them the subtle agents of expression. There are thus at least three distinctly marked ways of uttering beautiful thought, and many of those who are

most successful in one line either rarely attempt, or else fail in, the others.

In treating such a topic one must illustrate by instances, or he will seem to be vague to some readers. The first or visual class (to which alone the term word-painting can be accurately applied) is very common. We find it in Campbell, when he speaks of the "red artillery" of Hohenlinden; in Shelley's "white electric rain;" in the "dull bulk" of Mr. Fawcett's toad, the warder of the seraglio; in the "keen Gallic eyes" which Brownell's imagination saw "dilate and glare" over howling Robespierre; in Gray's "glimmering landscape;" in Milton's "wizard stream;" in Mr. Lowell's line, "The fire-flies on the meadow in pulses come and go." A book might readily be filled with instances in which a single happy epithet or uncommon application of language has the power to picture a scene on one's mental vision with all the vividness of a storm-flash at midnight.

Of the second class, above alluded to, there are many good instances, yet not so many as of the first. Perhaps there is none better than Campbell's echo:—

"Sad was the note and wild its fall
As winds that mourn at night forlorn
Along the rocks of Fion Gall."

Tennyson's bugle song is another case in point, and Poe's writings are full of such. The weird mimicry is obvious enough in

"The silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain,"

and it predominates over all other elements in *The Bells*.

But there is yet a third kind, rarer and finer than either of the others. It penetrates beyond both the outer and the inner senses, and appeals directly to the sympathies and memories of the Veiled One within. For its perfection, I must turn to Poe again:

"This, all this, was in the olden
Time, long ago."

What is imitated by that long reach of soft vowels and lingering consonants? No sound, surely, and no sight. But it bears a better burden than a picture or a song.

We have it again, more sombrely and

with more alloy, in Kingsley's ballad-
dirge of the Three Fishers:—

"Men must work and women must weep,
For there 's few to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning."

The struggling "r's" go into the labor part of the lines, and the long "m's" and "r's" and "e's" mainly into the lamentation part.

But this form of expression is not confined to doleful subjects. Even in *The Haunted Palace* we find "that bright day." The brisk "t's" are especially serviceable for such purposes. Milton uses them freely in the now trite lines,

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,"

where the quick and elastic consonants spring like an Eastern dancing-girl. The last three words, of course, also illustrate the first form of expression above mentioned, as Kingsley's "moaning" does the second. In truth, the third is seldom to be found quite unalloyed, as in the citations from Poe's *Haunted Palace*. But there can be no doubt of its distinctiveness.

It is the fashion just now to underrate Edgar A. Poe. Well, he was not a teacher, nor a prophet, nor a great artist in word-painting; but who will ever surpass his symphonies? Swinburne certainly is wonderfully melodious, and handles a swarm of rhythms and metres; but how much of his singing is music without meaning! Take, for instance,

"The brown, bright nightingale, amorous,
Is half assuaged for Ithylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain."

Now, there is a very pleasant quaver on "assuaged." For the life of me I can't keep it out, so it surely belongs there. But what is it there for? Mere novelty is hardly a permanent recommendation. It does not represent the singing of the bird,—or Heaven help him! It has no visible nor audible relation to the act of assuaging. I am forced to the conclusion that it means nothing whatever except Mr. Swinburne's tendency to turn somersaults in his verse. One grows weary, sooner or later, of mere "sound and fury signifying nothing." This is not Poe's method of dealing with his art.

RECENT LITERATURE.

ABOUT a year before Macaulay at the age of twelve went to Little Shelford to school, Charles Sumner was born in Boston; and it is not unnatural, in reading what is now told us of the American senator's life,¹ to glance for a moment at that of the English historian and statesman. To many it will be a surprise to find so much resemblance in the preparation of each for his career. Both were the sons of severely conscientious men and decided abolitionists (although the elder Sumner took no prominent part for the emancipation cause, as Zachary Macaulay did); both were phenomenal in their devotion to reading, which produced in each a certain conflict of the literary with the political; and they entered the field of state-craft alike at a crisis in national affairs,—Macaulay plunging at once into the vortex of the Reform of 1832, and Sumner into that struggle, the last movements of which had scarcely ceased when his life ended. Macaulay never could quite recover from his father's extraordinary though not ill-meant coldness towards him; Sumner, struggling with what seems to have been a similar rigidity towards his brothers and sisters, in his father, came to a positive breach. They resembled each other, also, in assiduous devotion, unbroken by family or social ties, to their lofty employments; and either man would at once be selected, on the evidence now before us, as the strongest representative, in his period and place, of that form of culture which cannot dissociate itself from great questions and earnest endeavor. Yet it is singular how little Sumner himself, or his friends, foresaw the larger orbit in which he was to move. In 1834, visiting Washington merely as a law student anxious to see some of the great orators, he wrote to Professor Greenleaf, at Cambridge: "I shall probably never come to Washington again. . . . Notwithstanding the attraction of the senate and the newspaper fame I see the politicians there acquire, I feel no envy therefor. . . . I see no political condition that I should be willing to desire, even if I thought it within my reach, — which, in-

deed, I do not think of the humblest." And it is very curious to find his most intimate classmate at college, John W. Browne, who sympathized warmly with the Brook Farm movement in 1838, writing to Sumner, "There is discordance of spirit now with us: you delighting in the scholar and the lawyer, and I seeking only the man, — passing by the scholar and the lawyer. Let us each tread his path." We know now that it was Sumner's path which most surely and splendidly sought "only the man," and, though passing by "the scholar and the lawyer," carried many of their highest qualities into the field of humanity and reform.

At this time, of course, as Mr. Pierce says, he was always ready to welcome new ideas promising well for the human race, if commendable to his reason; and a little later he was busy with normal schools and prison discipline; but he held himself even unusually aloof from politics. No mention of the Van Buren campaign occurs in that year's correspondence; he was disgusted with the "log-cabin and hard cider" cry of 1840, and though desiring the election of Clay in 1844 was not a partisan, and neither spoke nor wrote in the canvass. But we must believe that in the lives of such men there is a shaping instinct far deeper than their own consciousness. This instinct took primarily the same direction, that of wide reading, in both Macaulay and Sumner. With the Old Englander this habit, beginning at the age of three, was the natural accompaniment and outlet of his extraordinary memory, a necessity of his nature, a literary passion. With the New Englander we imagine it to have been the result of that conscientiousness in the matter of intellectual training which belongs to his race. It was not genius, as in Macaulay, but prodigious industry sustained by an indomitable sense of duty. Macaulay was in every way precocious, and entered Parliament at thirty, but the literary passion was strongest in him, and carried him continually back to its proper channel; while in Sumner literary taste and legal ambition were wholly subjected, at last, to humanitarian enthusiasm. Sumner developed slowly, and, as Mr. Pierce tells us, was distinguished at school and college only by

¹ *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By EDWARD L. PIERCE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

his unusual and thorough course of reading. Entering Harvard three years before Josiah Quincy took the presidency, he received the friendship of the great Boston mayor, and in the law school that of Judge Story. Indeed, here began a rich variety and remarkable succession of friendships and acquaintances which were wrought into Sumner's development with perhaps as great effect as his reading and study. Through this influence, from a shy, somewhat ungainly student, he became a brilliant and self-possessed man of society.

The tour to Europe, which he made in 1838, '39, and '40 with such confidence in his future success that he went in debt for the whole cost of his travels, had much to do with this change. Fortunately it was then the custom, which Sumner's instructor and friend George Ticknor had also followed, to write long, descriptive letters from Europe to one's friends in America; and to this we owe one half of the present memoir, which, profoundly interesting throughout, is in this part especially delightful. Besides the immense variety of places and people touched upon, the glow of good spirits and the interest of keen observation contribute to the charm of these epistles. The young lawyer's portraits of the people he met are only thumb-nail sketches, to be sure, but his gallery contains Brougham, Lord Leicester, of Holkham House (the descendant of Coke), Hallam, Talfourd, the Montagus, Sydney Smith, other lords and ladies at will, poets in plenty; and on the Continent, Guizot, Cousin, and De Tocqueville, with many more. This is certainly a rare collection, and the summaries of character, besides showing an incisive touch, have the unflinching interest of personal observation. The number of persons to whom the letters are addressed is unusually large, and correspondents like Longfellow, Story, and Hillard would naturally draw out the full variety of Sumner's sympathies. Mr. Pierce, moreover, has so fully annotated them with reference to the distinguished persons mentioned that the biography presents incidentally a summary of events in the lives of these members of the best European society, which in England embraces nearly the whole list of celebrities and brings down the record to the present time. It is thoroughly delightful to read of Sumner's successes abroad. Without exposing himself to the charge of cringing, like Irving, he captivated everybody while still keeping his eyes open for criticism, — feel-

ing acutely the unequal conditions of English life even while he was welcomed to its utmost luxury, and remaining a staunch American. Some of the details he gives are amusing, as that of Lord Byron, a gentleman in waiting of the royal household at Windsor, speaking of the maids of honor as "the gals," and the "gals" complaining of stale eggs and the absence of marmalade at breakfast.

How much was made of small national peculiarities at that time may be seen in the profound interest with which Sumner discovered that a peer of France stood in talk with the president of the house "with his thumbs stuck in the armpits of his waistcoat," — which Sumner had supposed a "Yankee trick;" and further that a door-keeper of the chamber of deputies, in a very conspicuous place, sat with his chair on its hind legs, while the minister of public instruction kept cutting with his penknife the mahogany desk in front of him. Rich and entertaining as the account of this tour is in literary and social aspects, it is still more interesting as a monument of Sumner's prodigious energy in acquiring that full equipment of knowledge which he thought necessary to the larger order of jurists. Unremitting in his attendance on the lectures at the Sorbonne, and the courts of France and England, he mastered the whole English judicial system most thoroughly; perfected his French, and learned Italian and German; read many standard Italian authors, and kept up to some extent with recent American books; besides going through with much of the usual sight-seeing. He contemplated writing a Comparative View of the Judicial Institutions of France, England, and America; but his information was reserved for other uses, and the influence of these years of enlightened travel was distributed through the whole of his life. Whether the European journey injured more than it improved him seems to have been thought by many to be an open question. In the letters are several half-triumphant allusions to President Quincy's prophecy against the tour; but certainly as regards Sumner's success in the law, which was all that had been discussed, the older man's view was justified by the event. The instinct of Sumner, however, had led him to gather the experience best adapted to a life of statesmanship. Neither was his mind a preëminently and closely legal one, and it might even have been a misfortune to him to have been confined by

circumstances to the future he had marked out for himself. Yet there can be little doubt that the flattering reminiscences of his foreign sojourn spoiled him a little, giving him a propensity, which Mr. Pierce mentions, to talk inopportunistically to clients about his fortunate experiences and illustrious friends. There was in this a want of tact not uncommon in the New England nature. In it and in the incident of his persistently attempting to make Judge Story change his view of a point of law in a case which Sumner was arguing before his old professor, one sees the trait which afterwards showed itself in his certainly not courteous ridicule of the citizen soldiery before whom he delivered his celebrated oration on international peace. A similar want of judgment led to his memorable mistake of the battle-flags resolution, late in life. He had that narrowness of the reformer which is as essential to him as the sharp end is to a wedge; and his biographer has given illustration of his inability to give up an opinion when he had once formed it; yet his colleague, Hillard, once wrote to him of "that facility of temper and disinclination to say no, of which I have so often discoursed to you." Felton speaks of his "mistaken fastidiousness," and of his keeping aloof from the best of human sympathies. A blending like this, of the opinionative with the amiable, and of fastidious reserve with the polished cordiality and the conversational power that Sumner had, is not very common, and is also not apt to be popular. By it Sumner was assisted in standing immovable as a rock when occasion required, without diminishing that fine dignity of culture which, with his unimpeachable morality, fixed his place so high among the men of a period which begins to be called a past one.

Thus we find in these memorial volumes, recording a private life in itself so well worth describing, a key to the public life which followed it. The one complements the other,

"Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream,"—

these lines, applied by Longfellow to the completion of Sumner's life in the hereafter, bearing singularly well on the relation between the two parts of the senator's earthly existence. For the clearness of our impression we are greatly indebted to Mr. Pierce, who has not used a superfluous word

in his own narrative, and avoids all risk of obscuring the outline by refraining from the expression of opinions. There is a republican plainness, a civic solidity, in Mr. Pierce's writing, which commends itself as befitting the subject. The memoir must inevitably take its place, both for mode of execution and for inherent interest, among the best of American and English biographies.

—No one who ever saw Thomas Starr King or heard him speak is likely wholly to forget him. But the many who personally loved and admired and still lament him, and those to whom he is only a brilliant name, alike owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Whipple for the just and eloquent memorial prefixed to the small selection from Mr. King's sermons recently published by Osgood.¹ Mr. King's was one of those bright and brief careers in which the light of reason and charity is so concentrated that it remains visible and encouraging at an immense distance in a naughty world. A poet, a patriot, peerless as a lover and friend, self-devoted from his earliest consciousness to the furtherance of all great and good causes, an incessant doer of kind and wise deeds, no less than an elected and electric preacher of righteousness to other men, his place is with Sidney, with Mendelssohn, with all those high favorites of the gods who have most triumphantly and soonest completed the great work given them to do. Mr. Whipple writes from the point of view of a near friend and mourner, if not disciple, and there is something very touching in the sad pride he takes in quoting his own fond and eulogistic words of farewell, spoken when Mr. King left Boston for California, and in reminding us that he did not wait until his friend was dead before expressing his "earnest recognition of his admirable talents and virtues." Yet the critical acumen and experience in which Mr. Whipple surpasses all our other writers seem not to embarrass but only to assist his analysis of the rare intrinsic merits and very slight formal defects of that portion of Mr. King's remains which he has now edited.

There is perhaps just a touch of the distinctive cant of Unitarianism in the title selected for this series of twenty-two sermons,—*Christianity and Humanity*. But the association vanishes when one begins to read; and it is hard to see how, at this period by EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: J. B. Osgood & Co. 1877.

¹ *Christianity and Humanity. A Series of Sermons by THOMAS STARR KING. Edited with a Memoir*

plexing day, any sermons could be more to the purpose than these. They are all alive with a keen consciousness of spiritual things. They shine with an inextinguishable faith in a future state less encumbered than this with difficult and degrading conditions; they are penetrated, they are saturated, by so complete an assurance of the continuity of God's government in this state and that coming one that half the puzzles of the present dispensation seem solved even while we read this faint reflex of his ardent words. Of the discourses reprinted in the present volume, this ardor of faith is certainly the most remarkable feature. They contain almost nothing of doctrine, so called, and comparatively little of didactic morality; but they reveal the higher life of the Christian soul, and pressingly invite to enjoy it. In the fourth and fifth sermons, on Christian Thought of the Future Life, and True Spiritual Communications, and in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh, on the Divine Estimate of Death, the Distribution of Sorrows, and the Deliverance from the Fear of Death, how easy, how natural, how vivid and apparently grateful is the conception of an existence from which all merely secular and sensuous conditions have been eliminated! The dust will not adhere to the wings of this fair spirit, clinging bravely to its stormy perch, and singing loud its song of cheer, yet quivering to be gone.

The editor tells us that "if the specimens of Mr. King's pulpit eloquence now presented to the public should meet with a suitable recognition, it is proposed to follow them up with another volume devoted to similar vital truths of experimental religion; and still another volume illustrating the ample learning, keen analysis, and disciplined dialectical power which he brought to the discussion of those controverted points of theology in which the opinions of Unitarian and Universalist scholars and divines are most directly brought into contact and conflict with the opinions of their more 'orthodox' opponents;" and Mr. Whipple quotes the praiseworthy example set by the Church of England in carefully collecting and always preserving in good editions the works of her famous divines. It is not probable that the small but honorable "school" of divinity to which Mr. King nominally belonged will have, in religious history, anything like the longevity and authority which has belonged to the Episcopal church as an organization. But in that which makes the man most memorable and

his words most moving he is above all schools and controversies; and it is to be hoped that the project of his present editor may be carried into full effect.

—*Hours with Men and Books*¹ is the title of a volume containing a number of short essays on a great variety of subjects, by Mr. William Mathews, professor of English literature in the University of Chicago. Apparently, these essays had already seen the light in different newspapers and magazines, and it is in order that they may reach a wider public that they are now published in book form. However this may be, those who now take them up for the first time will find a number of entertaining comments on a multitude of subjects, enlivened by well and widely chosen anecdotes. The subjects treated are by no means of equal importance. The reader finds articles on De Quincey and Chamfort which offer such information and, in the case of the first, at least, such sympathetic admiration as give the comment real value; while the essays on Literary Trifling and a Pinch of Snuff are nothing more than the lightest padding. Throughout the book there is to be noticed an inclination to recount anecdotes about the different matters under discussion rather than to examine them seriously; but surely this is no fault when no pretensions to thoroughness are made. So far as it goes this book seems inspired by an honest attempt to entertain the reader, to arouse within him a love of letters, and to give him a certain amount of information. Even the most trivial of the essays bear witness of the intelligent treatment of quite little things. Exaggerated early rising receives the contempt it deserves; good living is discreetly recommended; there are many very sensible remarks on education; so that, on the whole, the book is by no means of such light weight as its entertainingness would seem to indicate. The author throws his influence, which is none the less for being given attractively, without pedantry and affectation, in favor of the careful reading of the best books, and in support of that theory of education which favors a broad cultivation of the minds of the young rather than the accumulation of merely special knowledge. These things are treated incidentally; the longer essays are bright and enthusiastic. The whole volume is certain-

¹ *Hours with Men and Books*. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1877.

ly readable, and does credit to its author. Profound books, it is true, have been written, but it is not every one who has been able to be so useful when aiming to amuse, or so sensible while amusing, as has this author. Wide reading, a good memory, especially for anecdotes, intelligence, humor, and good sense have gone to the making of this volume. At times old jokes are dragged in superfluously, but there are enough new ones and good ones to dispel criticism. After all, a book that encourages the love of letters is so rare in this country that it is impossible not to be grateful to Mr. Mathews for one that is so kindly and well intentioned and attractive.

— Mr. Poor has not wholly succeeded in his attempt to reconstruct financial science from its foundations; but there can be no doubt that he has rendered necessary a careful reinspection of the structure, the rejection of some stones, and the substitution of sound timber at many points where weak or rotten stuff has been allowed to remain quite too long. It would be difficult to name a work of recent production that shows more untiring industry of research than his book on money.¹ It would be impossible to name a writer on this subject who has brought to the discussion of it so appalling a degree of independence of thought and fearlessness of expression as he has done. In the long line of writers on finance, Mr. Poor has not found one in whom he discovers more than an occasional and accidental gleam of common sense. It is the habit of his mind to accept nothing whatever as proved, either because it has been held by persons esteemed the profoundest philosophers, or because it has been popularly held and believed by a succession of generations of enlightened men. To say that he expresses his dissent from all accepted conclusions in financial science in the most emphatic manner is but feebly to describe his manner of dissent. He writes with impatience of what he deems the errors of earlier authors, and his frame of mind sometimes leads him to employ sarcasm, sometimes to the use of epithets. He is always dogmatic and arrogant, whether in asserting his own position or in attacking that of others.

These are the faults of a work which, after all is said that can be said against it, is well worthy of careful reading and study. If it had nothing but its citations from oth-

er works to recommend it, these alone give it a comprehensiveness that has not been, we believe, attained or even attempted in any former treatise. Mr. Poor, if a rough striker, is an honorable one. He never assails one with whom he disagrees until he has given his opponent a fair chance to be heard. He quotes by the page, and in no case can we discover that he quotes unfairly. The reader of this treatise thus has in his possession, practically, all that is worth listening to in any noted writer on money from Aristotle down to the present time. He must also be credited with a very full and interesting history of the currencies of the United States, and particularly of the United States Bank. The passage in our political history in which that famous institution—or rather the two institutions of the same name—played a leading part is probably obscure, to say the least, to the present generation of Americans, and this sketch will serve to revive interest in it. There is no mistaking the political bias of Mr. Poor, who can scarcely restrain his fury in writing of Jefferson and Jackson. Coming to later times, he entertains the most hearty contempt for the financial ability of the late Mr. Chase, and not only holds him entirely responsible for the issue of irredeemable paper, but accuses him of untruthfulness in his subsequent opinions, as chief-justice of the United States, on the legal-tender cases. The entire freedom with which the author deals with the greatest reputations makes his work extremely "lively reading;" and even those who disagree with him cannot fail to find it entertaining.

We have thus far avoided a statement of Mr. Poor's peculiar views on the subject of money,—its nature and laws. This is obviously not the place to discuss them, and we must content ourselves with a bare summary of the premises and conclusions of our author. In opposition to the commonly accepted view that gold and silver have come into use as money by convention, or agreement, or as a result of law, he holds that the desire for the precious metals is instinctive. They were first employed as money by weight, before the invention of coining, because every man was willing to part with whatever he had to dispose of in exchange for gold or silver, and because they alone were the objects of that universal desire. In Mr. Poor's view the coinage of the United States. By HENRY V. POOR. New York: H. V. & H. W. POOR. 1877.

¹ *Money and its Laws: Embracing a History of Monetary Theories and a History of the Currencies*

of these commodities and the decree that they shall be legal tender add absolutely nothing to their value, but simply to the convenience of their use. Coins are accepted, not because they are coins, but because they contain a certain amount of gold or silver, which all men wish to possess. Every transaction in which gold or silver, in the form of coin or bullion, is one of the commodities exchanged is an act of barter, and the precious metal is not a "representative of value," but an article in itself of equal value with the other commodity. It is property in the highest form, — supreme property, — the solvent of all exchanges.

This is the foundation principle of Mr. Poor's system. Those who are familiar with the accepted theories about money will see at once that the old structure cannot stand upon it. From the idea of money deriving value from agreement or law come logically the principles that money need have no intrinsic value; that the quantity of money, or rather the relation of that quantity to the business done in the community possessing it, determines its value, so that by diminishing the amount the value of a specified nominal sum may be made greater, and the converse; that hence there is an ascertainable amount of money which can be used and kept at a certain steady value, and that paper money may be kept at par with coin if the aggregate amount of coin and paper in circulation does not exceed what is so found to be necessary; that money, either coin or paper, is not wealth, but merely a "wheel of business," a medium of exchange, a yard-stick, and so on. Not one of these principles will fit Mr. Poor's theory. With him money must possess intrinsic value. If coin, it will have precisely the value of an equal weight of equally fine bullion. If paper, it must be symbolic, based upon merchandise and convertible into coin; and if depreciated it will have just the value it represents in the precious metals at the counter of the issuer, whether a government or a bank. Again, since gold and silver are wealth in the highest form, there can be no such thing as an excess of it, and no amount will affect prices, either to raise or to lower them. Still further, gold and silver are always worth the cost of production, and no increase or diminution of the supply makes any change in the value of say one ounce of either. He holds that truly symbolic money — that is, bank-notes based on merchandise soon to enter into consumption,

and deposits payable on demand — cannot be inflated. The consumption of the goods sends the notes back for redemption. On the other hand, a currency not symbolic, — bank-notes issued in the discount of accommodation paper — and all government currencies which are not fully protected previous to issue, he maintains, inflate the currency to the full amount of the issue.

We have, perhaps, indicated sufficiently the wide divergence of Mr. Poor's opinions from those of his predecessors. We may further say that he has made out a case strong enough to compel further discussion. He undeniably fails to make good all his points, for in attempting to treat the science of money as an exact science, he leaves altogether out of the account the modification of general principles which law can most certainly effect. To give but one example: there is no room in his system for an explanation of the fact that law can and does accomplish the feat of compelling people to take token coins for more than their value as bullion. One might accept his fundamental rules as true in general, but here is one modification of them that must be admitted. The circulation of silver fractional money worth ninety cents to the dollar in gold alongside of greenback dollars worth ninety-seven cents in gold is unexplainable on his theories, unless he admits that the science is not in all respects "exact."

As a contribution to financial science the work is to be welcomed. As a help in bringing the United States back to a sound system we fear it will not be useful. If we listen to the author we must cast aside all that we have done, and begin anew. There are enough "soft money" men who would be glad to assent to the first part of the suggestion, but, alas, they would not go a step farther with him! From Mr. Poor's point of view the way we are going is radically wrong. Perhaps it is; but thus far the methods adopted have led exactly to the results that were predicted for them. There are occasions when it is wise to swap horses in crossing a stream: when, for example, a strong animal which is breasting the flood bravely passes by one mounted on a weak and fainting creature. But he would be a fool who should risk a change when the hoofs of his own animal had already touched bottom.

— Mr. Ormsby¹ has the authority of Lucretius in Latin poetry and of Milton among

¹ *Darwin*. By ROBERT MCK. ORMSBY. New York: Printed by P. F. McBrean.

English writers for discussing philosophical questions in a poetical form, but he falls short of the success of his predecessors. Those who are interested in such matters will find occupation for many long winter evenings in restoring in this passage the different lines of the original blank verse: "That earth was ever in a gaseous state is mere conjecture; and philosophy with conjectures deals not. We think we know that matter is eternal. This premised, we see not why the universe of worlds, as they now in systems revolve in space, should not be eternal, too. And if so, why of the solar system make exception? That these spheres from old to new bodies change we have no knowledge; nor have we knowledge of any law for such a transformation."

—The present generation of school-boys probably little know how light is the yoke put upon their shoulders in comparison with that their predecessors had to bear at the time when all Latin grammar, rules, exceptions, instances, and lists had to be learned by heart like the alphabet. Gradually this load has been lightened, and doubtless to the advancement of sound scholarship. Nowadays it is on his judgment that the scholar has to depend, and not on a parrot-like memory. Messrs. Allen and Greenough, with their excellent series of text-books, have done much in the way of grading the road up Parnassus, and this shorter volume,¹ which is intended to give one year's instruction, follows the same labor-saving methods. The elementary lessons give intelligently what instruction is needed in the rudiments of the grammar; abundant exercises in writing Latin are added, and there are abundant Latin selections to be translated into English. It may be stated with some positiveness that no boy can master this volume with a careful teacher without being well grounded in Latin, and satisfactorily prepared to begin on more rugged translation. The list of Latin synonyms at the end of the book is not the least valuable thing about it.

—The *Enchanted Moccasins*² is a re-issue of *The Indian Fairy Book*, published ten years ago; the statement on the title-page that the legends were "compiled from original sources by Cornelius Matthews" is misleading if the reader understands that Mr. Matthews drew them from the lips of

Indians. Some papers of the late H. R. Schoolcraft were placed in Mr. Matthews's hands, and from these and the *Algic Researches* of the same author, published in 1839, this volume was drawn up, containing a selection of the tales in manuscript and in print. "They were originally compiled," says Mr. Matthews, in his preface, "from the old tales and legends by the late Henry R. Schoolcraft, and are now reinterpreted and developed by the editor." A comparison of some of the narratives as they appeared in *Algic Researches* and reappear "developed" in this volume shows that Mr. Matthews would have done a greater service by merely copying for the printer Mr. Schoolcraft's versions, which are simple, direct, and with a certain credibility, while the stories in Mr. Matthews's hands become tawdry, clumsy, with wearisome verbiage, exciting suspicion, by their very manner, of being a white man's inventions. An illustration or two will show this. In the story of *The Man with his Leg tied up*, Schoolcraft says simply of Aggo Dah Gauda: "It was a peculiarity in which he differed from other Indians that he lived in a log-house; and he advised his daughter to keep in-doors and never go out into the neighborhood, for fear of being stolen away." Mr. Matthews extends the paragraph thus: "Dah Gauda, too, was quite an important person in his own way, for he lived in great state, having a log-house of his own and a court-yard which extended from the sill of his front door as many hundred miles westward as he chose to measure it. Although he might claim this extensive privilege of ground, he advised his daughter to keep within doors, and by no means to go far in the neighborhood, as she would otherwise be sure to be stolen away, as he was satisfied that the buffalo-king spent night and day lurking about and lying in wait to seize her."

This penny-a-line style is bad enough, but the reviser sometimes goes a step farther and reconstructs the narrative by the introduction of a new and unnecessary incident, as in the story of *Manabozho*. That Indian Hercules is perplexed that he should be living alone with his grandmother, and should know nothing of his father and mother. Schoolcraft relates: "He went home and sat down silent and dejected.

¹ *A Manual of Instruction in Latin on the Basis of a Latin Method*. Prepared by J. H. ALLEN and J. B. GREENOUGH. Boston: Ginn and Heath. 1877.

² *The Enchanted Moccasins and other Legends of*

the American (sic) Indians. Compiled from original sources by CORNELIUS MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

At length his grandmother asked him, 'Manabozho, what is the matter with you?' He answered, 'I wish you would tell me whether I have any parents living, and who my relatives are.' Knowing that he was of a wicked and revengeful disposition she dreaded telling him the story of his parentage, but he insisted on her compliance. 'Yes,' she said, 'you have a father and three brothers living. Your mother is dead.' Matthews thus develops the scene, raising it, he possibly thinks, to a higher power: "He went home and sat down silent and dejected. Finding that this did not attract the notice of his grandmother, he began a loud lamentation, which he kept increasing, louder and louder, till it shook the lodge and nearly deafened the old grandmother. She at length said, 'Manabozho, what is the matter with you? You are making a great deal of noise.' Manabozho started off again with his doleful hubbub, but succeeded in jerking out between his big sobs, 'I have n't got any father nor mother; I haven't,' and he set out again, lamenting more boisterously than ever. Knowing that he was of a wicked and revengeful temper, his grandmother dreaded to tell him the story of his parentage, as she knew he would make trouble of it. Manabozho renewed his cries and managed to throw out, for a third or fourth time, his sorrowful lament that he was a poor unfortunate who had no parents and no relations. She at last said to him, 'Yes, you have a father and three brothers living. Your mother is dead.' " The scene thus pictured is scarcely so Indian in character as it is in keeping with the modern idiotic spectacular drama.

The development to which the legends have been subjected is not a true expansion of the thought, but a bloating of the language. The result is peculiarly unfortunate. The legends in themselves are always curious, often singularly beautiful and even humorous. Reading them years ago in Schoolcraft's version, one has recollection of something very airy and fantastic, but a rereading in this graceless form is an unprofitable experience. We advise any one who really wishes these stories to hunt for the now scarce *Algic Researches* and let the Enchanted Moccasins alone. A very delightful book might be made which should take the best of Schoolcraft's stories and add others from various sources, such as Jones's *Traditions of the North American Indians*, retelling them in the simple, mat-

ter-of-fact form, with well-chosen words, which befits this kind of literature. We are very suspicious of all attempts at making ambitious stories of them; Mr. Matthews's failure should be a warning. In all this we do not reopen the question of the authenticity of the legends. We do not go back of the narratives as we find them in Schoolcraft, for the simple reason that those are good stories, however much Caucasian alloy there may be in them.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

No one ever complained that anything that Victor Hugo wrote was dull; he has always interested even those of his readers who felt unable to give good account of their brief admiration of his books, but in his *Histoire d'un Crime*¹ he has outdone himself, and he has given the world what it seems only reasonable to call the greatest of even his writings. The crime of which he has been told the story was the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, and although the world is tolerably familiar with the affair, it reads here in Hugo's compact, eloquent, vivid pages like a revelation of something hitherto unknown. He calls his book the *Déposition d'un Témoin*, and it is this certainty and distinctness of an eye-witness which gives his account its great value. He wrote it down twenty-six years ago, immediately after the occurrence of the events described, but he kept it unpublished until now, when he saw matters arranging themselves in France as if for a possible repetition of the insolent attack of power on right. While the French government was devoting all its energies to suppressing the sale of obnoxious newspapers, copies of this book were pouring from the press, to serve as the most eloquent electioneering pamphlet against the man of Sedan. The first edition was exhausted on the morning of publication, and the demand still continues for what is in fact this great man's judgment of the recent, and one may say present, crisis in French affairs. It is written, as has just been stated, with great vigor and without the usual superfluity of antitheses and tiresome jesting that are so great a flaw in most of Victor Hugo's books. Occasionally there is a frivolous bit in his familiar style, but this does not mar the effect of the whole, and is probably a recent interpolation.

¹ *Histoire d'un Crime. Déposition d'un Témoin.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1877.

This volume contains an account of the first and second days, and on the 2d of December, "a suitable date," as he says, the sequel is to appear. The whole story need not be told over again in these pages, but the reader cannot do better than turn to the French original and read one of the most important chapters of modern history, described by a great writer who saw the whole thing and wrote down what he saw, not merely with literary skill, but with the rage of an exile in his heart, and full of anguish at the failure of all his most ardent dreams. Crimes of such magnitude do not need a dispassionate record of the incidents; the world is very ready to cover every wickedness with oblivion, and the awe with which Napoleon III. managed to inspire his European contemporaries, while his empire was ripening for its fall, combined with our American respect for numerous street-lamps and civil policemen to make the world forget the means by which he seated himself upon his throne. Victor Hugo, who had suffered at the hands of the late emperor, was unwilling that this wrong should be forgotten, and seeing in MacMahon and his ministers a certain doggedness which in French history has more than once preceded the violation of liberty, he sent forth his book as a protest against any possible attempt to overthrow the republic by arms. There is no reference in the book to the present condition of things except in the preface, dated October 1, in which it is said, "Ce livre est plus qu'actuel; il est urgent. Je le publie." But the French are at any rate far too intelligent not to see the obvious attack on MacMahon's administration, and if they were not skillful enough by nature their long familiarity with rigid press laws has taught them thoroughly the art of reading between the lines.

In his narration Victor Hugo does not often pause to impress on the reader the points he is anxious to make; he simply describes what he saw with his own eyes, or heard from the best authority. He thus throws much light on many obscure incidents in those days. His own adventures illustrate this. It will be remembered that on the night between the 1st and 2d of December the questors of the house of representatives, the generals who would have influence with the soldiers, and the leading deputies were arrested and thrown into prison. Generally when a leading deputy was overlooked it was because of his real insignificance or the probability of his speed-

ily bowing to the new order of things. In fact, some of those who escaped arrest could not bear the insult, and forced themselves among those who had been shut up for a time in one of the *casernes*. Victor Hugo, however, could not have been omitted at first for any such reason,—it must have been by oversight,—and very soon the police were after him. He tells at full length how he was busying himself meanwhile. In the first place, in the morning of December 2, he was apprised of what had happened by a fellow-representative, and all this was set in a worse light by the information which another visitor, a cabinet-maker, gave him, to the effect that the populace was almost wholly indifferent to all that was going on; that they indeed felt a sort of satisfaction at the overthrow of the representatives, and were swallowing the bait of universal suffrage. This general apathy was what made the success of the coup d'état. Hugo perceived the probable hopelessness of resistance, but he was never the man to let what he thought his duty be neglected for his interest. He was courageous even to what some may call foolhardiness in his personal provocation of the troops, who, it should be said, were going about their task with very little enthusiasm. He was in an omnibus when a regiment of cavalry was passing; he put down the window and shouted, to the great alarm of his fellow-passengers, who were in no mood to die as martyrs, "*A bas Louis Bonaparte*." Those who serve traitors are traitors themselves." But the soldiers listened in gloomy silence. An officer turned towards them in a threatening way and waved his sword, while the crowd looked on with indifference. Another time he was recognized and cheered by some of the crowd, who asked him what they should do; he advised them to tear down the new placards, to cheer the constitution, and besides to take up arms; in fact, he tells us, he was tempted to begin the conflict then, for troops were passing, but he saw that he would thereby simply cause a useless massacre, and he wisely forbore. But he only transferred his activity to another field, where there was some vague hope of possible success, and the certainty that the honor of France could be maintained even against this crafty aggressor. The committee of national resistance was in good part controlled by him, for his enthusiasm was just what was wanted in a crisis like that. His account of the attempted rising in the Faubourg St. An-

toine, and of the death of Baudin at the barricade, is a most interesting incident. In that faubourg, where authority had so often met with bloody resistance, it was hoped that once more the people might rise, and it was agreed that the representatives should meet them and try to organize a counter-revolution; but there was some uncertainty regarding the hour of meeting, and those who arrived first precipitated matters by throwing up a barricade which was speedily captured by the troops. An hour more, it is only reasonable to suppose, could have made no other difference than greater bloodshed. As it was, the handful of unarmed deputies went up to one post of soldiers and asked for their arms, which were at once given up, and even those of another post were surrendered in the same way. Then, when a column was about to attack the barricade, seven of the deputies, wearing improvised scarfs, stepped forth to reason with the soldiers, whom their commanding officer bade to charge; but the men could not kill the representatives who made no resistance and showed no fear, so they simply passed by them, leaving them behind unhurt. At that moment a shot came from the barricade, killing a soldier, and this was answered by a volley, and Baudin fell. The barricade was carried at once.

The legal steps taken to oppose the usurper were hardly more imposing. About sixty deputies met together; Hetzel, the publisher, offered them the use of a printing-press, — a most important offer, because the police had seized almost every one; Émile de Girardin promised to have their proclamations painted with a brush by some of his willing workmen, his own press having been taken possession of by the authorities; one workman appeared, too, with sheets of tracing-paper, such as are used in copying presses, and take up many impressions of the original writing. By these methods they managed to get before the public a number of proclamations, but of course they were wholly ineffectual. The part which describes the means the handful of deputies took to elude the police outdoes even the best of Hugo's novels in interest. They walked through the streets in twos and threes, meeting first in one place and then in another, continually making the narrowest escape from arrest. At one time at night they were seeking the place of rendezvous, the house of a man

named Cournet, but by a curious mistake they got into a house where dwelt a M. Cornet. They soon discovered their error, and found the place they were looking for, when after a few minutes they received word that the house where they had first assembled was surrounded by the soldiers. The police too were inside, searching it from cellar to garret for the conspirators whom spies had seen to enter it. It was probably while the spies were running to bear their news to the military that the deputies left the place. There are many similar incidents narrated, as when a letter was to be conveyed to the archbishop of Paris, asking him to interfere and recall the people and the soldiers to their duty. This letter was written by a workman, and he, fearing that his blou-e would be a sufficient reason for not receiving him, gave it to one of the deputies, who was himself unable to take it, but his wife volunteered to carry it and hid the missive in her baby's swaddling-clothes. It was, however, as ineffectual as everything else; the archbishop said it was too late and refused to take action in the matter, and in six weeks later he was chanting a *Te Deum* in honor of the coup d'état.

Nothing could exceed the vigor with which Hugo has described these incidents and such scenes as the refusal of Dupin to exercise his legitimate power in convening the assembly. On the other hand he speaks in kind language of those who were kind to him, like Prince Jerome Napoleon, who offered him shelter in his own house; moreover, the account of his interview with Proudhon is a remarkable episode. The renowned socialist prophesied the failure of all their plans. It is impossible to enumerate all the vividly interesting chapters of these two eventful days as they are here told; it must be enough to say that the book with its fullness of detail and wonderful eloquence is a most important contribution to modern history. All that took place then is now more than a quarter of a century old, and has been passed upon by fate in a sure way; yet this account of it reads like what it is, an outburst of wrath not merely with the past but with those men who can dream of again betraying their country for their own advantage. It can be specially commended to the attention of the many ardent admirers of the late emperor of the French. No novel can compare with it.

TO OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

THE union of *The Galaxy* with *The Atlantic* gives us the pleasure of welcoming the friends of the former to the wide circle of our own readers. Not all of them are strangers; many of them have read both *The Galaxy* and *The Atlantic*, which more than any other two American magazines have appealed to kindred tastes; and it is our purpose that they shall not have to regret anything but the name that vanishes. *The Galaxy*, like *The Atlantic*, trusted to the interest of its literature unaided by the sister art (often step-sister art) of illustration, and it differed from it chiefly in those qualities in which priority placed the elder magazine beyond its generous rivalry. Each had its advantages, and these advantages are now united. It is for the periodical whose name survives to claim the public favor only upon the firmest grounds, and to seek more and more to merit that favor in the field where, it is no disparagement of its contemporaries to say, it now stands alone. Its position is well defined as that of a thoroughly national magazine, sustained solely by American authorship, and confiding to the appreciation of its readers whatever is best in American thought and literary art. The freshness, the brightness, the alertness, that gave tone to *The Galaxy* will not cease, we hope, in the alliance which makes *The Galaxy* and *The Atlantic* one, — and *The Atlantic* that one, — but will hereafter be constantly recognized and enjoyed in our pages. Certain features of the former necessarily disappear; but, retaining its chief writers, we shall aim to perpetuate the finest characteristics of a magazine which for eleven years has been a presence in our periodical literature so distinctly agreeable and useful that it could not wholly pass away without great public regret.

